OCT. 2,
1937

Liberty

5¢

DOES THE
GOVERNMENT
CHEAT THE
CITIZEN?

HOME
WRECKER

A Story for Every Woman and Her Man by Sylvia Thompson

LIBERTY'S FOOTBALL FORECAST FOR 1937 by Four Famous Coaches

For "care-free" Floors!.. Pabco's exclusive *Stainless Sheen* surface!

Let *homes be gay!* And housework *light-hearted!* With "care-free" floors of Pabco *Stainless Sheen!*

No stain, or grit, or grime will penetrate this smoother, glossier, non-porous surface. A swish of a dust mop takes up *all* dust; a damp cloth quickly removes dirt! Immaculate cleanliness is a matter of minutes!

Colors are richer, too, because of this improved enamel surface... brilliant and sparkling! And more enduring . . . for this *Stainless Sheen* surface will retain its beauty for years!

It costs only a few dollars to change out-moded floors to the radiant beauty of *Stainless Sheen.* So, when you're shopping, be sure to ask for Pabco!

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THE PARAFFINE COMPANIES, INC.
Guaranty **RUGS**
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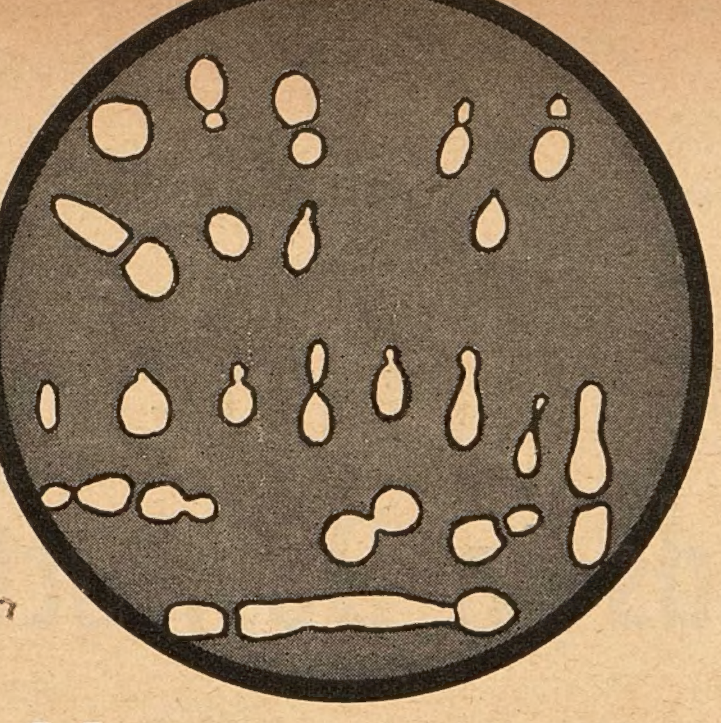
Top: A soft, textured background, set off by gay floral corners . . . PABCO Guaranty RUG, No. 9670. Also in restful tones of green, No. 9671.

Bottom: Leading favorite for kitchens and breakfast nooks . . . a design equally suitable for large or small rooms. PABCO Warranty YARD GOODS, No. 3700. May also be had in tones of blue, No. 3701



Pityrosporum ovale

The germ which causes dandruff, magnified many times. In cases of dandruff it is always present on the scalp and hair and in dandruff scales.

This is the stubborn germ you must kill if you want REAL RELIEF from DANDRUFF

Discovery that Strange Bottle-Shaped Germ Causes Dandruff Leads to New Kind of Therapy, Antiseptic in Character. Listerine Treatment Brings Quick Relief to 76% of Patients in New Jersey Dandruff Clinic. Thousands report Remarkable Results.

WOMEN SAY THE BEST WAY TO APPLY LISTERINE IS BY MEDICINE DROPPER APPLIED TO THE PART IN THE HAIR

IF you have any evidence of dandruff, don't waste time on untried ointments, salves or solutions that merely strike at symptoms and relieve only temporarily.

Use the new treatment that really gets at the cause . . . the only treatment so far as we know that has proved itself repeatedly in laboratory and clinic . . . the treatment that is getting results for countless people who try it . . . Listerine Antiseptic once or twice a day, accompanied by massage.

Listerine surrounds the hair and scalp and penetrates infected hair follicles, and *kills the germ Pityrosporum ovale, which, research now shows, causes dandruff.*

See Improvement at Once

After the first few treatments you will notice how Listerine Antiseptic diminishes the number of unsightly crusts and scales. How it allays irritating itch and burning which so often accompany a dandruff condition. How it cleanses and freshens the scalp so that it feels lively and youthful. How it brings new vigor to the hair, itself.

For your own satisfaction, examine Listerine's brilliant results in the most searching clinical study of dandruff undertaken in years.

Curing Rabbits of Dandruff

Rabbits given dandruff by inoculation of Pityrosporum ovale were treated on one side, only, with Listerine Antiseptic once a day. The other side was untreated.

Within four days improvement was noted, and at the end of fourteen days, on the average, a complete cure was effected. No scales, no crusts. The sides not treated with Listerine showed evidence of dandruff nearly a month later.

Relief in Two Weeks

In a noted midwestern skin clinic, men and women dandruff patients were chosen for the Listerine treatment. A majority were instructed to massage the scalp *once a day* with Listerine Antiseptic. The rest of the group used a non-antiseptic solution. We ask you to carefully note the convincing results again achieved:

A substantial number of the users of Listerine Antiseptic obtained marked relief in the first two weeks on the average. In many other cases, scalps were found to be clear and free of dandruff in from three to eight weeks—itching stopped, dandruff scales were eliminated, and in some cases falling hair was terminated. *Virtually none of the persons using a non-antiseptic solution showed any improvement.*

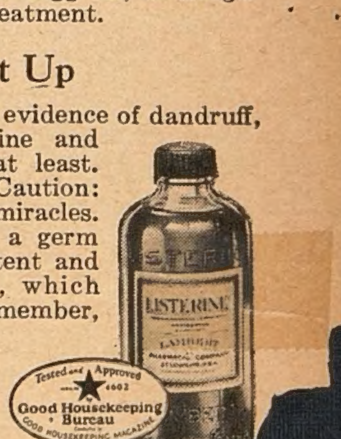
IT IS WONDERFUL HOW LISTERINE STOPS THAT AWFUL SCALING, ITCHING AND BURNING

76% Got Relief

Meanwhile in a New Jersey clinic, other dermatologists were cross-checking the results of the midwestern clinic. Fifty men and women, all with definitely established cases of dandruff, were undergoing treatment twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks, 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff, i.e., itching, scaling. Only three failed to respond to the Listerine treatment, possibly due, as a research report suggests, to irregularity in applying the treatment.

Keep it Up

If you have the slightest evidence of dandruff, start now with Listerine and massage, once a day at least. Twice a day is better. Caution: Don't expect overnight miracles. Remember, dandruff is a germ disease, requiring persistent and systematic treatment, which *should be antiseptic*. Remember, also, that Listerine's results against dandruff are a matter of laboratory and clinical record.



LISTERINE GETS RESULTS

OCTOBER 2, 1937 Liberty VOL. 14, NO. 40

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

Unearned Wealth—*Luxury*—Leads to Destruction

NATIONS are like individuals. They have their youth, middle age, and gradual decay. There are but few exceptions.

Lloyd George, the great English statesman, maintained that we have "shot our bolt," meaning that we are on the downward grade . . . that we have passed middle age and are now on the decline.

Our national achievements border closely on the miraculous. In a century and a half we have outdistanced all other nations in commercial progress.

But riches are dangerous, especially when they are controlled by those who have not earned them. Too much luxury destroys character, often developing incompetent weaklings.

Greed and selfishness control many people. The more they acquire the greater are their demands. Satiating one's desire for riches is difficult. When one million is acquired, we want two. Then our demands double and sometimes quadruple.

Wages can never reach the saturation point. The higher they go the greater the demand for more. Employers and employees belong to the same class. They always want more. The higher the wages the more strikes we have. The higher the standard of living the more dissatisfaction we find.

When we compare our standard of living with that we find in Italy, Germany, Russia, and even England, we find that it is far above these countries. Many of our ordinary workmen enjoy what would be termed luxuries by foreigners.

But you will find far more dissatisfaction here than in other countries. There is but little appreciation of our present possessions and the average citizen gives little or no attention to the need of protecting the liberties that have given us these riches.

There is a popular moving picture at this time which every one of our people should see. We can go back to the pioneer times when bathtubs and running water, gas, electric light, and other conveniences were noted by their absence, and even at that time our standard of living was far above that which is shown in this moving picture, which depicts the lives of the ordinary Chinese family.

The Good Earth is the title—an intense drama which depicts the simple life of these people and is keenly, vividly interesting. But the poverty they endure without complaint is heartrending.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The young bridegroom indulges in a bath just previous to his marriage, and is reprimanded by his father for wasting the fuel necessary to heat the water. We cannot possibly imagine the sordid poverty of these simple folk.

And then we are shown the tragedy of a Chinese famine, where children are sold into slavery that they may be saved from death through starvation.

Then wealth comes to the hero, and we see its demoralizing influence, which is not unlike that noted so frequently in this country.

Unearned rewards are never appreciated. If one acquires something after a long struggle it is accepted as a great and wonderful prize. It is hard work and sacrifice that build personality and power. They give strength and vitality to both body and mind.

As a nation we are overly rich. A stanch, dependable character that is developed through a long period of arduous labor is a rare possession. Life has been too easy for us, and we have become greedy and ungrateful.

If our people could see The Good Earth and note the elemental, rigid simplicity of the lives of the Chinese, together with their uncomplaining acceptance of the hardest kind of prolonged labor, a comparison of their hardships with our own easy life might bring a rude awakening, together with a feeling of thankfulness and gratitude for the extraordinary privileges which we enjoy.

Individual genius, grown through strife and struggle in the soil of a free government, has thrived amazingly. But our liberties are being gradually proscribed. The chains that hamper and restrict us will gradually bind more tightly unless we can awaken to the dangers with which we are threatened.

Freedom represents an inspiring force that lifts human souls to divine heights. Regimentation, slavery—the other extremes—benumb the mind, and we ultimately become but little more than unfeeling human machines.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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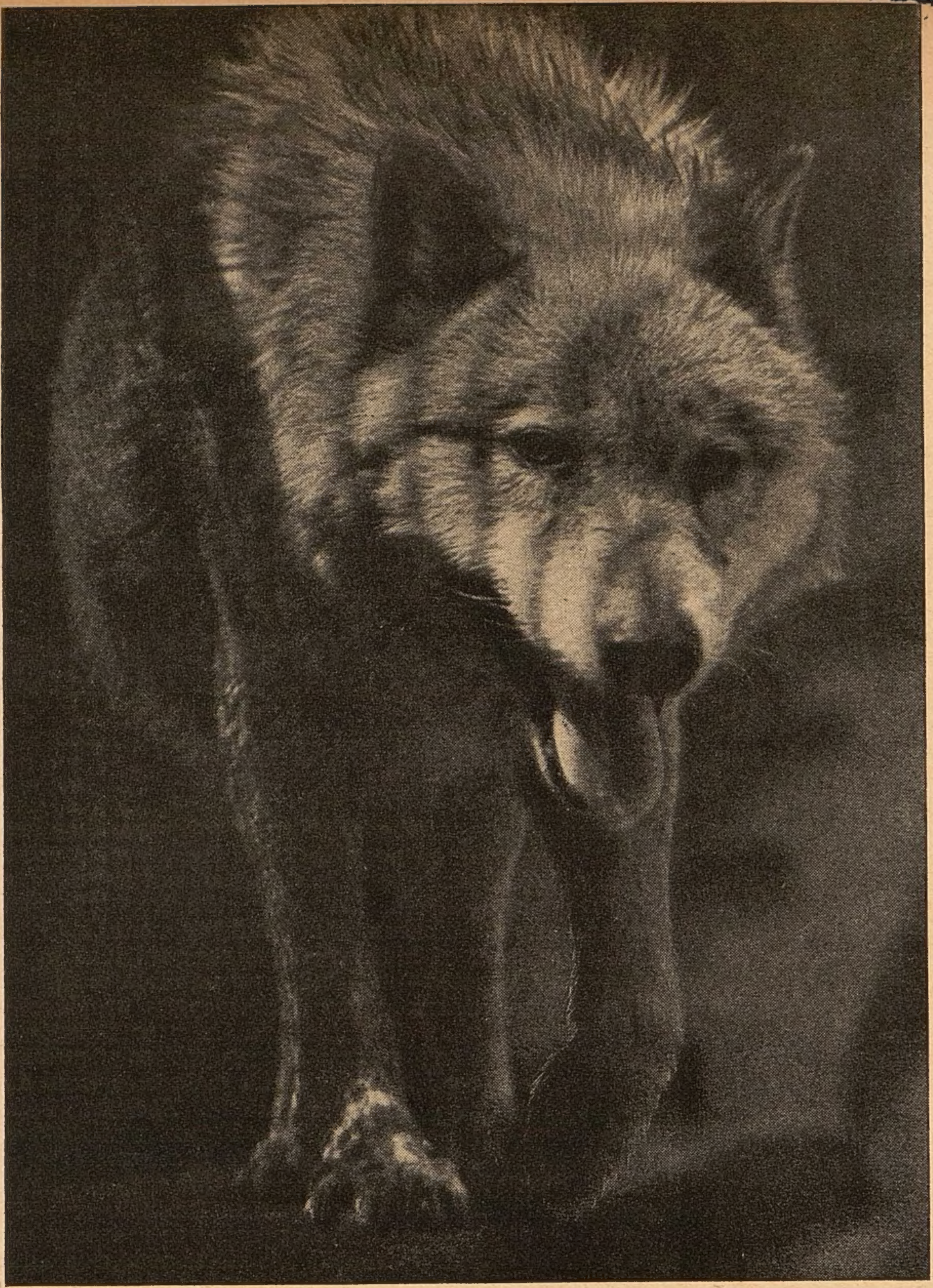


· · Taming the Wolf · ·

To tame the wolf, indeed to keep him completely away from the door, is the principal benefit of life insurance. This result is enjoyed by the insured man himself as well as by his family. He lives with greater security; he builds a financial reserve. How true it is, in the modern view, that life insurance is really *living* insurance.

Thomas I. Parkinson
PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

Q. How does life insurance benefit the insured himself?

A. One way is that it relieves him of worry about his family's future. Another way is that it can be used to provide a retirement fund for himself.

. . .

Q. What is one of the services which an Equitable agent will render?

A. He will advise you how to arrange your Equitable life insurance on a program basis, fitted exactly to your needs and desires.

. . .

Q. How can life insurance enable you to go into partnership with your young son?

A. Just start him on the Equitable's new Juvenile Policy. Pay the premium yourself, and when your son is on his own, let him continue the payments.

. . .

Q. Setting aside $10 a month, how much life insurance could you obtain?

A. This depends on your age and the type of policy selected. For particulars, write to the Equitable Counselor.

The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to "The Equitable Counselor" at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

China at the Crossroads—

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A challenge!—The East's great woman leader explains her people's handicaps and hopes and new, surprising courage

BY MAYLING SOONG CHIANG

(MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK)

WITH a fair chance, China will soon emerge as a thoroughly modernized nation. In bringing this about, the women of China will play a living part. Before the overthrow of the Manchus, Chinese women were on a plane of distinct subservience to men. That is all changing now! Women are making their mark as executives. In political spheres, in education and social service, they are exercising significant influence. All this will hasten progress, if China is allowed to pursue her own way.

Why should China have been so backward in adopting modern methods, while Japan has been so apt and successful? In Japan, reform began from the top. It was brought about under the command of the Emperor. Abroad and at home, Japanese increasingly studied foreign methods at first hand. The government, too, wisely employed foreign experts to teach selected students. In time Japan shone in comparison with China, whose people, kept in ignorance by their rulers in the past, have had to fight for every glimmer of enlightenment.

But, people ask, what about the students you sent to foreign universities? Why did they not lead the way?

Well, the returned students did not help much. They were cordially disliked by old-time officialdom, who resisted appointing them to responsible positions. It is also a fact that they were wrong in their approach. In many cases they tried to have foreign methods adopted all at once, when they should have endeavored gradually to adapt them to Chinese requirements. Tears and broken hearts were the result. Soon the stream of returned students drifted from expected spheres of technical usefulness into political or commercial adventure, or into mere schoolteaching. This collapse of lofty hopes was tragic.

Was it largely the fault of the old-time officials? Or of the American universities? I am certain that too many of the early returned students had not been taught to think. In other ways they came home ill prepared to tackle the workaday problems that confronted them. Even yet that situation exists.

My observation is that the returned students, as a rule, though with noteworthy exceptions, are not willing to suffer hardships. They prefer the fleshpots of the coastal cities to laboring in the interior, where the movie, the night club, and the soda fountain do not exist. They loathe being thrown upon their own resources for amusements or pastime. Is it that their colleges have neglected character building? They abhor rolling up their sleeves and abandoning their "white-collar" attitude. On the other hand, we have students from Chinese colleges joining with enthusiasm and accomplishing much in the hard labor entailed in our rural rehabilitation work.

In China the old ideas die hard. Take, for instance, the development of our railroads. These have been operating for a long time, but building of them practically lapsed during the worst years of trouble in China. Recently there has been a marked increase in mileage and the opening up of new regions. It is now possible to travel by rail from Canton (or Hong Kong) in South China right through to any big city in Europe.

But we have got that far only by great difficulty. When the first railway was built in China, it was promptly torn up and had to be transported elsewhere. It would disturb the spirits of wind and water! Since the people could not continuously prevent the building of railways, they kept them as far away as possible from their walled cities.

Today the Chinese appreciate the value of any form of modern transportation. Yet when the Republic came there were no motorcars and no highway a car could run on. Construction of highways was resisted just as the railway was resisted—but it is now possible to drive a motorcar from Shanghai to almost every province in China, or through Indo-China and Siam to Singapore. It is obvious what this great change will soon mean to China and to the world. Provincial jealousies were due mostly to the lack of communications. They are being broken down rapidly. So are the barriers of dialects. It was not a rare thing in other days to see two Chinese from different provinces solving the difficulty of understanding each other by conversing in English.

Air lines are already being operated to the most distant parts of China. Formerly the visits of high officials to the provinces were limited mostly to where transportation was easy. But from the time when the airplane came to China the Generalissimo and I have used it regularly. With its aid we have been able to fly to all the remote provinces. Good relations and good understanding and confidence between the distant officials and the capital have been established. So the airplane has been one of the greatest factors in bringing about the unity that China now enjoys.

Out of that unity is soon to come another new and powerful factor—public opinion. This, as it exists in the West, was unknown in China. People were not permitted to criticize the government during the reign of the Manchus. While they were expected to open their purses to the tax collector, they were obliged to keep their mouths shut. That could have but one tendency—to cause the people to ignore affairs of state. The family and the clan became the most important factor in national life. Indeed, there was a time not so many years ago—after the establishment of the Republic—when China was without a President, a Premier, or Parliament for several weeks. But everything proceeded as if nothing had happened.

After such suppression, is it surprising that our people could not understand why they should be expected to be concerned when their country was attacked? In their language such a thing was not their business but the special affair of the officials. During the Revolution farmers were observed plowing their fields under the screaming shells being fired from Purple Mountain, Nanking. When questioned, they replied, with a shrug,

What's to Come?

that the fighting was not their business—they had their fields to plow; if others cared to make great noises and get killed, it was entirely their own concern. They were not interested even to know what the fighting was about. It was necessary to educate them to realize the symbolic meaning of the national flag, their responsibility as citizens, and their obligations to help defend their hearths and homes. In fact, the public had to be educated in everything that is accepted from childhood upward in Occidental countries as the natural inalienable rights and duties of citizenship. Now it is hoped that a period has been put to chaos. A new constitution has been drafted, and the near future should see constitutional government under way.

Meanwhile the Communists, deprived of Soviet advisers, gathered in a province called Kiangsi and there set to work to establish what they called a Communist state. Their ruthlessness eventually compelled the government to enter upon a campaign against them; this was placed in the hands of my husband, the Generalissimo. They were in the most mountainous section, and it was anything but easy to cope with them. But eventually the government troops succeeded in driving them from their stronghold. Then began a grim chase over thousands of miles of West China. The campaign cost hundreds of millions of dollars and the lives and property of hundreds of thousands of people.

China now found herself swamped by floods, ravaged by drought, and menaced by an ambitious neighbor desirous of becoming a continental power.

SUCH years of turmoil bled our people white. Stagnation seemed to be everywhere; despair was rampant and hope appeared dead. To crown the other miseries came the world depression. Yet out of contemplation of this gruesome condition came our New Life Movement. It is teaching the people what they owe to the state and what the state owes to them. To raise the standard of living, we started the People's Economic Reconstruction Movement. Among its chief proposals is the necessity of developing natural resources and applying systematic and modern scientific methods to various phases of economic life, and particularly to farming. The work of this movement has been advancing at a rapid pace.

Hand in hand with these comes a movement to rehabilitate rural areas. In getting this started, I pointed out that whatever may be said about the Communists, one fact stood out clearly: they did not spare themselves in applying the things they believed in, and did not spare others. The result was the formation of the Christian Rural Service Union, and later welfare centers under the National Economic Council, the combined work of which has already surprised observers by its magnitude, efficiency, and success.

We are beginning great advances in the application of scientific methods in irrigation and river conservation, to say nothing of important achievements in currency stabilization, in the liquidation of loans, in abolishing illegal taxation and relieving the people of burdens imposed by militarists in the past.

True, progress has been slow. It had to be. One must keep in mind the fact that before any existing Occidental nation was born China was venerable and was hidebound with restrictive traditions and customs. The main aim of the Chinese was to be left alone; to avoid change. They knew nothing about outside affairs. China not only felt but actually was self-contained. She not only had a written language but she had developed art of high quality. The navigator's compass was invented in China; also silk culture, gunpowder, paper, printing, and numerous other things. Records show that the Chinese were conversant with astronomy and meteorology ages ago. Their pharmacopoeia contained medicines many of which are now being used in modern medical practice. What most people have known since 1924 or thereabouts as ephedrine was used for asthmatic complaints in China five thousand years ago.

But in this isolated life strange notions also developed. These restricted China rigidly until a short two decades ago. Then the Revolution brought us the first breath of emancipation. But at once the leaders were confronted with the problem of transforming an ancient civilization into a modern state. Years and years of ceaseless effort had to be made, and meanwhile the country became torn by internecine struggles. These were called civil wars, but were not the sort of civil war in which people fight for a cause. In China the people, as a people, really did not fight at all; were not interested, until 1928, in the reasons for what did pass as fighting. In fact, a kind of feudal system developed which has only been broken down in recent years. Ever since then, the progressive elements have had to contend with all manner of obstructions. One of the chief reasons why Occidentals cannot understand Chinese backwardness is that they endeavor to measure China by their own standards.

If China could have been left to herself she would have achieved much more by this time. She has fought incessantly against great odds, not odds coming singly but descending upon her in battalions. Helpless, she has seen large sections of her territory ruthlessly invaded and occupied; she has seen an unscrupulous neighbor take advantage of its strength to endeavor to demoralize her people and by the use of underhand methods to secure economic as well as military domination over her country.

China has a great task confronting her, but she is determined to achieve success. Should misfortune and the defense of her honor demand it, she can return to her self-contained condition even better than she was able to live it centuries ago.

THE END

Home Wrecker

For every woman and her man—a vivid, human story of a wife, an enchantress, and the age-old wisdom of the heart

BY SYLVIA THOMPSON

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

CHARLEY OSGOOD ate his breakfast quickly, glancing now and then at the clock. As he was reaching for the marmalade, Lois came in, looking romantically a young bride in her rose-colored frilly wrapper and a blue-satin ribbon tying back her curls.

She came across to him, her blue-satin mules tapping on the floor. " Why, sweetheart, you haven't had your second cup yet! " and made a little ceremony of pouring the coffee, murmuring, " Two lumps," with the implication of having a special intimate knowledge of how many lumps he took.

She looked so pretty that he could only be slightly irritated by this interruption of his hurried meal.

" Couldn't you get up a little earlier, honey? I hate you to hurry so over your breakfast! "

Charley didn't answer. She sat down, cupping her enchantingly pretty face in her hands. She really did have twice the looks of any other woman he knew.

" Darling, there is just one little thing I want to ask you—"

He answered, not really impatiently but he did have to get to the office, " Well, what is it? "

Charley Osgood was a clever young man, with a preference for straightforwardness in his dealings with his fellow beings. But he had a passionate appreciation of women. A lovely woman was not just a human being but a work of art. After a year and a half of marriage Charley saw in Lois what was primarily her physical loveliness; and even when he was aware that there were certain things in her character which annoyed him, he purposedly ignored them. It seemed to him that they did not really matter. And he knew, also, that she was in love with him; and for this he was emotionally grateful. His feeling for her was so real and so complete and so unalterable that he was surprised when Lois made scenes in which she accused him of caring less for her than he used to; or of never " showing his appreciation." But he took these moods as a drift of cloud that comes and passes on a sunny day.

She said, " I meant to tell you last evening, but I forgot. A friend of yours called up and said that you had promised we'd go to her for this next week-end."

Charley looked up. " What friend of mine? "

" Well, *you* ought to know," she said.

He really didn't. But he *did* know he had to be off. He got up, saying, " Well, who was it? "

" You know who I mean. It is your famous Mrs. James!!! "

For a second Charley stood still. And it was just that momentary stillness which startled Lois. It startled the real woman in Lois who was, really indeed, in love with Charley.

Then Charley said, " Viola James! I'd utterly forgotten."

" Just as you've forgotten to introduce me to her! " said Lois. " Just as you forgot ever to mention that she had been such a friend of yours. And just as you forgot ever to tell me that Mrs. James happens to be one of those women that spends her time having men running after her. Especially handsome and attractive men! "

But Charley was laughing now.

" Don't be silly, darling. You know Viola James never meant anything to me. I was one of the men she knew. And as for me not introducing you since we have been married, she's been in Paris. It's where she was brought up."

" Mrs. James said she'd just come back, and had seen you at a cocktail party, and you'd fixed it up for this week-end."

Charley was now preoccupied by his lateness. " Yes; but the whole thing went out of my mind."

" But I cannot get over your not telling me! . . . To make an arrangement without consulting me. Anyway, Mrs. James should have called up, or written to me first! I shouldn't dream of going anyway. I am going to call her up and say that we're already engaged and cannot go."

Charley said, " Don't be silly, dear. Of course we're going—both of us. She's got a lovely house at Oyster Bay and we'll have an elegant time."

" You needn't suppose I'm going! " Lois was exasperated by the complete tranquillity of his manner when he said, " Then I shall have to go without you, I fear."

The maid brought his coat and he slipped it on. As he opened the door to go, he said, " Well, see you this evening."

Suddenly a little wave of desolation and fright swept over Lois, and she ran after him, saying, " Charley, are you angry with me? Why must we go? " And then, slipping one arm around his neck, " Charley darling! "

" Lois dear, for heaven's sake, I'm late! " He almost shook her off. The door banged. He was gone.

LOIS behaved over the question of going to Mrs. James' rather as a child about a dose of medicine which it knows is not nearly so nasty as it pretends to think. She made a series of little scenes on the subject. At the same time she made several shopping expeditions.

By Friday afternoon Charley felt that Lois, who was placidly packing her valise, had decided to be sensible. His spirits rose at the idea of going away with her to sun and sea and country, to a house which he remembered so well as having an atmosphere of gaiety and peace. Viola never overentertained her guests, and she had a genius for making people comfortable. Everything would be at their disposal: the horses, the tennis courts, the little knockabout. Not, he remembered, that the boat would be much use to him this week-end! For Lois was bored by sailing. This had made him sorry, for he himself had always liked the water.

As Charley closed Lois' bag, he said, " Did you put in your swimming suit? "

Lois shook her head. " Why, in May the water's always freezing! "

" Well," he said, " I've put in my trunks. Viola goes in in any weather."

Somehow the notion of Viola James as an out-of-door person who went swimming in all weathers didn't fit in with Lois' picture of her. "I'll bet Mrs. James looks well in a bathing suit!"

To her annoyance Charley burst out laughing, kissed her, and said, "She does. But not half so lovely as you do, sweetheart!"

On the way down Charley was cheerful; agreeably aware of Lois beside him, slender and enchanting in her blue-linen suit.

But Lois could never believe that mutual silence could mean mutual companionship. She decided that Charley's mood must have a cause.

As the parkway passed from between the rows of drab frame houses out into the wooded rolling countryside, Lois broke out:

"You seem to feel pretty cheerful!"

"I am!" and Charley started whistling. The effect was to goad Lois into a long petulant summary of the various spiteful remarks that she had previously made about Mrs. James, ending with, "A man who could humiliate his wife by demanding that she accept his *past!*"

All of which Charley merely met by a good-tempered laugh and by pointing out that Lois really could hardly accuse Viola James of being his past! Viola took emotion far too seriously to play about with it; there had never been even a gesture of flirtation between them. He added that their meeting last week had been a mere chance.

Lois' accusations made him remember the things about Viola which had been real and charming: her gaiety; the undemanding quality of her friendliness; her elegance, combined with her capacity for adapting herself to any sort of conditions.

Then he had met Lois and had fallen in love. And Viola had sailed for Paris. When she had gone he had realized how much he missed her.

Lois was saying, "I hear she must be at least forty."

"She is exactly forty," said Charley. And he added, "I often think that she's one of those women that remind you of 'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.'" Then he saw Lois' expression. And suddenly remembering how really touchingly inexperienced she was, he said, "Now, once and for all, darling, make up your mind that I am madly in love with *you!*"

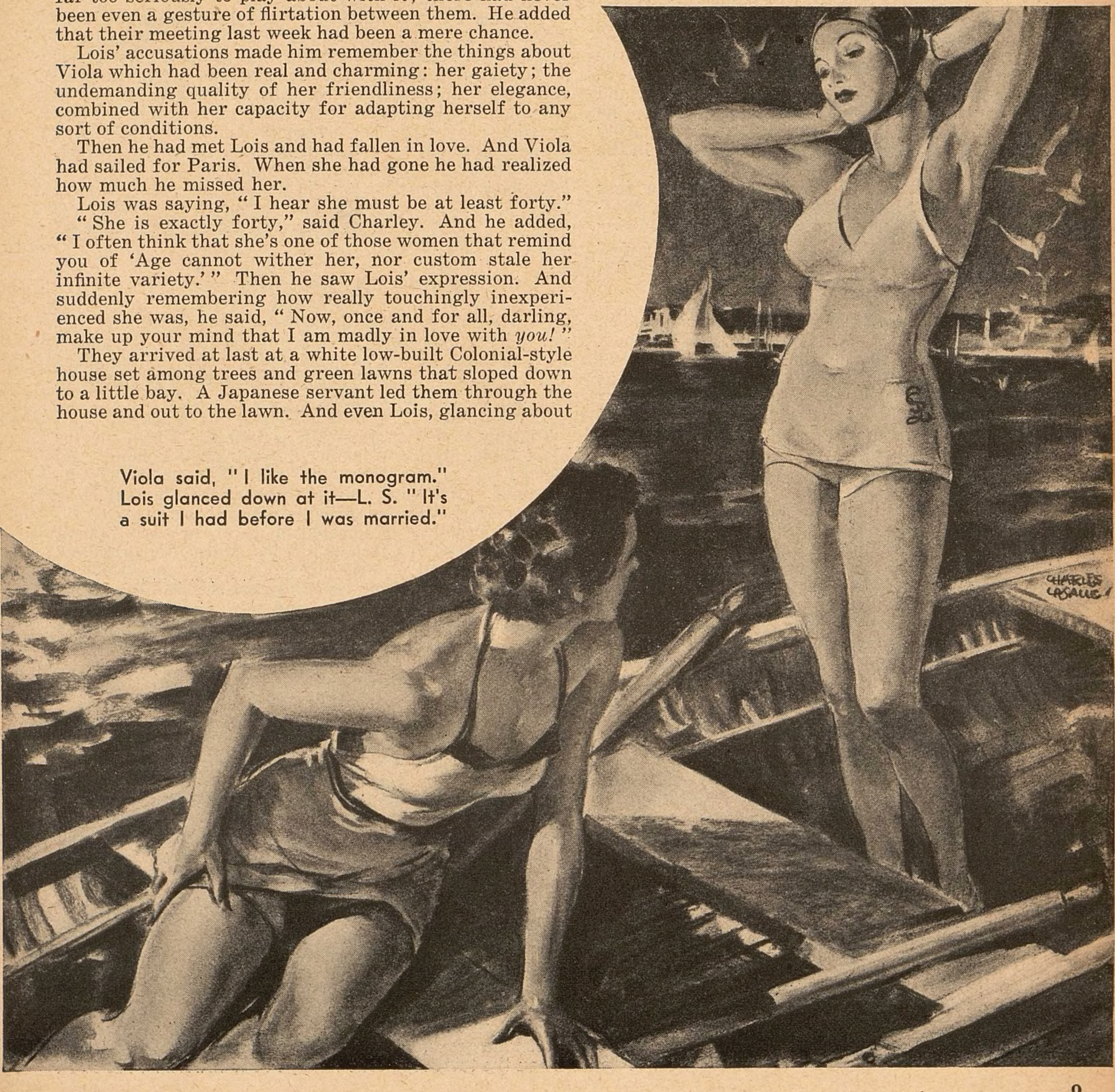
They arrived at last at a white low-built Colonial-style house set among trees and green lawns that sloped down to a little bay. A Japanese servant led them through the house and out to the lawn. And even Lois, glancing about with the quick mistrustful airs of a nervous puppy in a strange place, exclaimed, "How lovely and peaceful!" And to Charley it seemed as though he had only just left these gardens and this view out over the Sound. Incredible, he reflected, that it was two years since Viola went to Paris. . . .

Lois had vague premonitions of a shady hat, curls, chiffons, clouds of perfume, and certainly a languorous quality of glance and movement. When there came out of the house a figure in gray slacks and a red-cotton shirt, face and arms burned as brown as an Italian sailor's, something boyish about the cut of the hair, the square forehead, the level brows, the square chin, and laughing mouth, Lois was altogether taken aback. Only Charley's "Well, Viola!" could make her believe that this, indeed, was that imagined combination of Helen of Troy, Madame de Pompadour, and Mae West!

Her greeting of Charley was frank and casual. To Lois, her "I'm glad to meet you at last!" was offered with real cordiality. Indeed, it was Lois who was able to feel sophisticated.

As they talked, Lois considered Viola James from top

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE



Viola said, "I like the monogram." Lois glanced down at it—L. S. "It's a suit I had before I was married."

to toe, and decided that although she was well made, slender, and had beautiful greenish eyes, she could not even be called handsome. With feelings of increasing generosity Lois mentally classified her as "a good sort," and explained Charley's reputed attachment as one of those friendships which a man has with a woman just because that woman has no sex interest for him at all.

Later, in the big chintzy bedroom, Viola said the other guests, who were arriving for luncheon, would probably sail in the afternoon. Did Lois and Charley want to go?

Charley said, "I'm afraid Lois doesn't care about sailing and I think I will stick around and keep her company."

There was a pause, so brief that there was hardly time for the faintest change of expression to pass across Viola James' face.

"Why, of course," she said. "Do exactly as you wish. I'll have to go with the others." She turned to Lois. "We dine about eight thirty. The horses are there if you want to ride; or if you care to swim—"

"I hate to swim unless the sea is really hot," said Lois.

"Well, I'm afraid I can't offer to warm the sea for you." Then she smiled outright, perfectly friendly and simple again. "Tomorrow," she said, "we'll try and plan something that Lois cares about." She turned to Charley. "I must say," she said, "that she's even prettier and more attractive than you told me she was two years ago."

Charley glanced at Lois, who had sat down before the glass and was putting a comb through her shining curls. He smiled, pleased at the tribute to his good fortune and good taste. But for a moment after Viola had gone he had a curious feeling of being left alone, and was hardly aware that Lois was saying, as she smiled at him in the glass:

"Well, darling, I'll admit I've been making a fuss about nothing." She laughed. "Viola seems a thoroughly nice woman!" She got up, glanced at herself over one shoulder, and then turned her head to Charley over the other. "There, give me a kiss and forgive me being so silly."

THE other guests went off with Viola for the afternoon. Lois and Charley idled about the garden. Lois was such an attractive companion that by the end of the afternoon Charley had forgotten the curiously disturbed feelings of the first hour after their arrival. When the others returned, it was Lois who suggested that Charley should go off and swim with them while she herself had a bath and a rest before dinner.

Lois had a new dinner gown and she looked forward to the evening, when she would appear in it. This moment would be her final reassurance, for Charley would see how she looked, and in comparison would merely glance at their fellow guests—and Viola.

Viola was late coming down for dinner, and already her guests were drinking their cocktails, and Charley was talking to the other man, and Lois, looking lovely in the new gown, was being utterly amiable to his wife. Charley was just handing her a second cocktail when the door opened. He glanced up, and Lois saw a sudden change in his look.

She turned to follow his glance. As she put down the glass, it spilled over on the little lacquer table.

Viola James came toward them in a plain long-sleeved satin gown, looking neither pretty nor smart. But there was something in her movements and in the vividness of her expression that made her appear quite poignantly exciting and beautiful.

Lois' perceptions were sharpened by an instinctive fear; it was incredible that this woman was the same sunburned, casual, straightforward creature whom she had seen come in from bathing an hour ago with her towel slung round her neck and her hair dripping and tousled. Yet she *was* the same. Her manner was just as friendly; her glance direct and brilliant; her smile—despite, now, the vividness of her lipstick—just as gay and unselfconscious. Lois wondered if any woman's smile had ever been more radiant or her laughter more seductive.

During dinner in the candlelight and in the atmosphere of ease and good spirits which Viola seemed to create round her, Lois watched her, perceived angrily that Viola had a sophistication which made Lois herself feel provincial. She seemed to have put on glamour with the night.

Charley didn't take his eyes off her all dinnertime. Viola seldom looked at him; and when she did her look hardly stayed in his. But toward the end of dinner, Charley made some chance reference to a party that he and Viola and some other friends had been at in the past. "Do you remember?" he said. And Viola, turning to him, answered that of course she remembered. As she said this, her look changed and darkened, betraying for a second so much passionate feeling that she seemed tragic. . . . Then the look was gone. And she was laughing again.

LATER, Viola was giving an amusing account of her stay in Paris. Lois, prompted by every instinct in her to self-assertion, said she herself knew Paris pretty well, since her mother had been a Frenchwoman and she had gone back there often.

Viola turned to her to include her in the conversation. Lois remarked that her father and mother had lived in the Rue d'Anjou when they were first married.

"Lois' father was an American, you know," Charley said, smiling affectionately.

Viola said rather quickly, "Oh, I don't think she looks French at all! I'd have said she was typically American."

Lois was ready for hostility because she herself felt so hostile, and decided this remark was meant in some way to be unflattering. So that she was disconcerted when a second later she felt Viola's glance upon her and heard her say with a sort of troubled sincerity, "There is something about the shape of her face and the width between the eyes which is awfully American—" She broke off. She turned to Charley. "Curious," she said. "I have never seen Lois until today and yet somehow I could have sworn—" She broke off again, then seemed to shake off some strange mood.

. . . . . .

In their bedroom that night Lois made a scene which lasted half an hour. At the end Charley said patiently, "But, Lois dear, you said she was a nice woman, and that you'd been making a fuss about nothing." He added, with as much humor as remained to him, "After all, if Viola is a nice woman in the afternoon, there is no reason why she isn't in the evening!"

Lois sniffed. "Yes there is! Every bit of reason."

Charley said with a certain acridness, "I have always liked Viola, and consider her a remarkable woman. And when I say so, you get mad at me! Whereas really," he reasoned, "if I were disloyal to her there'd be real sense in your suspecting me of being disloyal to you!"

This masculine philosophical point of view wasn't likely to appeal to a jealous girl in a state of emotion and temper. Like all women once launched on an irrational scene, she merely began repeating her series of exaggerations, untruths, suspicions, and now and then lapsing into demands for love and sympathy from the very person whom she was alienating by each new outburst of hysteria.

Inevitably, even Charley's patience and affection gave way to anger, and he turned and went out of the room. Lois threw herself on the bed sobbing, wanting only that he should return and put his arms around her.

A moment later he did come back; and at the door he said, "*Lois?*"

She looked up and saw that, though he was angry, he was ready at one word to come to her. But she stared at him and said, "You'd better go and find Mrs. James and talk to her for a while. Anyway, don't come in here!"

Charley went downstairs, to smoke a cigarette and cool off by taking a stroll in the garden.

He glanced at the clock and noticed that it was still only half past eleven, though it seemed to him that the wretched scene with Lois had gone on for an eternity. He wondered, as he lighted his cigarette and felt the night air against his face, whether he had imagined the Lois he had loved for two years.

As he put his lighter back in his pocket and walked across the grass, he heard Viola's voice, and turned to see her on the terrace, a coat wrapped around her. It showed pale, with the same pallor as her face and the jasmine flowers against the wall.

She made no comment on his being there. Viola never made comments. Nothing surprised her. Or at any rate none of the things that surprised ordinary people. She had, on the other hand, the capacity of external surprise and delight over the common aspects of existence. She could be as enchanted as a child of four over a fine morning, a newly opened flower, the tricks of a young animal.

"It's too lovely a night to sleep, isn't it?" she said. "I love a night like this, when there isn't any moon and yet there's this sort of vague silvery light that seems to come from all over the sky."

Charley, beside her, began to feel—as she went on talking desultorily and without making any demands on him for precise replies—a relaxation of his nerves. All the angry resentment and bewilderment that Lois had managed to stir up in him, Viola dispersed, simply by being there. After Lois as she had been this evening, Viola was a relief, and a woman who is a relief from another woman is dangerously near being her successor.

Viola James, alone this lovely night with the only man that she had met in twenty years whom she could love, was only too well aware of her advantage. Charley's spoiled wife had played into her hands. She had foreseen that Charley would be exasperated finally, and leave Lois and come out to cool off.

Viola had not waited downstairs to see him, though she had thought of it and of him. She'd thought about him more often than she had wanted to ever since she'd deliberately left for Europe the week after he'd come to her and told her that he was in love with Lois. She had known then that she could have stopped him. She had always known that he was attracted to her; but the attraction had remained undefined, because she had meant it to. With the painful wisdom of the woman who had seen and felt life and been loved by many men—and once loved greatly herself—she had foreseen how dangerous a passion between Charley and herself might be to his ultimate happiness. She loved him enough *not* to let him fall in love with her. She wanted him to have his own life, to marry happily a girl who had youth and experience in front of her.

When she had asked them both down for this week-end she had realized from Charley that he was happy and in love with his wife. And when she first saw Lois she had felt a queer mixture of pain and satisfaction at seeing how pretty the girl was.

During the day she had been annoyed on Charley's behalf by little evidences of Lois' selfishness. And then, at dinner, Viola had been both amused and exasperated by the way the girl reacted to not being the only attractive woman in the room.

Now, realizing how troubled Charley was, Viola felt her own anger toward Lois increasing. To make herself renounce Charley, whom she loved, had been possible for his own greater happiness. But now he was tied to a girl who was either spoiled or stupid or both; who would go on through a series of years making demands on his affection, and giving little in return; being jealous without cause until, by inevitably changing his love to indifference, she drove him into giving her real cause for jealousy; she saw Lois spoiling his simple pleasures and curtailing his hobbies merely because she didn't want to share them. And in the end he would be only a dulled man whose chief recreations would be too many highballs at the club and an occasional "cutie" taken out on the sly.

Viola put her arm through Charley's and said, "Come sailing with me tomorrow, Charley? It would be fun."

Charley kept Viola's arm in his. He said decisively, "I'd love to come." He made no comment about Lois.

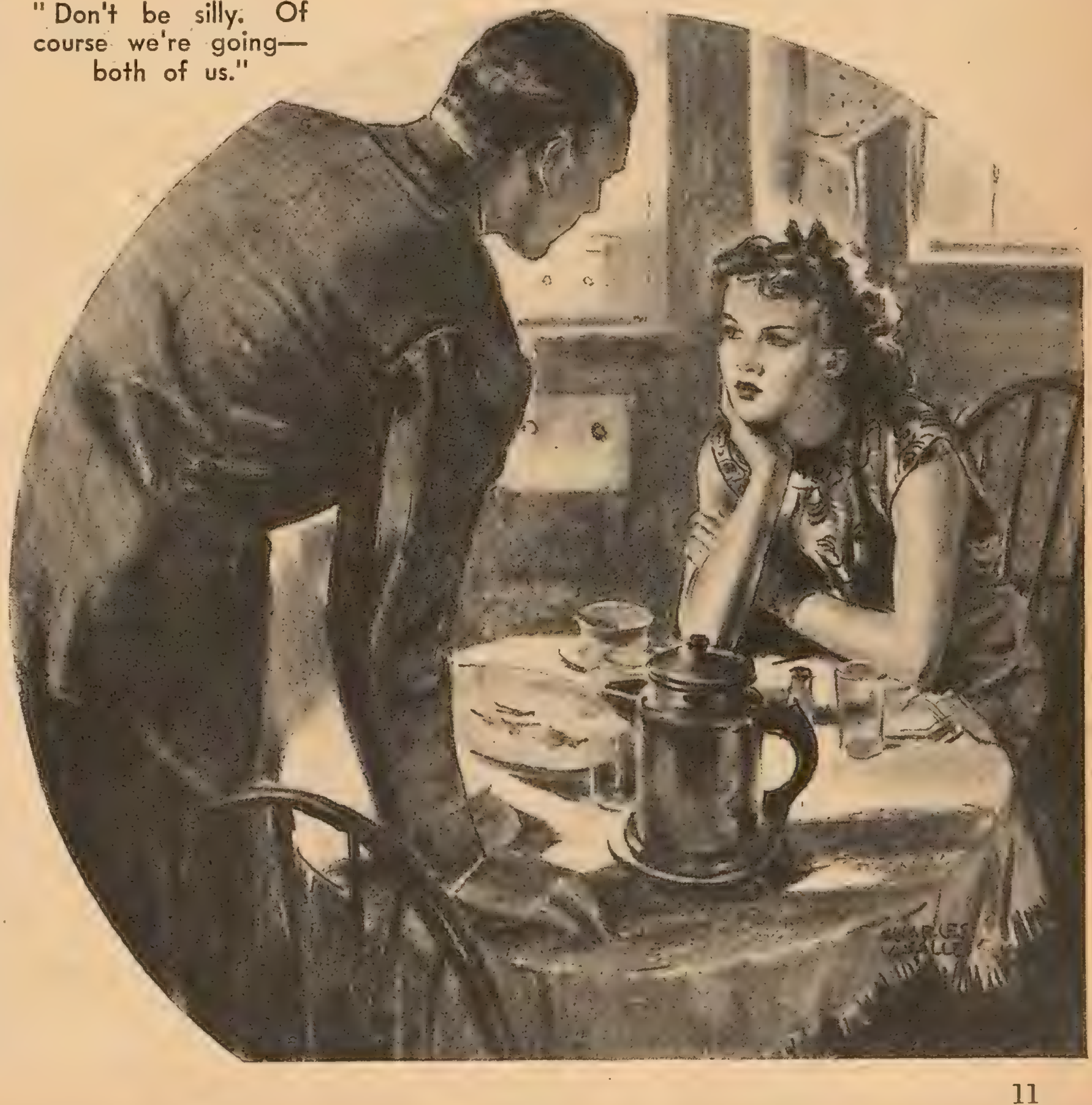
And when they turned to go in and he was leaving her, he took her hand—and kissed it.

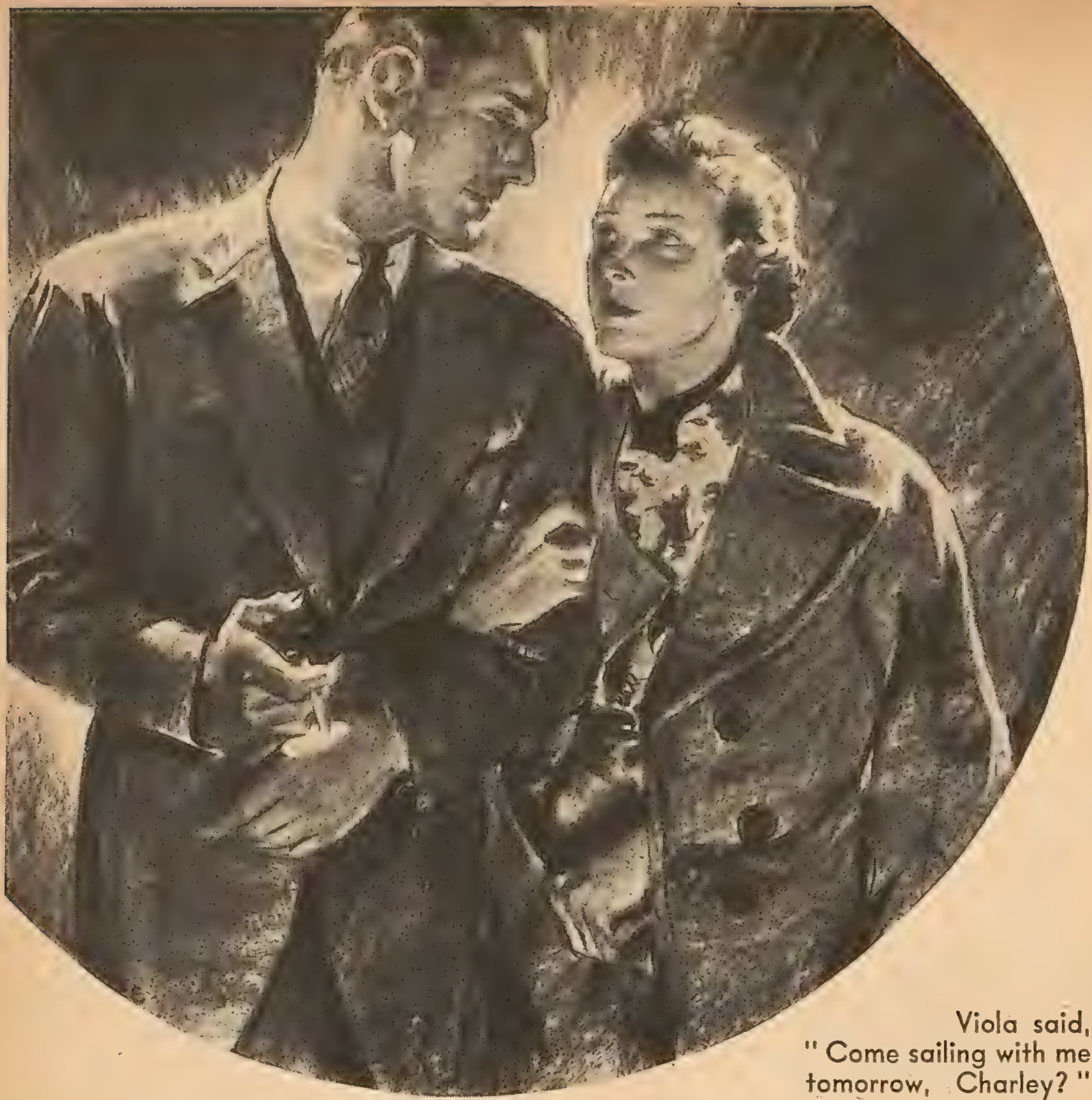
THE next day was perfect. The radiant air was cooled by a breeze. The dark blueness and salty smell of the sea, the steady beating of the wind in the white sails, the exhilarating sense of the whole day free and keen and sun-filled, and Viola beside him, once more the practical out-of-door person with an open shirt, her sleeves rolled up, and last night's scarlet vanished from her nails, took Charley's memory straight back to other days like this that he and Viola had spent together—back where he was before he met Lois. . . .

If there was any difference in Viola herself, it was only one that he began to perceive very subtly. As the day went on she made no reference either to Lois or to the evening before. Nor did he. She was in the gayest spirits, and he couldn't help contrasting her easy laughing comradeship with a certain demanding quality that was always in Lois.

The difference was not any emphasis on attractiveness, nor any betrayal of any definite emotion. It was much more an intensifying of their mutual companionship. Here and there she would throw out a remark or sentence assuming, for instance, that this day was only one of many others that they would spend together. And in these unspoken plans there was, as a matter of course, no mention of Lois participating. And somehow Charley, without any conscious wish to be disloyal, found himself

"Don't be silly. Of course we're going—both of us."





Viola said, "Come sailing with me tomorrow, Charley?"

imagining the series of occasions ahead when he would be with Viola—rather as a schoolboy imagines certain days when he will get away from his ordinary discipline.

Toward four o'clock Viola said that they had better be setting toward home, as the others would be waiting for a swim. She added, "Perhaps Lois will change her mind and come too." Charley's spirits were suddenly dimmed by having to think of the sort of temper in which he would find Lois.

Viola, glancing at him without seeming to, saw exactly what he was feeling. And suddenly she found herself facing the question that she had still tried to avoid last night and that she had put aside deliberately during today; the question, "Why shouldn't I? . . . . I shall do him less harm than she does. . . . She is only making him unhappy. I could make him happy, at any rate for a few years. . . . She is stopping him living, and at least I could help him to live."

When they got into the bay, waiting for them was not the other couple but Lois in a white swimming suit.

Viola said, "Halloa! Lois seems to have changed her mind." Charley didn't answer. He wondered what this new move meant on Lois' part; and, incidentally, where she had picked up that swimming suit.

They took the dinghy and rowed in. Lois explained that the other two guests had gone off motoring and that she had decided she would like a swim after all. Charley saw that Lois was still, under the surface, in a simmering temper; that she had only come to bathe to prevent him being alone with Viola any longer.

Viola, however, took the situation with perfect ease. She told Lois to wait while she and Charley went up to the house to change. When they returned, Lois was in the dinghy. Viola said, climbing in, "We'll row out to the point. You get the evening sun there, full on the rocks."

When they got round the point into the full western glow of the sun, Charley plunged in. The two women watched him swim with strong easy strokes across the choppy gold and dark water toward the rocks, and saw him land on one of the lower ledges three hundred yards away and climb up to a high flat rock from which he waved to them, and then lay down, stretching his brown limbs and resting his chin on his arms to gaze out over the sea.

Lois stood up. "I'll swim over and join him," she said.

Viola said, "What a pretty bathing suit! I like the monogram."

Lois glanced down at it—L. S. She said, "It's a terribly old suit I had before I was married."

Viola thought how typical it was of Lois' type always to refer to any garment that was not new as "terribly old." "Of course," said Viola, "it ought to be L. O., oughtn't it?" She added, without any real interest, "What was your name before you married?"

"Selwyn," said Lois. "My father came from Virginia."

She started climbing on to the edge of the boat and didn't notice the curious tone in which Viola repeated, "*Selwyn*—from Richmond, Virginia?" And when Viola demanded in the same tone, "What was your father's first name?" Lois replied, "Leonard. But I don't remember him. He was killed in the war." Then she plunged in.

Suddenly the whole scene became indistinct for Viola. What Viola saw now were two long windows draped with red-brocade curtains overlooking a Paris street. And in that somber little room with her a young man, square-shouldered, in a khaki uniform . . . pacing up and down . . . and what she heard wasn't the quick smacking of the waves against the sides of the dinghy, but, outside the windows, beneath the little scrolled iron balconies, an intermittent squawking of taxis, the rumble of a cart, the coming and going of feet on the pavement, and the young man's voice repeating with such an unbearable mixture of pain and sweetness, "But, Viola, you *know* that I love you!" And then her own answer, her drawing back. . . . She could feel, exactly as if she were again within the body of that girl who was herself twenty years ago, the blinding stupid anger; feel her own rigid stillness; and see her own hand, very white at the end of a red sleeve, resting on the back of one of those carved chairs. She saw his profile; then the line of his brow and cheek as he turned away. Then the door shutting; and still her choking, irrational, miserable anger. Then his footsteps moving away outside the door across the parquet, hesitantly—and the outer door closing. . . .

Then the bright edges of the boat, the dark sea, the distant rocks were forcing themselves upon her consciousness, dragging at her with insistence; and she realized that something was wrong. Halfway across to the rocks she could see Lois, heard her screaming, saw that she was being carried by a fast current and that Charley couldn't hear her and couldn't see her.

. . . . .

Charley stood looking down at Lois lying back among the pillows. He said, "I suppose you feel I ought to be leaning over you, passionately grateful that you've been restored to me!"

Lois, warmer by brandy and milk, was just beginning to regain confidence; although the nightmare moment before Viola had reached her still stayed in her consciousness.

Since Charley had come in, she had started crying. He did not even notice. But the cynicism of his last sentence was so cool and unforced that Lois was startled into fear. . . . Was it possible that he really didn't care for her? Although she had a hundred times accused him of indifference, she had never, in her heart, believed that he didn't love her! . . . Was it conceivable that he really would not have minded if . . .

"Charley, I don't understand you. . . ."

He crossed to a small table by the window and put out the stub of cigarette on an ash tray. "Then I've got to tell you plainly that your gesture was not faintly dramatic or moving; it was dangerous and stupid. You are a little fool! You knew you couldn't swim well enough to get to the rocks! No, you relied on me to plunge in in the best movie manner and rescue you before Viola's eyes. But being rescued by Viola instead was pretty tough, wasn't it?"

SYLVIA THOMPSON

known for her witty and penetrating novels, is English and lives in Warwickshire with her American artist husband, Peter Luling, and their two young daughters. She went to Oxford, was sent down for not working, and immediately decided to write a book. It turned out to be Hounds of Spring, which was published in 1926, when its author was twenty-three, and became a best seller. Miss Thompson is gay, feminine, fond of ice cream, dancing and traveling. She and her family spend much time abroad.

In her frightened realization of how angry she had made him, and how little she had fooled him with her drama, Lois sat up, holding out her hand in desperate appeal.

"Charley!"

For the first time in her life she actually was what she looked—really touching and pathetic—and didn't know it.

"You'd better rest, Lois," he said, and went out of the room.

He found Viola downstairs in the library. She was wearing pajamas and drinking whisky and eating a sandwich.

She said, "How's the patient?" Charley was struck by her look of pallor and exhaustion. The feelings of admiration and gratitude that he had for her got mixed up suddenly with the attraction that she had always had for him. This was made suddenly justifiable by his anger with Lois. Since they came in he had been thinking about Viola and knowing a cold rage against Lois. Why hadn't he always known that Viola was the right woman for him?

He would have been startled if he'd realized how clearly Viola herself was analyzing his feelings and how exactly she understood his impulses. He took her hand. "Viola, I really don't know how to thank you. . . . It was so stupid."

"Charley! For heaven's sake, don't you be dramatic too! I rather enjoyed it."

It wasn't her words that checked him: it was the tone in which she said them. There was something flippant, impersonal, and even a little hostile about it; as though she meant that he and Lois had both chosen to be slightly tiresome.

She went on in the same tone, with a sort of brittle, rather feverish wittiness: "You see, Charley darling, all my life I've imagined myself doing a rescue scene. And this evening I found myself playing the role superbly!" She rattled on for a minute or two and finished up, "The only *tragic* thing is that there weren't at *least* six cameramen about. And"—she went on without looking at him—"and now I must run up and see how my partner in the great drama is getting along." She smiled, and her smile was as unfamiliar to Charley as her talk.

He watched her go with a painful sense of having been in some way cheated. A sense of something beautiful having grown unaccountably commonplace; of a light to which he had turned having suddenly gone out.

When Viola came in, Lois pulled herself together and began to thank Viola.

Viola cut her short. "I could hardly do less. I had to rescue you or let you drown." She added, "You needn't think I did it from affection. At least, not affection . . . for you."

Lois watched her. She wasn't jealous, only puzzled and afraid. This woman was bigger and stronger and better than herself.

"I've got to talk to you," Viola said. "We've got to come down to brass tacks." She looked very tall and pale and very lovely. "I'm not going to talk to you like a mother," she went on. "I don't feel in the least like a mother toward you."

"I knew we shouldn't have come for the week-end," said Lois. "But I couldn't keep Charley from coming . . ."

"And you weren't sport enough to let him come alone. It would have been easier for you if you had."

"Easier?" asked Lois. "Easier not to see my husband taken away from me? At least if I'm with him I can fight for him!"

"You haven't fought for him, my dear child. All you have done is to throw him into my arms. You have a hand of trump cards to play—your beauty, your charm, and your youth—and you've played them this week-end about as stupidly as you could. You've succeeded in making Charley unsure of himself and of you and of your love."

Viola James paused, and then said slowly, "At this moment, Lois, I could take your husband as easily as you could pick up that handkerchief." Lois looked at her with strained, desperate eyes. Viola went on, "But it won't happen, simply because *I* don't want it to happen."

Lois was breathing quickly. She started to say, "I see that I've—" when Viola said, "It's typical of your sort of woman that you should look on me and women like me who give men friendship—and even love—and ask for nothing in return, as home wreckers. You thought that of me and still think of me as the designing woman setting out to wreck your beautiful and respectable happiness! Actually it is you and all the young stupid little wives like you who are the home wreckers."

She went to the open window and looked out. When she turned and came back there was on her features a look of intense inward sadness.

"Why do you say these things to me?" asked Lois.

"I wonder. But there are two reasons. One is that twenty years ago, in Paris, I was engaged to a boy whom I was passionately in love with. The boy was an American. Two days before he went to the front I met him—with another woman. She was beautiful, smart, and a few years older than I. She was a Frenchwoman. I immediately assumed that she was a woman he must have been seeing secretly and that he was really in love with. I worked myself up into a state of jealousy, made scenes. . . . The afternoon he was to leave I told him that I knew he didn't love me, and that I would never see him again." After a long still moment Viola went on, "I never did. On his next leave he married that other woman. Six months after that, he was killed . . . and I never really loved any one else until two years ago. . . ."

In a flash, Lois knew this second man.

She asked, in a whisper, "And what happened?"

Viola looked at her for a moment. "Nothing. It wouldn't, under the circumstances, have been fair."

She went. Neither had spoken of Viola's other reason.

. . . . .

Downstairs, Viola cut Charley short when he made an effort to talk to her.

"Get upstairs to Lois, my dear. I think she really needs and wants you."

Charley knew that something there had been between him and Viola had changed. He felt as if a treasured thing had become more precious but at the same time more remote.

A long look passed between them. Then Charley turned and went up the stairs to a future more secure than ever it had been.

THE END

Does the Government CHE

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

AN AMERICAN AFRAID OF GOVERNMENT REPRISAL

This article, which points out some glaring defects in our income-tax system, is anonymous. The author is one of the most distinguished of American citizens, a man with a fine national reputation. He believes that what he says here is important to you and to every American citizen. But he is afraid.

He is afraid to exercise his constitutional prerogative of free speech by signing his name to this article because he believes that when he files his returns next year tax officials would take revenge.

Is America, the land of free speech and free press, coming to this—when an American gentleman is afraid of his government?

THE emphasis laid upon attempts of rich men to cheat the government on taxes leads one to the natural query as to whether or not the government cheats the citizen on taxes. So long as these are wholly questions of law as to whether or not taxes are due, one refers to the statutes. But when moral questions are raised, the proposition is no longer an artificial one of what the statutes say. The question is not merely one of raising revenue on certain terms of law, but one of equity and fairness.

The first and perhaps most obvious fraud, from a moral point of view, is what is known as the taxation of income on the basis of the "taxable year," which means a calendar year or other twelve-month period. We will assume that Tom Smith has a steady income, either on salary or otherwise, of $15,000 a year, or a total salary of $45,000 for three years. We will assume that John Jones is a dramatist, writer, or a real-estate broker, or from some other source has a variable income. During three years John Jones made—in one year $5,000, in the next year $10,000, and in the next year $30,000. Out of his $45,000, Tom Smith (married, with no dependents) pays the government a tax based on $15,000 a year or, according to present schedules, a total tax for three years of $2,772. On the other hand, John Jones (also married, with no dependents) pays $80 the first year, $515 the second year, and $3,469 the third year, or a total of $4,064.

To the ordinary reader, an income of $15,000 is a lot of money, and either man should be able to pay his tax and get along on the surplus. That might well be, were it not for the fact that men adopt certain standards of living. They and their families commit themselves to obligations such as rent, insurance, etc. Constant shifts of standards are good neither for society nor for the individual, and sometimes these shifts cannot be made.

To move into higher realms, take the case of a business man who within two years lost $150,000—$50,000 in one year, and $100,000 in the next year. The third year, 1936, he made $200,000. His tax on the $200,000 amounts to approximately $95,000, yet in the three years his total income was $50,000. If in the last year he had made $125,000, his tax would have been approximately $50,000, and his net income for three years $25,000 less than nothing. He also had his living expenses. He naturally wonders how he can make up his losses, perhaps to pay his debts, perhaps to provide capital for his business.

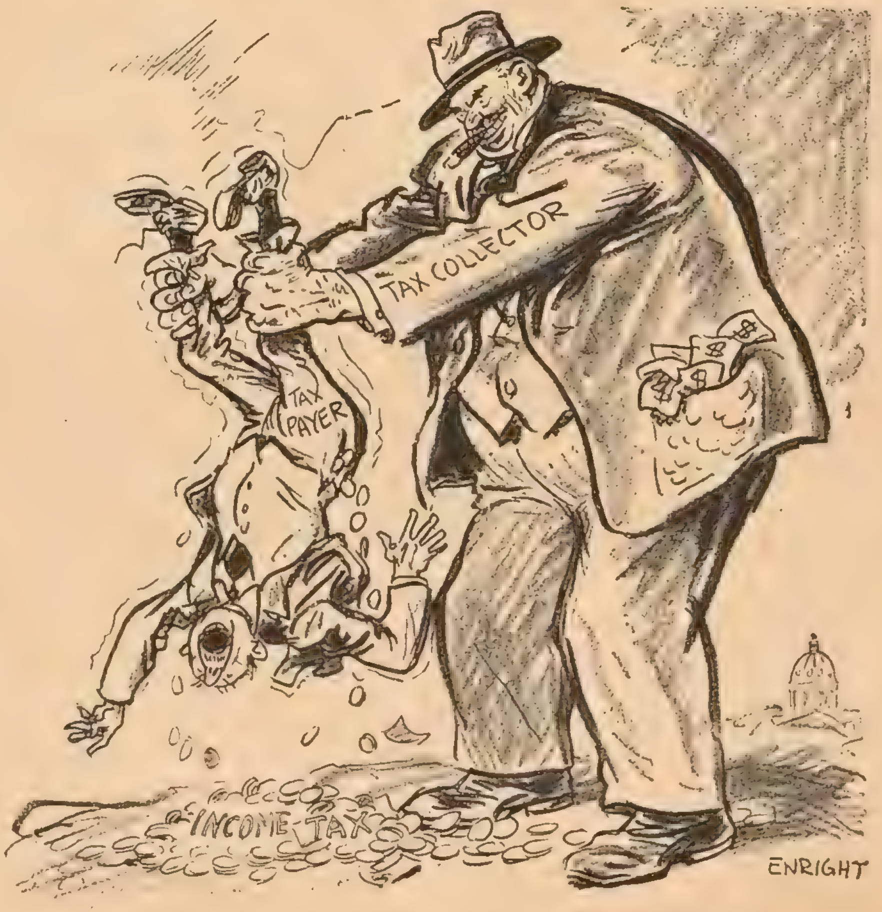
Examples of this kind could be multiplied probably by the number of men in high-tax groups whose income is variable. Manufacturers, brokers, inventors, lawyers, doctors, real-estate men, dramatists, authors, motion-picture and stage stars, and others of like kind are in the position of paying over a large part of their income from the years when the going is good, without the opportunity of averaging up on their incomes over a reasonable period. In other words, the tax is not truly a tax on income at all. The term "taxable year" in terms of earnings is obviously an artificial one. The amount of the tax is often wholly fortuitous, depending largely upon when the income arises.

Various complications arise from this. A man sells a piece of property. Shall he take payment in cash or over a period of years? When does the tax become due? How can one arrange his affairs so as to have a regular income? The government insists upon this, or upon taxing those whose incomes are variable, to an extent far above the others. Certainly, if a man pays more than the other fellow on the same income he is cheated.

In countries where they have had a long experience with income taxes, the taxpayer is able to average his income over a reasonable period of years, but not in the United States. The government has a legal right to handle the situation as it does, but is it good morals? Are some of us being cheated?

Another artificial requirement is what one may call "having all his eggs in one basket." For instance, Joe Henry makes money from a partnership engaged in the clothing business. We will say his partnership earnings are $50,000. On the other hand, he takes a flyer in real estate or stocks and loses $45,000, so that he has a net

Plain talk about taxes!—An eminent lawyer speaks up on a topic of which some of you may have been thinking



AT the Citizen?

income of $5,000. Can he match his losses against his profits? He cannot. Yet the fact is that under the above circumstances, on a net income of $5,000, the government collects a tax of $8,249. As he has to live in order to pay taxes, he hasn't the $5,000 in the next year when the tax collector comes around. Perhaps he sells his home at a loss. Can he deduct the loss? He cannot. He did not buy his home for profit.

The capital-assets tax again is hooked up with the taxable year. If I make $10,000 in speculation, and lose $8,000, my net gain is $2,000. That is all right if I do it in one year, but if on December 31 in one year I have made my $10,000, and by January 15 in the next year I have lost $8,000, the government collects a tax on the $10,000. If I am in the higher brackets, I may deduct up to $8,000 of the $10,000, irrespective of subsequent losses. Can I deduct all my $8,000 loss from my income this next year? I cannot, except to the extent I make profits, if any, and $2,000 over those profits. If there are no profits, I can deduct only $2,000.

If, however, I have a security that becomes worthless and can prove it, I can charge the loss against my income, just as I can charge off a bad debt. But if the security is worth anything—five dollars, ten dollars, or a hundred dollars—I can charge off only a certain percentage, depending upon whether I have held that security for two, three, four, five, or ten years. The longer I have held it the less I can charge off.

The proposition doesn't seem quite reasonable. I would like to give the stock away, but then would come the question as to whom I gave it. Was he a relative or a friend of mine? I'd be suspect if I gave it to a stranger. I'd like to throw it in the sewer, but that wouldn't help, because obviously my purpose would be to avoid the tax. Perhaps if I sold the stock I might get ten dollars for it and thus have to pay a tax which would be substantial if a large amount were involved and I were in a high bracket. Yet if the stock was worth nothing, I could deduct the entire value from my taxable income.

But the question would still arise as to when the security became worthless. If I charge off the proper percentage in 1936, some agent of the government will say that I should have known it was worthless in 1935, or else that it wasn't quite worthless in 1936, and that I should wait until 1937. These agents have to make a showing. The "taxable year" makes important the time when I discover the loss. The law says the deduction may be made when I ascertain the debt to be worthless. But the agent determines the matter in the first place, and unless I have money legally to fight the matter, and it involves a large amount, the determination becomes final.

SIMILARLY, in the case of a loan that is uncollectible. When does a debt become bad? If a friend is the debtor, do I have to sue him, enter judgment, and use every Shylockian method to collect, or is it sufficient that I know my friend and debtor is broke? Perhaps he subsequently tried to borrow money from me. Perhaps he succeeded. Is this an indication that the debt is bad? On the contrary. Obviously, I can't claim his debt is worthless if I lend him more.

My income depends upon what I make, less what I lose. Sometimes, however, it is pretty hard to tell what one has lost. If I have marketable stock on one of the exchanges, I sometimes can figure my loss, but my total loss doesn't do me any good unless I can offset the loss against corresponding profits. Even if I am able to ascertain the loss by selling the securities, I can't charge off the loss above $2,000.

Even before that inequitable provision became part of the law, the situation was bad enough. A man may have been worth $1,000,000 at the beginning of 1929, and at the end of 1929 have been worth $100,000. In that year he could have charged his losses against his income, but he first had to sell. If he had large blocks of certain stock, he might have to take a tremendous loss in order to establish his loss. If he made a private sale, even at the market price, that would be regarded as suspicious. If the stock were sold on the auction block, even that might not be final. He may feel that the stock is worth potentially a great deal more than he can get for it, and therefore may arrange for some friend to buy it in, with the intention of buying it back and recouping some of his loss. It would no doubt be claimed that this was not a bona fide sale. No one has yet discovered how he can establish a loss without arousing the suspicions of the government. Charles E. Mitchell tried it.

If the securities are unmarketable, his dilemma is greater. He can't sell them, he can't give or throw them away, but he's taxed if he doesn't.

A man's income is reduced when he pays alimony. Somehow, to most men it seems to add insult to injury to be compelled to pay a tax on that same alimony. If a man has an income of $25,000 and he pays a divorced wife $7,500 a year, he pays a tax on the whole $25,000 a year (in the higher brackets). If his divorced wife paid the tax, or he could pay the tax for her, the tax would be based on the $7,500. Since the husband pays, the tax is based on an income of $25,000. The laws and the courts reduce his income by that $7,500. The government shuts its eyes to this and, in the example given, gets $2,489 in taxes instead of $1,234.

A FRIEND of mine owed his divorced wife two million dollars. She wanted to cancel the debt; so did he. Their children would eventually inherit their joint wealth, so to them the cancellation was an intelligent procedure. If she died, the government would collect over a million of this debt as a tax, since her estate would be that much larger. In order to cancel the debt, the wife would have to pay about $166,000 as a gift tax.

Estate taxes, fair on their face, present many temptations to avoid unjust impositions. It is all right for the government to take a portion of a man's estate, but the trouble is that payment must be made in cash. It may well happen that in order to pay these taxes it is necessary to sell real estate, securities, or other assets, with the result that the government takes a far larger proportion of the estate than the percentage to which it is entitled, even under its own laws.

It has been said that one has a right so to conduct his affairs as to subject himself to as small a tax as possible. Apparently we now have a new theory: that the question is not a legal one but a moral one.

We are supposed to have an income-tax law under which men pay in proportion to their income. Regulations are promulgated, with the net result that men pay not on their actual incomes but according to artificial rules established by law and interpreted by the Treasury Department. Surely we have courts. But these courts are not appointed to work out justice but to interpret the rules. These rules are made by the creditor which seeks to collect.

. . . . .

What difference does all this make to you or to me? Unfortunately, we don't have these problems. Our incomes aren't big enough. Business prosperity, however, does affect us, and it does not help us to have our employers picked clean. Besides this, we all pay taxes directly and indirectly. Loopholes in the income-tax law enable some men to avoid the tax; resentment at injustice induces others. Nuisance, sales, and a variety of other direct taxes hit directly at you and me. Every tax law touches the pockets of all of us.

THE END

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CHARLIE McCARTHY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

How a new American favorite was born and grew . . . The inside story of the talking doll, straight from the wood!

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

"WHO was the lady I seen you with the other night?" shouts the man in the shiny dress suit.

"That was no lady," squeaks the four feet of timber on his knee. "That was my—"

So it has been since the beginning of ventriloquial time. If we had the script in front of us, we should probably find that the voice-throwing witch of Endor put into the mouth of the shade of Samuel some such musty relic salvaged from a dead vaudevillian's gag bag.

The trouble with Samuel was that he had never met Charlie McCarthy.

Charlie, as you doubtless know, is that ornery little imp who sits on a high stool in N. B. C.'s Hollywood studio and makes life miserable for Edgar Bergen and W. C. Fields.

The little McCarthy boy has introduced a new version of the dummying art—streamlined and, so far as old wheezes go, strip-teased. His mental range is as unrestricted as the air on which he exercises it.

But it is not Charlie's culture that endears him to us. It is his all-around bad-eggness.

Bill Fields, who is forcibly restrained from slaying his "diminutive little chum" every Sunday evening, says that he has never worked with such a thoroughly objectionable character.

"Baby LeRoy was bad enough. *He* bit me. But he never referred publicly to my slightly carmined proboscis."

Of course *some* of the responsibility belongs to that quiet gentlemanly Chicago Swede, Edgar Bergen, for conceiving and executing the most successful dummy act since Burns and Allen first laid them in the vaudeville aisles.

Bergen was born at 5 A. M., February 16, 1903, and was christened Edgar John Bergren. The second "*r*" in his last name disappeared on his way to fame. Like most of the great practitioners of ventriloquism, he discovered quite by accident his own special gifts. One day, when he was thirteen, he saw a schoolmate walking along the street and called a greeting. To young Ed's amazement, the lad turned and waved his hand to a boy standing on a porch three houses away. Soon Bergen had his boy friends searching hither and yon for damsels in distress who seemed to cry from ditches and cellars: "Help! I am dying!"

Then he recalled that there was a chapter on ventriloquism in The Wizard's Manual, a book on magic which he had bought from a mail-order house. Whereupon he studied the art more seriously. Within a month he was a wow at the weekly Christian Endeavor meetings.

He proceeded to develop his talent to a high degree of efficiency, and to use it with increasing success at school and neighborhood entertainments, without, he maintains, the slightest idea of becoming a professional.

Then his father died, and the sixteen-year-old high-school boy was glad enough to earn a little extra money by playing the piano in a picture show after school, and entertaining with his ventriloquism between films at the Saturday-morning children's performance. For the latter work, five shows a morning, he got three dollars.

His next step was a summer on the Chautauqua circuit. His act ran an hour and three quarters, and included everything he had learned from his mail-order manual—magic, hypnotism, blackboard cartooning, and ventriloquism. With the money thus earned, plus his winter's gleanings in the motion-picture fields, he was able to enter the School of Speech at Northwestern University.

Up to now Edgar had been working with a makeshift dummy of cloth and papier-mâché, but in his sophomore year, he scraped together thirty-five bucks for the wood-carving job that was soon to be Charlie.

A mischievous little freckle-faced Irish newsboy who sold his papers just outside the campus in Evanston was Bergen's model. He drew him and took his drawings and his specifications to a sympathetic wood carver.

The little fellow was to be four feet long and weigh not more than twenty-four pounds. The carver advised using Michigan pine. The head was to be attached to the body by a shaft about nine inches long, designed to go down through the neck into a hollowed-out place in the back, so that it could be firmly grasped and manipulated. There were also to be levers on the back of the head to control the movements of the lips and eyes.

The name of the wood carver was Charlie Mack. Therefore the name Charlie McCarthy—considering the Celtic ancestry of the newsboy model—was a natural.

The McCarthy boy was a great success at Northwestern. Soft-spoken, retiring Edgar Bergen had been too shy to make friends easily. Charlie carried everybody and everything before him. Bergen swears that it was Charlie who got him into Delta Upsilon fraternity!

There was an idea in that somewhere. Edgar groped for it and found it. He could express through Charlie all the cussedness and deviltry and bland assurance which his own gentle nature prevented him from expressing in himself. Thus Charlie's uninhibited personality was born.

It is interesting to see how closely Edgar Bergen has stuck to this theory of expressing his other, but not always better, self through his little wooden friend.

Charlie's clothes still proclaim the man that Edgar isn't but might secretly like to be. In his person, he is a very quiet dresser. But Charlie's wardrobe, when he entrained for Hollywood, contained a blue beret, a belted camel's-hair coat, a white-linen mess jacket, six pairs of varicolored slacks, six pairs of green pajamas piped in beige, and twelve suits, mostly plaids.

Charlie's voice—strident and pompous and the next moment dripping with self-pity—and the audacity of the things he says are, of course, also the result of the same mental and emotional Bergen bisection. It is this process of endowing Charlie with one side of a flesh-and-blood actually existing personality which makes him so amazingly like a human being.

The first night Edgar and Charlie appeared on the Vallée program, which, incidentally, was the first time a ventriloquism act had ever appeared on any radio program, listeners simply refused to believe that Charlie wasn't a real little boy. To Bergen's glee, Charlie still gets more fan letters than he does. Frequently he gets telegrams. And once he received an invitation from a woman admirer to spend the week-end at Atlantic City.

You see, what had happened in that moment of inspiration back in the college room at Evanston was more far-reaching than undergraduate Bergen could possibly foresee. Not only did his dummy cease to be a dummy and become a person, but his act, in vaudeville parlance, ceased to be a " single " and became a " double." His patter ceased to be patter and became dialogue. His routine ceased to be a routine and became a play.

The literate, dramatic new ventriloquism was born.

Take the inseparable pair's best known act, The Operation, in which Edgar played the doctor and Charlie played the unwilling victim. As vaudeville entertainment, it was as ludicrous as any vaudeville addict could demand. The hilarity mounts steadily until, at the end, Charlie comes out of the ether shouting, " Was it a girl? "

The night Noel Coward first heard that tag line, at an Elsa Maxwell party in New York, he rushed over to Bergen and introduced himself.

" Who writes your dialogue? " he demanded.

" I do," replied the modest vaudevillian.

" Well," said Noel, " it's damned good! "

Of course Edgar and Charlie didn't go directly from their Northwestern classroom to the Waldorf-Astoria ballroom. Six years of trouping in small vaudeville houses constituted their postgraduate education. Then they toured the Scandinavian countries, where Charlie McCarthy, the Irish newsboy, became a Swede and played in Swedish musical comedy and at a command performance before the Swedish Crown Prince. They even visited Iceland and Lapland.

Back in New York, in January, 1936, the pair got the surprise of their lives. Vaudeville, their meal ticket, was as dead as the Republican Party. The eating member of the team decided that the only thing to do was to doll Charlie up and put him in a night club. He used a large part of his remaining cash to buy Charlie an outfit of tails from a Fifth Avenue tailor and a silk hat from a Park Avenue hatter and a monocle from the British Building in Rockefeller Center, gave him a coat of rouge to cover his freckles, and took him to see Helen Morgan.

Helen was impressed and gave him a job. So was and did, in quick succession, the proprietors of Chez Paree in Chicago, the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, the Rainbow Room and Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Then came his radio discovery by Rudy Vallée—and prosperity!

Less than two years ago the Bergen income was nil. This year, it should top $150,000, not counting what he'll get for a feature act in Goldwyn's Follies and the star role in a feature picture at Warners'.

Bergen has left Charlie $10,000 in his will, to be administered by the Actors' Fund of America, to keep the little fellow in good repair and to enable him to give exhibitions, with the aid of a competent ventriloquist, at hospitals, orphanages, and such.

A nice fellow, Edgar Bergen, and very fond of Charlie —as aren't we all?—but I sometimes wonder if he does not feel that in building this overshadowing character he has created a monster like Frankenstein's which destroys the fame which might otherwise be his and substitutes for it a vicarious glory.

" I used to be boss around here," he laughs in that gentle, wistful way of his, " but Charlie's personality has grown so fast that he's like the original washed hair—I can't do a thing with him. I never know when he is going to get off a wisecrack that isn't in the script, and every time he does, I burst out laughing."

During this recital, Charlie McCarthy's hazel eyes have been gazing reproachfully at his pal. Now, his bright-red lips begin to move.

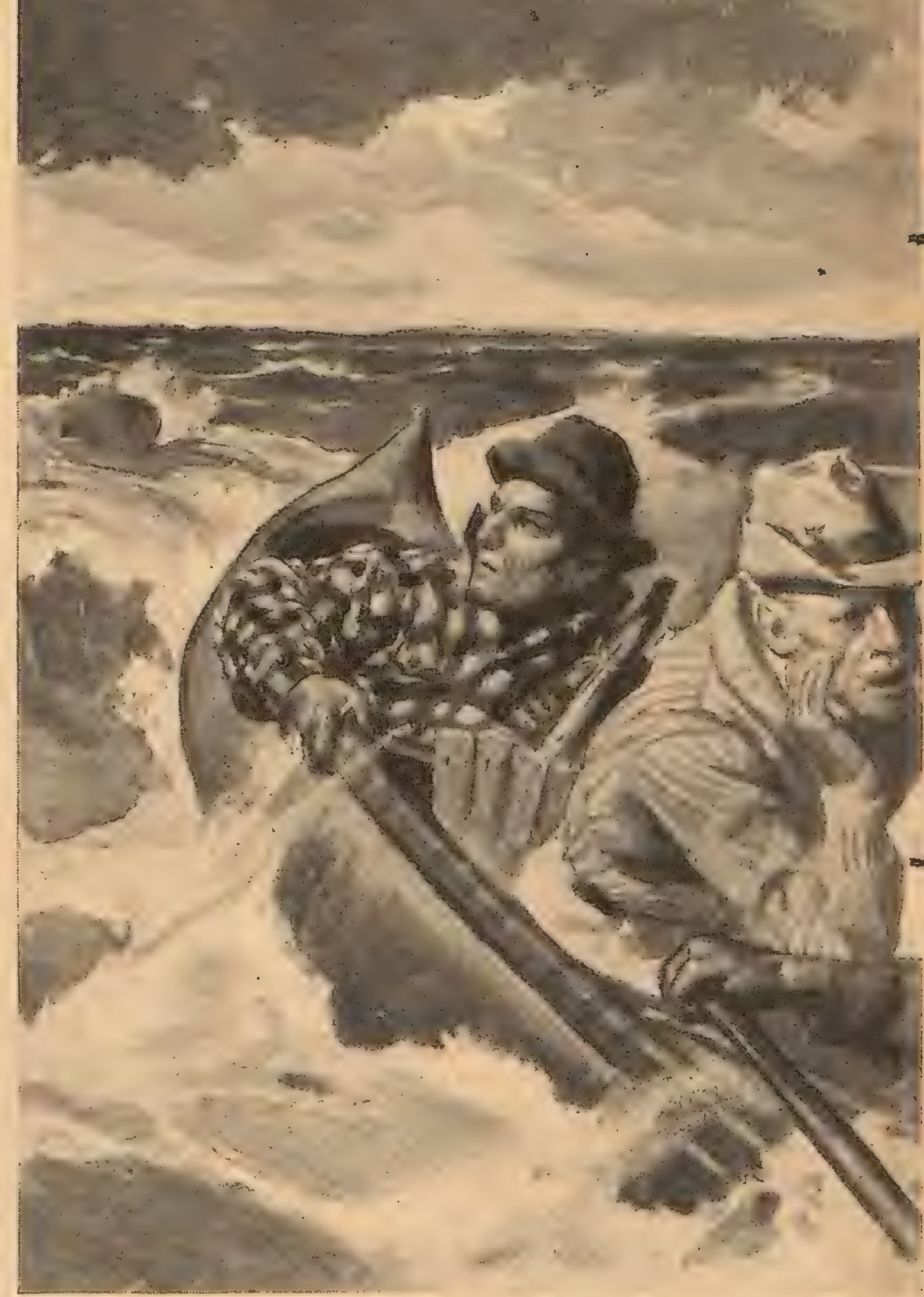
" I can always get a laugh out of Bergen," he says.

Yes, Charlie—and, no matter how much we disapprove of you, you can usually get a laugh out of us. You are an impertinent, deceitful, egotistical fraud. You " sass " your betters. You lie without shame. You stoop to self-pity. You impose on our sympathies. In short, you are like the rest of us. We recognize you as one of us. And, as such, we take you to our short-wave bosoms!

THE END

READING TIME
19 MINUTES
50 SECONDS

The TENDERFOOT



He leaned forward, crying out: "I want to help!"

AS soon as they got off the train at the flag station, Mercer began to deride the place, its dilapidation, its obscurity, even its unknown inhabitants. But Mr. Reuben Usher, who at sixty had never been in the wilderness, said quietly: "The stillness doesn't frighten me. I like it."

"You wait, Reuben," Mercer said. "The real stillness is when we get in the canoe—on the lake."

"And if it were noise I liked, then you would also know where were even finer noises?" said the old man in a most patient voice.

"H'mph," growled Mercer. "Like to zoom this dump in a plane. Bet they've never even heard one." He chuckled in his thought of startling the natives.

Strident in the belief that he was a sportsman, he wore a heavily checked shirt, an exaggerated belt, and high laced boots. He was fat, bluff, permeated with his own heartiness. But on the splintered platform of the flag station his uniform looked fake.

"Seems good to get the old woods clothes on again," he said, flexing his huge arms. "I wish young Ireland would hurry up. I told him nine o'clock in the morning. But time means nothing to these backwoods guides."

Mr. Usher remembered that he had come here by promise of the very timelessness which Mercer impugned. He was glad in this new and tranquil environment, even though he felt ill equipped to comprehend it. He felt a trenchant yearning to know and to participate; and he pointed to some swallows mustered on the telegraph wires and said: "Look, isn't that a storm warning?" Somewhere he had read that the congregating of swallows foretold a storm, and this small knowledge would be his contribution.

"Doesn't mean a thing," said Mercer, glancing contemptuously at the sky. "Not a cloud. It's clouds that count. Takes experience to read weather right, Reuben. Of course I've been at it a long time."

Mercer strode away along the platform, and the old man looked wonderingly at the forest. He was fascinated, troubled, wary, and profoundly reverent.

In front of a shack on a slope, a sequestered prophet chopped wood. The old fellow seemed vastly unannoyed with this work, and the blows of his ax belonged. Never in his sixty years had Reuben Usher heard the "chock" of an ax in a clearing, yet by some miracle the sound was familiar. The odors of spruce and wood smoke made him tingle, and he wished slyly for the nostrils of a hound so that he might sniff and isolate even finer ingredients.

Now from the telegraph wires the swallows twittered and made brief nervous flights, reminding Mr. Usher of his newness here. Soon came Mercer in his brown emphatic boots. Mercer trod so auspiciously, and was a prophet of weather!

"Here comes Ireland!" the big man said. "He'll do anything for me. I knew his father well."

The earnest ears of a horse showed on the sky line; then horse, wagon, and man were visible on the dusty road. Mercer was stimulated by Ireland's approach. "Well, how do you like it, Reuben?"

"It's good," said Mr. Usher softly.

"You'll catch on. Wait till you get on the lake and land your first trout. Ever been in a canoe much?"

Usher had told Mercer several times that he knew nothing of canoes, but he repeated patiently: "Just once, in the park, when I was a boy."

Mercer chuckled as if his knowledge of canoes were occult and patented. "This is the real stuff." Then, lowering his voice in confidence, he said: "You ought to have bought high laced boots and woolen pants."

The old man looked gravely at his linen trousers, his new white sneakers, and his Shaker sweater.

"Mark you as a tenderfoot right away," said Mercer disapprovingly.

"I am a tenderfoot."

"Yes—but you don't want them to think so."

When the wagon drew up, Mercer gave the horse a dusty slap and was first to greet Steve Ireland. "Hello there, Stevie! Knew your old man well, so we'll start right off with first names, eh? Mine's Al. Al Mercer."

"Yes," Steve said. "I've heard of you, Mr. Mercer."

"Brought my friend Usher—Reuben Usher. He's interested in a little rest in this country you fellows have got up here. How the trout biting?"

"Ought to pick up a few."

They climbed into the wagon and started toward the lake. Steve was young, lank, and sinewy. He looked straight ahead and listened calm-faced to Mercer's outbursts of lore. Steve was reserved, quietly and courteously withholding his personality. As they passed a farm, Steve looked long at an old cow which lay on the grass. "Cow layin' down in the mornin'," he said. "Storm 'fore night."

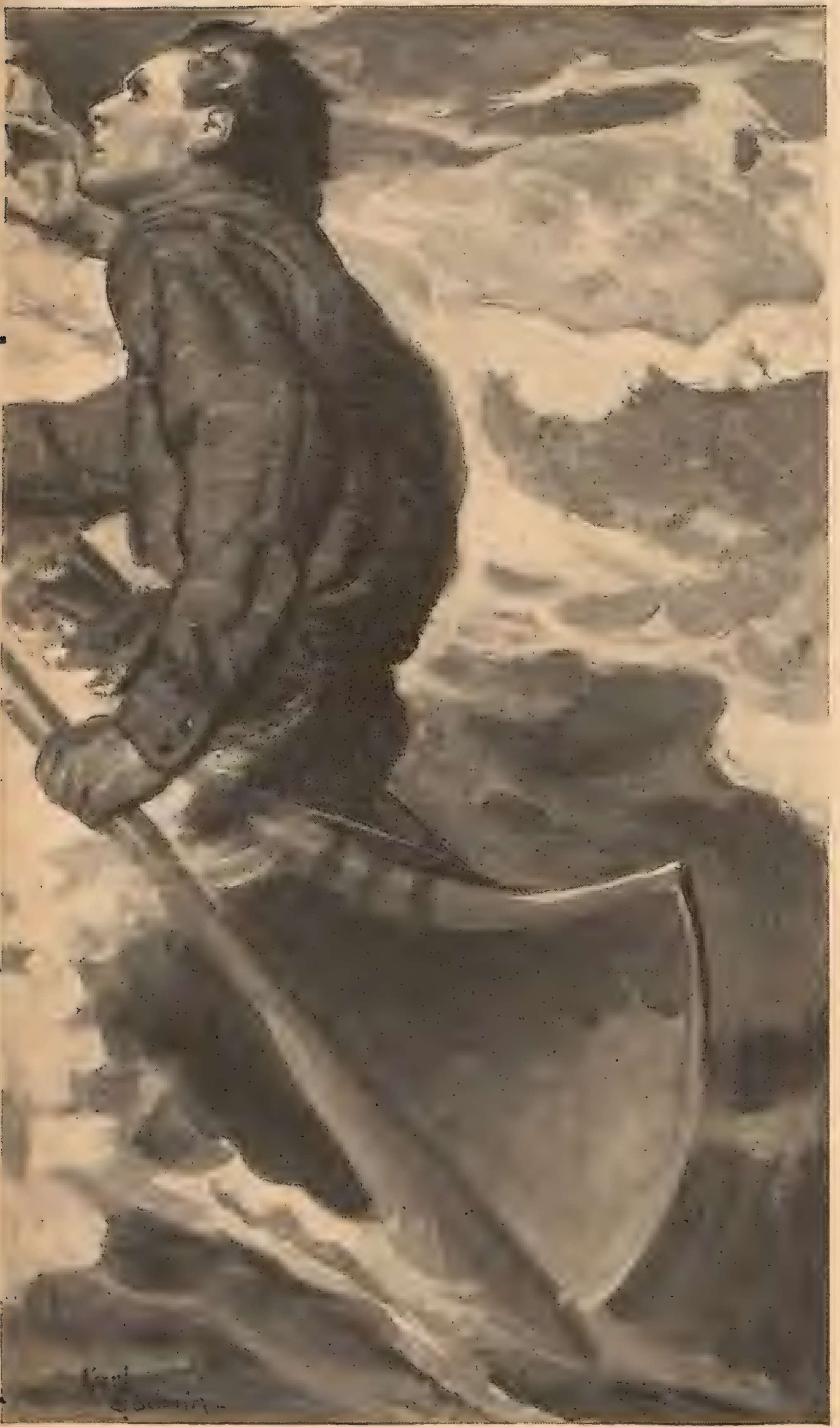
"Not today, Stevie," contradicted Mercer. "Not a cloud in the sky. I was telling Reuben it's clouds that count."

Who Wasn't

A tense, gripping tale of hazard and courage—The story of three men who fought against fear and nature's fury

BY EDMUND WARE

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN



Steve nodded, and Mr. Usher felt a secret affection for his swallows.

"Lot of deer up around Jackman," Mercer proclaimed. "Ever up around Jackman, Stevie?"

"No."

"You ought to try it there sometime."

Through the trees the lake shone with abrupt radiance, like daylight at the end of a tunnel. Mr. Usher climbed from the wagon and walked with boyish eagerness to the sand beach. He stood there, a silver sheen of hair curling from under his hat. He could not remember when he had felt both awe and gratitude simultaneously. Was it the long mystery of distance? Or was it simply the hovering paternity of earth and sky? Oh, he would bring his children here and show this to them, watching while it penetrated them as it penetrated him.

Beneath a dignified spruce, Mercer babbled and assembled fly rods. Steve unhooked and hung the harness on a tall gray stump. He waved to the horse and said: "Go it, old Crawnch! Go it, boy!" The horse shook, gave an amiable snort, and trotted back up the road, its destination private.

At the edge of the forest, Steve rolled a green canoe to his shoulders and carried it down to the beach. He thrust the bow into the water, loaded the duffel, and took a long steady look into the northwest.

"How far is it to camp?" asked Mr. Usher.

"They call it eleven miles. I guess we're all set, sir." Steve leaned on his paddle and, while he waited, stared again at the sky. The cloud was there, all right—black, and buried in the horizon.

Mr. Usher stooped and touched the gunwale of the canoe. "This is all new to me, you know," he smiled.

Mercer, having finished with the rods, came down in time to overhear this. "Don't worry, Reuben. A canoe'll scare you to death before it'll drown you. Right, Stevie?"

Steve nodded toward the bow and said to Mercer: "Will you sit forward, please?"

Mercer stepped in and moved to his position. "That's a fact, though—about canoes, isn't it, Stevie?"

"That's what they say," Steve said. Bending, he steadied the canoe for Mr. Usher. "Just step in the middle of her. Here, grab my shoulder. And when you set down, rest your back ag'in' the middle thwart and face towards me."

CAREFULLY the old man did as he was told, and he marveled at the grace with which Steve shoved off and jumped into the stern. Steve's paddle knifed into the water and the canoe moved out into the lake.

Mr. Usher peered into the water. The sides of boulders loomed, fell away to depths and darkness. Mercer had begun casting, and was making handsome prediction as to the size and number of trout he would take. But it appeared that his prophecies were delayed of fulfillment, and he grew petulant. "Why don't you get the canoe out farther?" he said to Steve. "Can't you tell by this time they're not lying in close?"

"Just as you say," said Steve. He had been following the margin of an underwater bar, but he nosed the canoe outward. For a while they fished fruitlessly a quarter mile offshore, and Mercer began again: "This is too far out. I didn't mean this far. Can't you take us where they are?"

Steve angled toward shore until he picked up the shadowy outline of the bar again. It was his job to keep his sportsmen happy and to do what they said, no matter what. It was also his job to keep an eye on the cloud which stretched low and straight across the northwest.

In the narrows between two long points Mercer began to catch trout. He grew voluble, informative, and obstreperously happy. "See? I told you, Reuben," he chimed. "Got another! A beauty! Say, how many I got now all together?"

"You got enough," said Steve. "Shall I let this one go?" Paddle balanced across his knees, Steve held the trout underwater in the net.

"Let it go?" protested Mercer. "What's the sense in catching them if you're going to let them go?"

"He'll live. You got more'n you can eat a'ready."

"Let him go," said Mr. Usher.

A few moments later Mr. Usher felt a violent tug on his line. He had been trying to cast, and, doing rather badly, had allowed his fly to trail in the water. As the trout struck, he had instinctively lifted his tip and hooked the fish. He sat forward, eyes sparkling with delight, lips spread in an embarrassed smile. "Steve! What shall I do now?"

"Reel in! Reel in!" interrupted the tireless Mercer. "Keep a taut line! How do you like it now, Reuben?"

"You're doin' all right, Mr. Usher," Steve said, peering into the water. "Good fish. Go mighty near two pounds."

Suddenly the old man's line went slack and the spring of the rod whipped the fly clear of the surface. "Gone! But I don't care, Steve—not if you don't. Really I don't care!"

Steve grinned at him, and Mercer said: "What did I say about keeping a taut line? You can't catch trout unless you learn to keep a taut line. Right, Steve?"

"Well, it's too bad, Mr. Usher," Steve said. "Your first one, too."

EDMUND WARE

former editor who has turned writer, confesses to an ignoble objection to women on trout streams: they catch the largest fish and show no proper reverence for their triumph. He was born in Connecticut, is married and has two children, one a fisherman.

"But I'm just as happy. Really, I've never been so happy."

Steve had no time to savor his wish that all men were like Mr. Usher. A puff of wind stabbed out of the northwest and a dark cat's-paw sailed across the water. The wind reached them all in a cold quick pressure which put Steve's hatbrim flat against his forehead. His lips twitched and tightened as he reached for his hat. He was looking at the cloud. Its lower edge was ripped and lacy.

The canoe emerged between the two points into the widening body of the lake. Distances stretched ahead and to the right and left. Steve looked measuringly at Cardiff Point. He could duck behind it if things got bad. Or, if the sportsmen wanted to make camp, he might try for the lee of Munson Island, three miles away. His two passengers sat with their backs to the cloud and they had not seen it. When the time was right, he would call it to their attention. Anticipating that moment, he gave them both a sharp glance of estimate. Steve had classified them simply as the fat nuisance in the bow and the old man aft of the middle thwart. The lake was rippling some now, and the spruce tops waving on Cardiff Point. . . .

Mr. Reuben Usher reeled in his line and sat thinking, his eyes half closed. The young guide so close to him in the stern of the eighteen-footer had a quality which he hoped his own sons might some day possess. This quality, Mr. Usher believed, concerned the patience required to remove ten thousand stones from a field and the reticence to hew in a clearing.

An unfamiliar rocking of the canoe disturbed him. Glancing about, he noted some remarkable changes. Everywhere was motion. The waves marched in sharp unending echelons and trees swayed against the sky. In any direction it was a long way to shore, but you could see the swaying of trees, distance or no! Young Steve had changed his course so that he quartered into the waves slapping briskly against the starboard bow. Downwind come an eerie babel of laughter.

"Loons," Steve said serenely. "They do that sometimes when the weather's changing." He stuck his hand in the water and scooped some to his mouth. Wiping his lips, he said: "Better reel in now, Mr. Mercer."

"Reel in? Why should I reel in?" the big man objected.

Steve twitched his paddle. The canoe swung sharply, rolling in the trough of the waves. At this angle, by turning their heads slightly, all three men could see the cloud. Its forward edge was smooth, dense, jet black, and its trailing edge was torn and coppery.

"See that?"

Mr. Usher nodded. His swallows! They had been right! "Well, what about it?" Mercer asked.

"Wind," said Steve.

"So what?" Mercer replied. "What's a little wind?"

Mr. Usher observed that the men were shouting, not in anger but to make themselves heard. The wind pressed hard upon his cheek and howled in his head. It knocked the tops from selected waves and scattered them on the back of one's neck!

"I can make Cardiff Point," yelled Steve, his shirt ballooning, "or I can try for Munson Island. Camp's on the mainland, just beyond Munson. What do you want to do?"

"It'll blow over," said Mercer, reeling in. "You're not scared of a little wind, are you, Stevie? Head for Munson Island!"

Steve snatched off his hat, placing it on the floor of the canoe, his knee on the brim. The wind tousled his black hair, parting it indiscriminately and showing the white scalp.

"Suit yourself," he said, adding wryly: "It's clouds that count."

The cloud shut off the sun; and the sun's abatement did something ominous to the scenery, and to the moods of the men. In the dim light the waves became black and murderous, and their crests hissed and were dirty white. Steve began to study them steadily and not just once in a while. Mr. Usher recalled two recent shouts from Mercer, and in these shouts he perceived a special significance which he had not noticed at the time.

One shout had been: "How do you like it now, Reuben?" and this had been in a kind of paper-thin voice, a voice uncertain of itself. The second shout had been directed to Steve: "Why don't you turn and run with it—any shore!"

"Swamp over the stern," Steve had answered. "Mebbe."

Thereafter Mercer had been silent; and Mr. Usher realized that Mercer was frightened, and that he himself was frightened, and that of all living men Steven Ireland was most important. There was something very illogical about their predicament. You could step away from an onrushing train, a tiger, or a madman; but you could not step away from this.

Always Mr. Usher had regarded wind as something wild, free, and magnificent. He saw now that it was also wanton, merciless, and unpredictable. Moreover, it imparted to the lake a cold, coherent lust.

The waves came close and crowding. They came towering, toppling, threatening Steve Ireland's precocious vigilance. And the waves applauded themselves by the hiss of their torn crests.

The canoe lurched, and a gout of spray, spilling over them, spanked the bottom of the canoe and cascaded toward the stern. Steve steadied her with his knees and yelled to Mercer: "Lay down! Lay down! They don't get no smaller if you rise up an' look at 'em! I said, lay *down!*"

Mr. Usher's stolen glances toward Munson Island brought nothing but a sickening sense of powerlessness beyond belief. They would never make it!

The old man felt that his fear was degrading and shameful; and he wondered how long a human being could endure its concentrated misery. Many times in life he had been startled, momentarily filled with terror. Time was the element which differentiated between fear and a mere fright. Mr. Usher felt that his wish to pray was weak and pitiful, because he knew it was merely the wish to live. But he said in his mind: "God, please wait a minute, if You can. God, what is a minute to You?" He knew it was his finest prayer.

He was wet clear through, and when the canoe heaved under him he seemed to compress, growing inferior as to stature and great in circumference. Whereupon, the canoe pitching downward over a crest, he became a being of only vertical dimension and all his width evaporated. He could anticipate these mad sequences by a timed antagonism in Steve's eyes. Steven Ireland knew exactly when and how to look at a wave, and the look was not scornful.

The old man began arranging sincere objections to his own drowning. There was too much work left undone. A man should be duly warned and permitted to order his larger work of life so that it could be entrusted to an able successor. But it didn't work out that way. Death, however, had its own incalculable volition, and any one who thought it might procrastinate in his favor was mistaken.

Mercer, who had been so boisterous, so ebullient in the placid wilderness, lay in the bow, eyes shut, face slack and unpleasant in his terror.

Steven Ireland knelt in the stern, working. Mr. Usher believed him possessed of all knowledge worth while, of an amazing sense of balance. When Mercer moved, a victim of his own panic, Steve yelled, "Lay down!" But his voice was reduced to a whisper in the howl of wind and crashing of the seas.

Without realizing what had happened to him, Mr. Usher had lost his fear in his admiration for Steve. The situation itself belonged to Steven Ireland. He alone was useful and articulate. His patience was an enduring attribute, proof against this wave, the next, and all others. Steve was here against his own judgment, the only judgment that counted. But he wasted no time in thinking he would soon be dead. He was incurably busy. No sooner would he defeat one wave than he would be about the outrageous problem of the next. He took no time for triumph, breathing, or oration.

Of a sudden Mr. Reuben Usher became aware of his one great desire. Winning this fight no longer seemed grievously important—if only he could help Steve. Alone Steve warred against their incomparable predicament. The old man's eyes glowed with unwieldy excitement. He leaned forward, crying out through his numbed lips: "I want to help!"

Steve's lips curled briefly from his teeth. Without taking his eyes from the waves, without missing a stroke, he reached behind him and tossed an empty lard pail into Mr. Usher's lap. "*Bail her!*"

Working joyfully with his lard can, Mr. Usher bailed. Presently he developed a great pride in his technique. He found that he could time his awkward scooping when the canoe was tipped, and thus get nearly a pailful at a scoop. On these great occasions he would glance warily at Steve, and Steve was infallible and wordless in his praise. This moment, felt the old man, was very close to inspiration . . . when one fears nothing, when everything at once seems fine and in one's heart is the gripping evidence of truth.

They came exhausted into the lee of Munson Island; and now that rest and security were at hand, they doubted the violence of their own adventure. No one, they felt, could have come through alive. They must have been imagining things. But on the mainland, less than half a mile distant, they saw a cluster of motionless men. Then they had had witnesses! Then it was true! Steve wigwagged with his paddle, and all the men on the mainland waved their arms at once and moved about in a state of excitement.

Steve sided the canoe into a sheltered cove on the island, and held her steady while Mr. Usher stepped out. The old man's legs were cramped and stiff. They buckled beneath him and he felt himself obliged to fall down. The stones upon which he lay seemed to heave, as if the waves had imparted a habit to them. Steve bent over him and lent him a hand. "My legs won't straighten out neither," the boy said. "It's like they're wore away to a couple of danglin' cords, ain't it?"

Steve got his ax from the stern and walked off, looking for a dry pine stub. When he had gone, Mercer raised his head and looked around, blinking. Mercer did not disembark from the canoe. Rather, he emerged from it like some huge and lumpish animal. At the sound of an ax, he glanced along the beach, noting that Steve was well out of earshot.

"That was awful, Reuben," he began.

Mr. Usher scarcely heard, so intent was he upon the nearness of trees and upon the feel of round stones and earth. Mercer was regaining confidence and voice. "That was some blow, Reuben. Ireland had no business getting us into that, you know. It's sheer luck we weren't all drowned."

"What did you say?" the old man asked.

MERCER began to pace the beach, to gesticulate. "I say, that young fool has poor judgment. I'm going to see that his guide's license is revoked permanently."

"Oh, do they have to have licenses?"

"Licenses? Certainly. Take his license away and he can't guide, see? Teach him a lesson."

Mr. Usher turned his head slightly. Steve had a fire started between two boulders up the shore. Wood smoke! The old man's nostrils twitched . . . and in him there awakened strange longings. "My fortune is considerable," he said very soberly. "And I had wished to divide it equally among my sons. But if you should happen to have that boy's license revoked, I shall gladly spend it all getting him reinstated."

"You're crazy, Reuben. You don't understand."

The old man stood up and walked to the fire, which was blazing merrily. Steve knelt close beside it, drying his clothes and melting the chill from his bones. As Mr. Usher approached, Steve jumped up and handed him an ancient coat resplendent with elbow patches and assorted buttons. "You put this on," he commanded.

Mr. Usher did as he was bid. He leaned against the side of a boulder and stared into the fire. "Was it really a bad blow, Steven?"

"It was real bad."

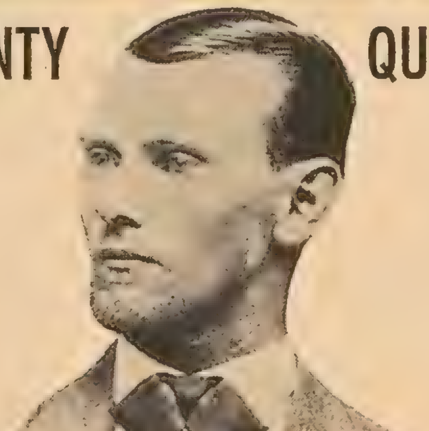
"Well—tell me this: When you see a lot of swallows together, is that a sign of a storm?"

Steve nodded affirmatively. The old man smiled as if he knew his next question were boyish, as if he could not resist asking it: "Was I any use to you—out there?"

Steve pushed his hat back. He lowered his voice. "I wisht they was all like you," he said. "Honest—I do!"

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—Seven kings of Scotland shared his surname first, but it was in the United States that *his* name became a household word—because he wanted liberty! A noted escape artist, 'twas members of his own gang who brought about his betrayal. Who (see early photo) was this well known outlaw?

2—How many wars have there been since "the war to end war"?

3—What husband and wife starred in Reunion in Vienna?

4—Are African tigers more vicious than lions?

5—What coal-tar product is 500 times sweeter than cane sugar?

6—What composer wrote Old Black Joe?

7—What was the name of Princeton University prior to 1896?

8—When were automobiles first licensed in the U. S.?

9—Who is Britain's Prime Minister?

10—What time is it aboard a ship when it's three bells?

11—Is Latin or Greek the older language?

12—Who is president of the American Federation of Radio Artists?

13—Are cork legs made of cork?

14—Which well known winter resort bars autos from its roads?

15—Who wrote the song, Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?

16—Which is larger, Shanghai's native section or its foreign section?

17—Where in the Bible is it prophesied that seven women will offer to support themselves if one man will only marry them?

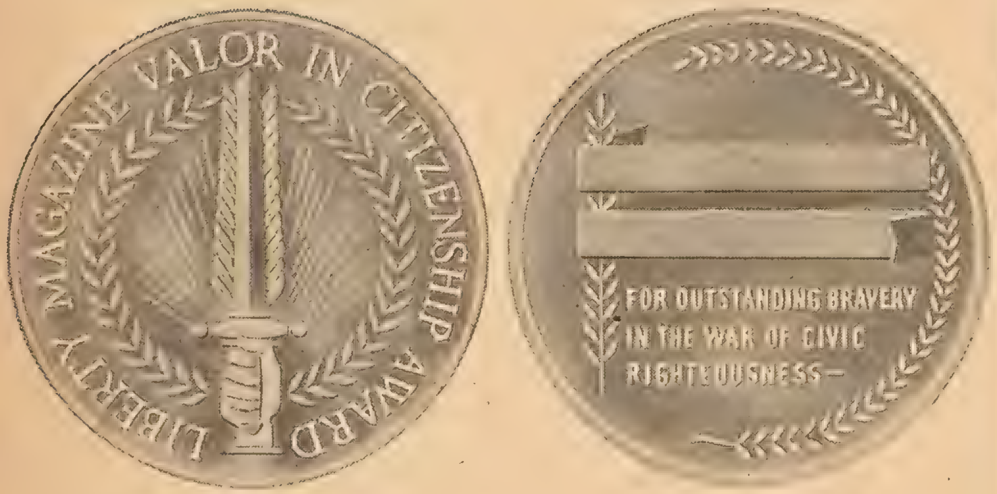
18—Where is England's Unknown Warrior interred?

19—How does a dog perspire?

20—Who else is Mrs. Franchot Tone?

(*Answers will be found on page 48*)

FOR VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP


LIBERTY MAGAZINE VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP AWARD
FOR OUTSTANDING BRAVERY IN THE WAR OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS—

LIBERTY takes great pride in announcing the names of the three judges who will award its Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship, announced in last week's issue. They are:

Homer S. Cummings, Attorney General of the United States.

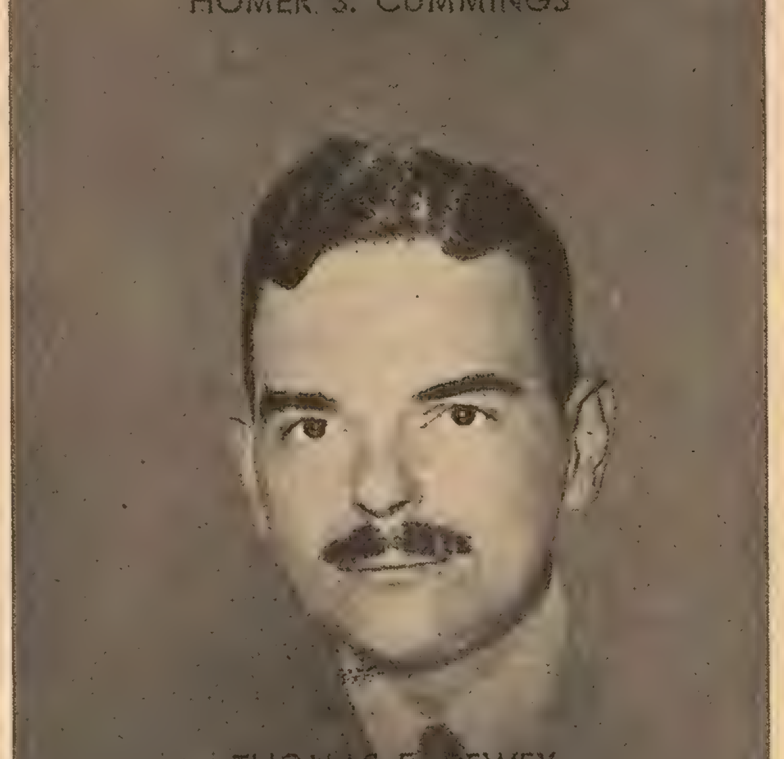
Thomas E. Dewey, New York City's special prosecutor of racketeers.

George E. Q. Johnson, who as United States District Attorney was responsible for sending Al Capone to prison.

No finer committee of awards could be asked. Attorney General Cummings is the national leader in systematizing war upon crime and in fathoming the problem of crime prevention. Mr. Dewey is world-renowned for his scores of triumphs over master criminals. It was Judge Johnson whose suggestion of such a medal as this inspired Liberty itself to offer one at once. Three exceedingly busy men! In agreeing to serve as judges and give time to the selection, each has once again demonstrated his patriotism and public spirit.

Nominations are now open for the award for 1937. Mail your nomination to MEDAL OF VALOR COMMITTEE, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York.

HOMER S. CUMMINGS


THOMAS E. DEWEY

GEORGE E. Q. JOHNSON

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

THOUGHT it might be interesting to find out a thing or two about the way Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Public like to have their beds made, so I had a talk with Nora Foley, executive housekeeper at the Hotel Waldorf in New York. I'm sure no woman in America knows more than Nora does about our sheet-and-pillow preferences. This is what she told me:

Men adore bright-red comforters, but most men are too bashful to ask for them. Women never hesitate to ask for pink or blue comforters, which they love. . . . Elderly folk are almost the only users of three pillows now. Middle-aged people want two, as a rule. During the last five years our younger generation has acquired the habit of sleeping on not more than one pillow, often on none.

There are some chilly citizens among us who can't go to sleep under fewer than six blankets, even in a steam-heated room. . . . There are couples, long married, who can't sleep a wink in twin beds. Any first-class hotel will put in a large double bed on request. . . . The lengthiest beds to be found ordinarily are six feet six inches long. A few seven-foot beds of standard construction are built for giants, with extra extensions attachable for extra-big giants.

Sleepers are just about equally divided on the tuck-in question—half of us want our bedclothes tucked in at the sides, while the rest of us stay awake and kick and get mad if the bedclothes aren't loose. . . . Silk sheets and pillowcases in exotic colors are not as popular as they were, but hand-embroidered bed things are very fashionable. . . . Best-sized sheets for single beds, says Miss Foley, are 72 inches by 108 inches; best for double beds are 90 by 108.

Born in Ireland, near the town of Killarney, in the county of Kerry, Nora Foley is partial to green. Her office is a veritable garden of green growing plants.

☆ Letter from a worried young woman.

She is employed as confidential secretary to an important manufacturer.

"To begin with," she writes, "I am *more* than his secretary. Our relationship may be inexcusable, but there it is. Now I have learned that his son, who works here with us, is stealing money to drink and gamble and carry on affairs with the girls. His father worships him, and I worship his father. To save the boy, I ought to tell what I know, but I don't dare. I don't dare be the cause of a break between his father and him. I want to do my best for them both, but my position is so helpless. . . ."

It is, my dear. That's why wise women avoid it. I can only tell you, without any moralizing, that troubles more or less like yours are part of the cost of your situation.

Men adore red comforters.

☆ Dinner guests at the home of Chester McCall, advertising executive, find a plain typewritten menu beside each plate, letting them know beforehand what they will get to eat. Mr. McCall has a thoughtful reason for this. "So many people are on different diets," he says, "that they may want to go light on one course in favor of another, which they can't very well do unless they know what's coming."

A good idea, say I, for modern hostesses to take up.

☆ Considering all the talk now transmitted by radio, it seems ironic that the father of wireless, the great Marconi, who died recently, should have been a silent man. At a big dinner he once listened for hours while others spoke of his invention. Then he said this, only this: "The police thought my first radio was a bomb. They stuck it in a pail of water so it wouldn't go off."

☆ Latest novelty in Paris is the divorce ring, a modest circlet of platinum, worn on the little finger of the right hand by ex-wives who want the world to know they are in circulation again. Not a bad idea, but it seems to me the Parisian jewelers have failed to do it justice. If our own jewelers take it up, I hope they will use more imagination. Appropriate for some divorce rings, I should think, would be a heart of rubies cut in two by an emerald dagger—symbolizing the assassination of true love by jealousy. Or how about a sweet little clutching hand, in diamonds, for ladies who live on heavy alimony?

☆ The new Gelett Burgess book, Look Eleven Years Younger, is as practical as it is comical. Tells us (and shows with pictures) what *not* to do with our hands, feet, faces, necks, et cetera. (Published by Simon & Schuster.)

☆ With meat so expensive now, we need to be smart about using up leftovers in attractive ways. The thrifty Belgians are great user-uppers, can teach us many a trick. Here's a delicious baked-cabbage recipe of theirs: Lay a good-sized piece of bacon rind fat side up on the bottom of a fireproof dish, earthenware or glass. Quarter a 3-pound cabbage and arrange the 4 parts fanwise in the dish, like the spokes of a wheel. Pepper and salt generously, and dot with bits of butter or bacon fat. Set dish on asbestos mat over a fair flame until cabbage and bacon are lightly browned. Now fill the spaces between the quarters of cabbage with diced pieces of cold cooked meat and thick slices of raw potato. Add a bay leaf, ¼ cup water, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon flour over all, cover tight and cook for 1½ hours on a slow fire. Add a little more water if necessary. Serve very hot in same dish.

THE WORLD GOES SMASH

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

HUGH FARRAGUT, special prosecutor for rackets in New York in the year 1940, discovers that the chief of the powerful organization controlling crime in America is Happy Harold James, politician, and father of the girl he loves. Dorrie James refuses to believe in her father's guilt even after one of his henchmen with whom he has quarreled is found dead. James seems a kindly, charitable man, but according to Farragut the money he gives away so generously is blood money, wrung from dope rings, the white-slave traffic, and other forms of vice.

Happy James arranges a meeting with Hugh, and tries to dissuade him from his crusade, holding out Dorrie as bait, and later threatening the prosecutor. But Farragut is determined to gather evidence and smash the suave politician.

Dorrie is between two fires. She loves Farragut but she has absolute faith in her father's innocence. When Happy James asks her not to see Farragut for a few weeks, she promises that she won't, hoping by that time the whole mess will be cleared up. However, hearing one of her father's men, a dope fiend, talk of a plot to kill the special prosecutor, she breaks her word and warns her lover. Happy James discovers what she has done.

PART THREE—A THREAT . . . AND A SHOT

BREAKFAST in the James household normally started the day with laughter. There was no mirth between father and daughter over their next morning's coffee. As soon as Happy James lighted his cigar, Dorothy said, with an assumption that nothing had occurred to disturb the family serenity:

"You came in very late. I don't approve of such hours."

"I had important business," was his curt reply.

"Any orders for the day, captain?"

"You broke your word to me yesterday, Dorothy."

"Yes."

"That's bad. We are drifting apart since Farragut came between us."

She felt a stab of pain. "I know. I hate it."

"Why did you telephone him about Cuprane?"

She had her answer, not wholly ingenuous, ready: "Cuprane had been making threats against him. I thought I was justified in warning him."

"I can't trust you," said he sorrowfully.

"Oh, you can, you can! I did telephone him. And I saw him, too. At Father Dulany's. I meant to tell you anyway, and explain why."

"This man won't do!" he burst out. "He's a four-flusher; a cheap climber. He's so swollen with his notion of himself that he won't listen to reason. I've almost got down on my knees to him. I've thrown you at his head. You've thrown yourself at his head." (The girl's chin went up proudly.) "What's his answer? He can't give up his precious career—his mission to reform the world. Your happiness doesn't mean anything to him. Nothing does but his own ambition. He's going to bust the machine, is he? He's going to show us all up and turn my own child against me. Well, he'll be the one to be shown up before we're through with him!" He calmed down. "All I need is a little time. I've got a line on stuff he's pulled that will convince even you."

Happy had been listening to certain hopeful reports on Hugh Farragut from his imaginative aides, and was only too willing to accept them as true. "I warn you now that when the proof is ready you'll make your choice between us. You can't be that hypocrite's wife and my daughter."

Happy James' daughter had inherited some of the qualities which made him a leader. She could exhibit a spirit as dogged as his own. "I'm not going to be forced into a choice. I'm not going to give up hope of bringing you two together. You've told me it was mostly politics, dad. When election is over you'll both cool down and be sensible again."

Election! He had practically committed himself to murder, before Election Day, by his rash threat to Hugh Farragut. Rash or not, Happy was not the man to let a threat die unfulfilled. Still, if the election brought about the result which he now confidently expected, the special prosecutor would be powerless and he, James, beyond the reach of any reprisals, political or other.

WILL you play fair with me? Will you promise to cut out Farragut entirely until Election Day, and this time keep your word? Is that too much to ask, Miss Dolliver?"

At the affectionate nickname she softened. "No. Not if I can see him after that."

"If you still want to," he agreed. Then, more briskly: "Have you his private number?"

"Of course."

"Call him up."

She obeyed. He took the apparatus from her hand.

"Farragut, you have been seeing Dorothy."

"That's true," answered Hugh's composed voice.

"I want your word of honor that you will not try to see her or communicate with her until after election."

"You can't have it."

"She wishes it, too."

"Let her say so, then."

"She will." He handed over the mechanism to her.

"Darling," she said—and Happy James' face darkened. "I'm going to keep my word this time. It isn't so terribly long, and whatever happens, it can't change anything between you and me. . . . Oh, no! You mustn't feel that way. I can't bear to have you worried."

Happy saw the receiver jerk in her hand. He would have given a great deal to listen in on the message borne by the wire. What he would have heard was Hugh's tones, low and urgent:

"You remember what I said about the two days. *Two days.* If I'm right in that, you'll *have* to believe me right in the bigger matter. If that is true—you understand what I'm talking about: two days, or it might be three—if that comes about, promises don't count. Get in touch with me at once, in that case, and come to me as soon as you possibly can. Will you?"

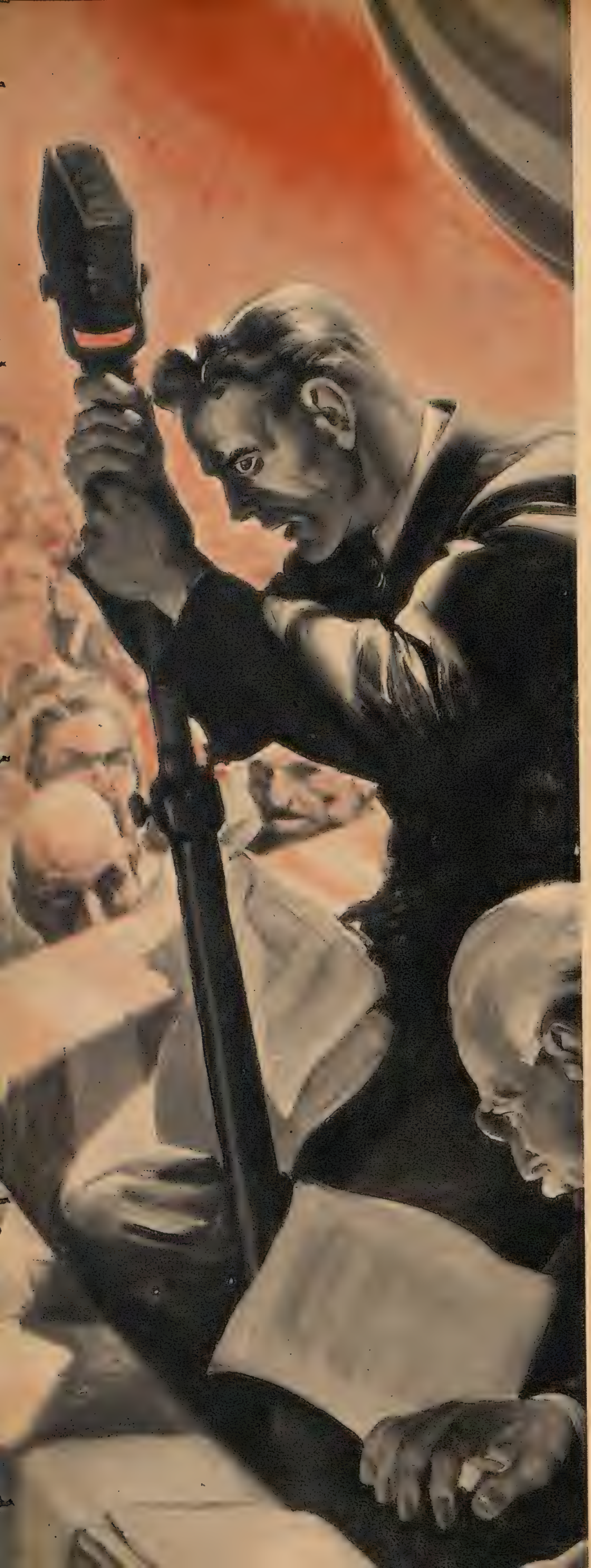
Blackly suspicious, Happy James saw her terrified look veer to him, heard her faint "I—don't—know. . . . *Yes.*"

He pushed her away. "Farragut, if you try to double-cross me, I'll send her to Europe by the next ship."

"Thank you. I'll have the piers watched. We might need her as a witness."

Happy James cut off. He turned to the girl.

Grim peril strikes at a pair of gallant lovers in a startling novel of 1940



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

"If you walk out on me this time," said he harshly, "you needn't come back."

Dorothy's spirit rose in arms. "Is that part of the agreement?"

"If you like."

"Very well. I'll take it as a condition of my promise."

He glowered upon her in sudden misgiving, but she came over and put her arms around him. "Oh, dad! We mustn't quarrel."

His expression lightened. He returned her caress. "But I don't understand you at all lately, Miss Dolliver."

Other matters were worrying him, too. There was a small but important dinner being given at the Manhattan Club for the Democratic candidate, Senator Niles, which he must attend if he were to avoid suspicion of party treachery. Hypocrisy was a practice which Happy heartily disliked. To exhibit good-fellowship toward the man whom he had definitely decided to abandon irked him. But he saw no alternative.

ANOTHER guest to whom the political invitation for the evening was a problem was Hugh Farragut. Honest though he had been in announcing to Dorothy his intention of keeping free from partisanship, he had almost admitted to himself the impracticability of a neutral attitude. Because his influence in the pivotal State of New York might be decisive, the special prosecutor was being wooed by all three parties.

Whoever won, he could see nothing but trouble ahead, quite possibly culminating in national catastrophe. Realizing as perhaps no other man in the country could the entrenchment of corruption and crime, he reckoned upon no adequate capacity in any of the rival factions to grapple with a problem of such magnitude. Chadwick and the Republicans were committed to a dangerously reactionary policy. The New Dealers were still enmeshed in theories, none of which offered, in Hugh's opinion, a cure for the national disease. The Forward Party was new and politically inexperienced.

In accepting the invitation Hugh made it plain that he was not committing himself. He was there merely as an observer. One of his first observations of interest was the presence of Happy James. He knew that James had been undermining Niles in the local organization, and so effectively that New York was now considered by shrewd judges to be "in the bag" for the Forward Party. Any day James might flop openly. To watch the assumed heartiness and sunny sincerity with which he accosted the candidate whom he was preparing to knife inspired the lawyer with a faint disgust. He resented it when Happy came over to shake hands and suggest that they have a little talk.

"About what?" said Hugh, not too courteously.

"Your health, my boy."

"It's excellent, thank you."

Happy shook a solicitous head. "You don't look well to me."

"Wishful thinking, possibly," suggested Hugh.

"Not well at all. Overwork is telling on you, I'm afraid. It's dangerous, that sort of work. A man with your prospects ought really to be more sparing of himself."

Hugh grinned. "First in the parish house of a Catholic church; now at a public dinner: you choose queer places for your Black Hand threats."

"Threats? Not at all," protested the other. "Only a natural concern. Well, what do you think of the political situation?"

"What do you? You're in a position to judge. When are you going to swing?"

"Swing?" Again the master politician pretended injured surprise. "I'm an organization man, Farragut. I stick. You've been reading the gossip columns."

Hugh was unimpressed. "When your political convictions do shift," he remarked carelessly, "let me know. Maybe I'll follow you."

He groped, clutched the microphone, sagged down—then, with face twisted, recovered himself. The hubbub died.

No sooner had he spoken the words than the subconscious thought of which they were the expression took hold upon him. Of course! Why had it not occurred to him before? If Happy James went over to the Forward Party, he and his criminal keymen could control the inside organization. Winters and the honest group around him would be shorn of power. The crooks would have established the most complete mechanism of plunder on a huge scale in the history of graft, unless something were done to check them. To be effective, that something must come from within the ranks. Then and there he reached his decision. He would formally join the Forward Party.

In the excitement of that determination, together with the strain of his enforced alienation from Dorothy, Hugh was guilty of a dereliction. He had intended to assign a pair of trustworthy men to Nick Cuprane. Not until late the next evening did he think of it. Then he could not locate the right men until morning. Their initial report was unsatisfactory. They had not located their man.

Dorothy had been less forgetful than Hugh. Although it was not her day for making the rounds, she went down into the heart of the district. With difficulty she found out where Cuprane lived, with a little dressmaker's assistant named Adele, in a quiet Second Avenue rooming-house. It took the better part of twenty-four hours to locate Adele. This was partly due to difficulties in the telephone service. Dorothy became suspicious that the wire might be tapped.

Going uptown to a hotel booth, she finally got the girl. A broken, frightened voice came to her over the wire:

"I can't talk. I daren't. I don't know anything. . . . Oh, please, please don't ask me! . . . I—I—"

The wire clicked and was silent.

Not until morning did Dorothy get final confirmation. It was a not very conspicuous article in the paper. Some one had given information on a gang of cocaine flyers in Jersey. There had been a road battle outside the flying field and a man supposed to be Nick Cuprane had been killed. It was the only fatality.

Dorothy fought off her dizziness. She tried to persuade herself that this was no more than the logical, inevitable outcome of a criminal career. It would not do. First Niemer, now Cuprane. Then all the rest of it must be true; everything that the hideous map in Hugh's rooms had indicated with their spiderish webs! But how could she believe her father was such a monster?

A burning necessity beset her. She must see Hugh. But she dared not trust the telephone. In the next block was a telegraph office. She hurried thither and sent her message in duplicate to Hugh's office and his apartment. She came back to wait feverishly.

An hour, two hours, three hours. No answer. A car drove up. She hurried to the door to forestall the maid. Happy James confronted her.

"HOW long since you have written to that lover of yours?" he asked in a deadened tone.

"I've never written him in my life."

He nodded. He had learned something of importance for him to know. Suddenly he thrust the pale-blue form of a special-haste telegram into her face.

"You telegraphed him, though. Answer me!"

"Yes."

"Here's the telegram. He'll never see it." He tore it to bits and scuffled them under his feet. "Miss Judas!" he said.

. . . . .

Madison Square Garden was packed to the last seat. It was the final great Forward Party rally of the campaign. Frank J. Winters, the nominee for President, was there with his running mate, Caleb Keeler, and half a dozen lesser but still nationally known figures. But the man whose presence aroused even the oldest and least impressionable of the men in the press seats below was Hugh Farragut. He was to speak—to champion the Forward Party cause; so much they knew. But what line would he take? No copies of his address had been handed out. Rumor spread and swelled that the special prosecutor was going to "rip off the lid." With him were the two devoted young giants, Harris Magill and Carson Wilde, whom the political writers had dubbed Right Guard and Left Guard.

No man among the massed thousands was less excited nor perhaps more unhappy than the focus of this interest. In Hugh Farragut's pocket rested a note, written in even, clear, unhurried script such as seemed to him the very embodiment of Dorothy James' personality:

Hugh:

You have forced the choice on me and I have made it. I know at last how unkind and unjust you have been. Please do not try to see me again—ever. DOROTHY.

Just at the time when Nick Cuprane's "planted" murder should have brought Dorrie to him, this message had been delivered to his apartment. What lay back of it? What ingenuity of fraud had Happy James devised to turn her against him?

What could he do? His telephone call had met with a toneless assurance from a maid that Miss James was out of town indefinitely.

It was a shattering blow. But Hugh had to carry on. What else was there to do? If only he could make it seem worth while now—make anything seem worth while without Dorothy. He tried desperately to free his mind of her; to concentrate on what was before him; to center his immediate thought upon Caleb Keeler, who sat near him.

THE Vice-Presidential candidate was an example of what he most distrusted in the party's political ranks. A solemn, puffy man in his early fifties, he had abandoned his loyalty to Old Guard Republicanism and joined the new party obviously for profit. His record was that of a faithful machine politician, dubious and until recently obscure.

Hugh's name was being spoken by the chairman. He rose to face a roaring multitude. Without gift of ornamental oratory, he knew how to capture and retain men's attention by simplicity and directness.

"I am in this fight because not politics but crime is the issue," he began. "In four years of specialization I have learned something of crime. It is an organized industry. A group of powerful hidden men control it. Through it they intend to control our national destiny. They are in the councils of all parties. Their authority is growing, and with it their boldness. Should their plans work out, the most savage tyranny of Fascism, the wildest excesses of Communism which have brought Europe to ruin, will be nothing to what we, the law-abiding, freedom-loving citizens of the United States, will be made to suffer.

"What have the old parties done to check the advance of these plotters? Nothing. Big business, dominating the Republican Party, is too much their ally—though often a reluctant, even an enforced ally—to clean them out. Democracy, split and wavering, has shown no capacity to meet the threat. If we are to be saved we must have a national alignment against crime. That is why I am for Frank J. Winters, the candidate of the Forward Party."

In the cataclysm of applause, a few of the wise reporters noted that he had ignored the custom of naming both nominees.

"I have talked with Frank J. Winters about these hidden men. I have told him what I now tell you: that because of their power and protection banks are robbed, drugs are peddled to innocent children, girls are seduced and enslaved, business is systematically blackmailed, gangsters operate unchecked and unafraid, and our jails are delivered by corrupt judges and prostituted boards of their convicted murderers, thugs, and rapists. From every such crime these hidden men draw a percentage.

"Without political convictions, with no other thought but profit, they have burrowed into every party. And by that I mean this Forward Party as well as the others. This, too, I have told Frank Winters. I have warned him that if I am to speak, it must be without any check. He said, 'Tell 'em the facts, Farragut. We can stand it.'

"So tonight I am going to bring these hidden men out of hiding. I am going to give *(Continued on page 28)*

HOW LONG SINCE YOUR HUSBAND CALLED YOU

A Clever Cook?

Serve him this delicious MEAL-IN-A-MINUTE and hear him sing your praises

Wait till that husband of yours casts an approving eye upon a dish that's near and dear to every man's heart . . . Van Camp's Pork and Beans artfully arranged in corned beef nests!

This easy-to-prepare Meal-in-a-Minute is typical of the dozens of tempting dishes made with Van Camp's Pork and Beans. No matter what you want to serve, a substantial, stick-to-the-ribs meal for a hungry man or a dainty salad for lunch, you'll find these delicious pork and beans with their tangy tomato sauce add just the right touch.

Today make a note to add a complete assortment of Van Camp's foods to your grocery list. Don't confuse them with ordinary canned foods. Every item has a long standing reputation for tempting flavor. One taste and you'll recognize the difference. Prices, too, are attractive. Van Camp's everyday prices are lower than most nationally known canned foods.

28
Meal-in-a-Minute
Recipes
Van Camp's
PORK
AND
BEANS
PREPARED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Van Camp's

Meal-in-a-Minute for October

costs only 5c a serving

BEANS in CORNED BEEF NESTS

How to make it: (1) Shape corned beef hash into nests and brown in hot oven. (2) Heat 2 cups Van Camp's Pork and Beans. (3) Fill nests with beans and serve with Van Camp's Beets and salted crackers.

FREE Recipe Book

Contains 28 Meal-in-a-Minute recipes, menus, shopping lists and other helpful information on meal planning. For free copy send your name and address to Van Camp's, Inc., 2122 South East Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Keep these Van Camp's table treats on your pantry shelf: BEAN HOLE BEANS
SPAGHETTI • VEGETABLE SOUP • TOMATO SOUP • CHILI SAUCE • CATSUP

(Continued from page 26)

you their names; eminent names, some of them, in law, in finance, in labor, as well as in politics. For every one I name I have the convincing record."

This time the clamor carried a new note—amazement, excitement, anticipation, with perhaps a deeper undertone of protest. The occupant of a front gallery seat rose, yelling foul threats. He was pulled down.

The man on the rostrum was leaning forward now, making dumb-show appeals for quiet. He leaned farther, groped, clutched the microphone, sagged down—then, with face twisted, recovered himself. The hubbub died. A great voice bellowed:

"Shot! They've shot Farragut, the ———s!"

The wave of frenzy that swept the assemblage reduced what had gone before to a whisper.

Winters had jumped up, and he fought his way to Hugh.

"Did they get you?"

"It's nothing. My shoulder. I can go on." To his two young guards he gave curt directions: "Lift me up. As high as you can. Give me that megaphone. Right! Hold me steady."

Thus, towering above the tumult, with voice and gesture and by the force of a magnetism hitherto unexerted and unsuspected by himself, he brought the turbulent thousands into subjection to his will; compelled them to attention. He was smiling when he began to speak again.

"Some enthusiast," said he, "led away by the fervor of his convictions, has used an argument for which I have no immediate answer. It points, however, certain charges which I have just advanced to you. If, for the moment, I am unable—am unable—to—to—"

The smile faded. Hugh's head lapsed slowly forward. They lowered him to the platform. He was carried out through crowds which somberly parted before him in a silence more formidable than any tumult.

Parlett, the Herald Tribune reporter, panted in the ear of Gracey of the Sun: "This'll make him."

"If it doesn't kill him."

At the hospital the first reports were confidently optimistic. The wound, deep though it was, had not touched the lung. Barring complications there was no cause for worry. But Gilroy James, located after midnight and brought in to add the weight of his surgical authority to the prognosis, looked dubious. He had seen that type of wound before. Hugh Farragut had been shot with a Crittenden compression pistol, silent and of great penetration. Wounds of this kind too often set up infection. The would-be murderer had escaped; no trace of him was found.

Within forty-eight hours Hugh was alternating between delirium and coma. In his semilucid moments he would say but one word, over and over: "Dorrie! Dorrie! Dorrie!" Consultation of the leading medical experts brought concurrence upon one point. Whoever "Dorrie" was, she must be found and brought there.

"I KNOW," said Gilroy James. "I'll get her."

But his best endeavors went for nothing. Meantime, and within that same forty-eight hours, the name of Hugh Farragut leaped to the eye of every headline reader, rang in the ears of every radio listener in the country. His martyrdom, if such it were to prove, would sweep the Forward Party to victory.

Clean blood and a hardy constitution finally prevailed over the infection left by the steel missile. Officially, Hugh Farragut was pronounced convalescent in a few days. But a deeper wound was still poisoning his vitality. He was making no effort to recover.

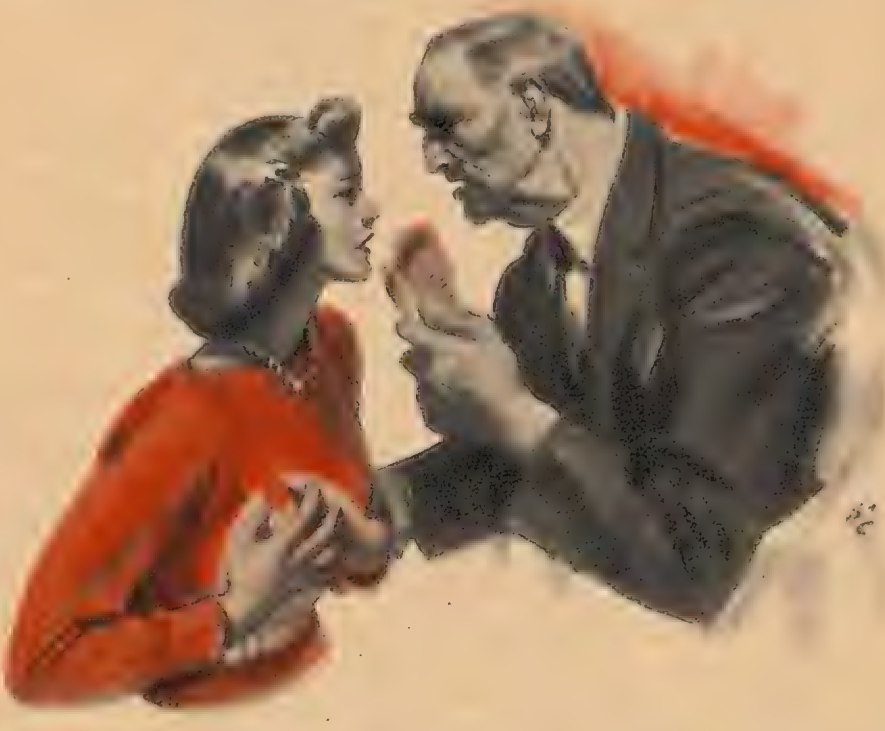
Even the triumph of the Forward Party to which he had so greatly contributed left him unmoved. Frank J. Winters himself came to see him, to ask him whether he would consider a Cabinet post. Hugh only regarded the coming President of the United States with lackluster eyes and said that he had other work to do, if he could muster up energy to do it.

Something, however, had to be devised to keep that flaccid mind stirring. Dr. James was more than a great surgeon—he was a psychologist of resource.

"Enough of your sulks," he growled at his patient. "You can lay down on your job, which is to get well, and I can't stop you. But you're supposed to be a gentleman, and I'm going to see that you act accordingly. All kinds of people have been flooding this place with messages, gifts, flowers, and various rubbish. Suppose you get in a free-acting secretary and acknowledge the trash. After all, it's well meant."

"Just as you say," agreed Hugh so uninterestedly that the surgeon went out and almost bit a nurse.

Conscientiously the patient waded through the formidable list. At least it tired him out and he slept less fitfully. On the second day he came upon a card which had accompanied a huge box of roses: "Miss Dorcas Danvier Simms, 20 East Seventieth Street," with a scribbled line: "You can lick this handicap." Who on earth was Dorcas Dan— Dolly Simms! He remembered now: Dorrie's friend, who had joshed her about being the widow Farragut. He recalled further having once rashly offered her a handicap of three strokes a round, which cost him just twenty dollars and the loss of some self-esteem as a golfer. Dolly Simms! She might know. The nurse, overjoyed at the new liveliness exhibited by her patient, willingly acceded to his request and telephoned Miss Simms. Certainly; Miss Simms would be down within the hour.



"Here's the telegram. He'll never see it. Miss Judas!"

"Hello, old lad. Winged you, did they?" Dolly greeted him.

The nurse withdrew, leaving them alone.

"Hasn't she been to see you?"

"No. I didn't expect that. But where is she?"

"Why didn't you expect it?"

"It's all off," he answered dully.

"Hugh Farragut," said Miss Simms, suddenly become severe, "I know Dorrie James. When she's serious, she's *serious*. If it's broken off, it's your fault. What have you been up to?"

"It's no one's fault. But it was she who broke off. She wrote me." And he handed her Dorrie's letter.

Dolly drew the note from its envelope. Her breath caught, her eyes widened. "When did this come?"

"The day I was shot."

"You're an idiot, Hugh." She stood over his invalid chair.

"All right, I'm an idiot. Why?"

"Don't you know Dorrie well enough to realize that it isn't in her to write a note like that?"

"There's the note."

"It isn't Dorrie's."

"*What?*"

"That isn't her writing. Not even a fair forgery. Here! Lay off! I'm not Dorrie," she laughed, for he had both her hands and was gripping them bloodless.

"But where is she?" he demanded, when he had recovered poise. "Why hasn't she sent me any word?"

"Ah, that I don't know." The gay visage became grave. "Nobody has seen her. I don't like it, Hugh."

Hugh lifted himself from the chair. Life had come back into his eyes.

"I'll find her," said he. "Will you send Miss Garland to me? And that secretary in the waiting room. And—and God bless you, Dolly! Nothing can stop me now!"

Dr. Gilroy James tried stopping him. His percentage of success was small. To be sure, he did manage to extort a promise that his patient would stay in hospital another week—but only on condition that he be allowed to see his office force and do what work he chose.

Spurred by an urgency which had been missing for long weeks from his chief's voice, Harris Magill answered his telephone summons on the jump.

"What kind of shot did the doc give you, Boss?"

"Never mind that. I've got a hot job for you. Miss James has got to be found. She is somewhere she doesn't see the papers, or I'd have had word from her."

Magill nodded. He fiddled with his hat, cleared his throat, looked uneasily at his large gnarly hands.

"Well, come on!" snapped his superior. "Got any ideas?"

"You aren't—er—well—secretly married or anything to Miss James, are you, Boss?" he finally got out.

"What do you mean, 'or anything'?" demanded Hugh wrathfully.

WELL, I only meant you wouldn't have any of her petticoats or anything like that around, I suppose."

"Certainly *not*. What's in that mind of yours, you young idiot?"

"Don't go violent on me, Boss. You know, I was on the laundry racket. And I learned some things. Every laundry in New York has its own individual markings for its customers. So I had a thought. If we could raise some of her lingerie I'd set a watch on every washee-washee in and around New York. If she's—"

"Stout lad! Why, the bug mastodon's got brains beneath that brawn! Watch the James house for the next laundry call. Get the marking and spread your net. If they'd only let me out of this germ coop," he continued boyishly and ungratefully, "I'd get after it myself. But I dare say you'll do it better."

"So do I," returned the underling complacently. "You stick around and figure on politics. What's this I hear about Winters wanting you for Attorney General?"

"I turned him down. Maybe I'll reconsider," said Hugh. "I'm feeling different now." With Dorrie restored to his hopes, he felt he could face anything.

In particular he desired to face Happy James. That astute judge of men and events was not over-surprised at receiving an invitation to visit the hospital. He was prepared for an attempt to ferret out some news of his daughter. But beyond a courteous inquiry as to her health Hugh ignored the topic. After thanking the politician for his call, Hugh remarked reflectively:

"Election Day has passed."

"Yes. You win," was the good-humored reply.

"At least I'm still alive."

"That's something," conceded the other. "But I don't think you're looking well. Are you sure you're out of danger?"

HUGH'S smile was genial. "Precisely what I wanted to speak about. I'm not as sure as I'd like to be. Since I've known Dorrie I've come to set a new value on living. I'm counting on living a long time. In fact, I'm specializing on it. Apropos of that, I'm going to tell you of a bet that should interest you."

"I'm not much of a betting man myself."

"No. You prefer sure things. I rather think this would come under that head. The bettors are two young friends of mine. You'll pardon me if I don't mention names. They have put up quite a sum of money on a unique proposition. Wouldn't you like to make a note of it?"

"My memory is good, Farragut. As you may have heard."

"Yes? Well, here's the bet. Fifty thousand dollars a side. If I should justify your dark misgivings and die under unusual or suspicious circumstances, the pot goes to the one who first shoots you."

"Me?" said Happy James, for once startled and discomposed. "Shoot me?" He appeared quite aggrieved at the thought. "Is that fair?"

"The bet? As a matter of fact it isn't," admitted Hugh. "One of the bettors is a crack big-game shot. He should give odds to the other, don't you think?"

The leader recovered his poise. "This is a strange place," he observed, "to threaten murder."

"Stranger than the parish house of a Catholic church?"

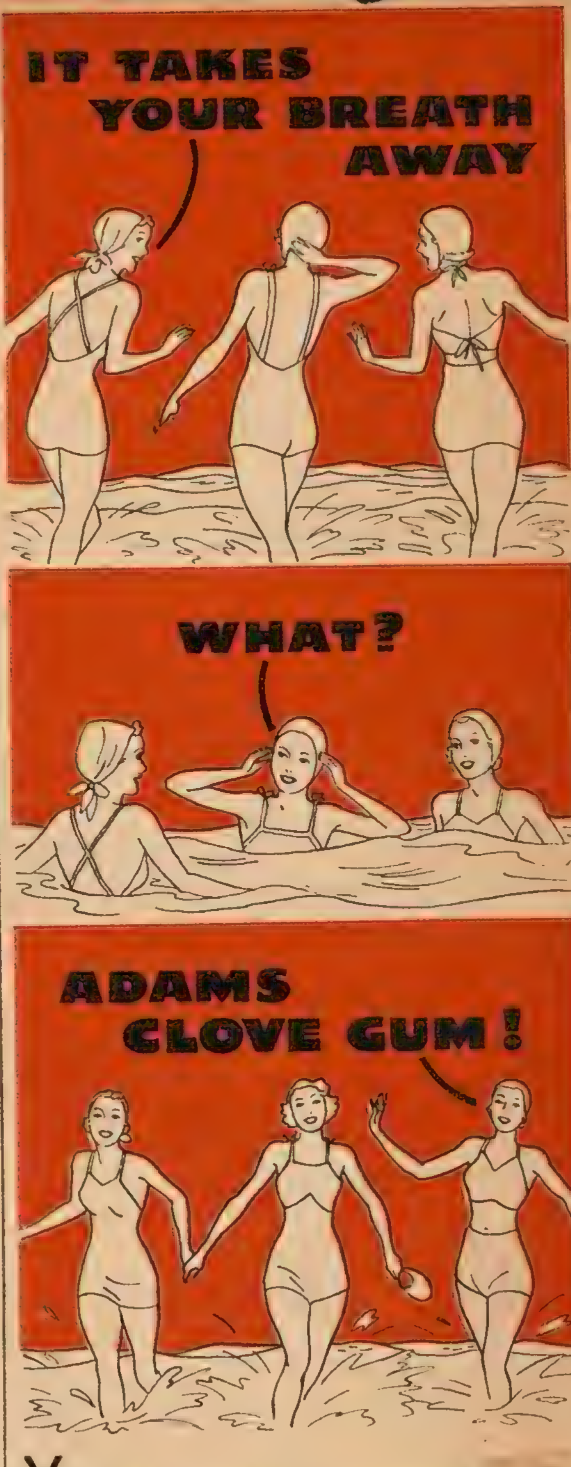
Happy coughed. "I'm sure my daughter will be interested in learning of your gangster activities."

"I'm sure she'd approve. You see, Dorrie wants to keep us both alive. So do I. So, I trust, do you. This seems the best way. Thank you for coming, Mr. James."

Happy James left in a frame of mind hardly appropriate to his nickname. He would have to find some way of saving his bacon other than wiping out Hugh Farragut.

Four days later Hugh heard from Harris Magill. The laundry trick had worked. He had located Dorothy James in a private retreat for the dangerously insane near Riverhead, Long Island.

How much further will the ruthless, cunning James go in his efforts to smash Hugh Farragut? What trick is behind Dorrie's imprisonment in an insane asylum? Surprising developments bring next week's chapter in this gripping novel to a new pitch of excitement.


IT TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY
WHAT?
ADAMS CLOVE GUM!

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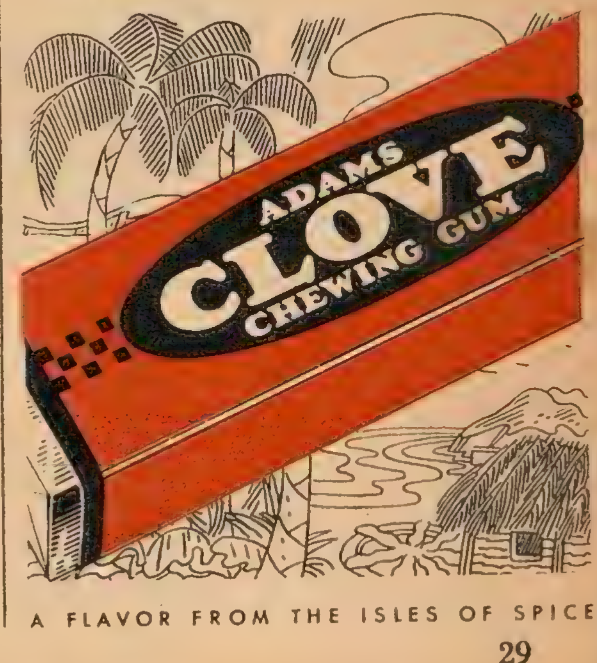


A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

The Copper Tea Strainer

BY JOHN Q. COPELAND

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

FIRST, Detective Rolph talked with Irwin, the commercial photographer for whom Jeanie Dune posed. "How long has Miss Dune worked for you?" he asked.

"Two or three years, off and on—nothing steady. Say, what's up? Why don't you wait until she gets dressed and ask her direct, cap?"

"I'll ask her all right," Rolph said easily. "I just figured maybe you could give me some kind of background to go on. . . . You got any pictures of her?"

Irwin grinned and waved toward a stack of prints on the table. Most of them were nudes or semi-nudes, showing off her finely curved figure. She would be a woman of intense emotions, Rolph thought. He looked at the narrowed, calculating eyes, at the tight lines about the mouth revealed by the unretouched proof. Was there suggestion of selfish cruelty there, or was he doing some wishful thinking?

"She lives with her mother, don't she?" he asked.

"Yeh. The old lady's a cripple or something. What's up anyhow?" Irwin persisted.

"Never mind. . . . She has a boy friend too, don't she?"

"Yeh," Irwin nodded, "a young guy named Ted Something. Picks her up here some evenings. She says they've gone together six years, so I guess it's on the level."

"They ought to get married," the detective said in a sad voice, but watching Irwin sharply.

The cameraman shrugged indifferently. "Same as everybody else like 'em," he said. "Probably ain't able to, what with supporting her old lady and all."

At that moment Jeanie Dune came into the studio from the dressing room. Not so terribly young any more, Rolph saw. Funny, in some babe like Garbo or Dietrich, narrowed eyes were a knockout. Here it was different. Maybe he had too good an imagination. . . .

"This here's a cop to see you, Jeanie," Irwin said. "What you been doing—robbing the newsy's tin box again?"

Rolph watched her anxiously, and thought he detected sudden tension in her throat and jaw muscles.

"I'd like to find out a few routine facts about you and your mother, miss . . . and maybe this Ted fella. . . ."

At the mention of Ted she was openly startled. "If it's anything you think Ted has done, I won't talk at all," she said. "There isn't anything he'd do wrong. Nothing. He's square."

"No," Rolph said. "I ain't saying Ted did a thing. Really. Take my word for that. . . . For instance, I'd like to know what time you usually leave home to come to work?"

His abrupt switch cooled her down. "I usually get up about six thirty, get dressed, come downtown so I'm here by eight or a little after."

"Your mother eat breakfast with you?"

"Mother is practically an invalid. She stays in bed until noon every day."

"You leave her breakfast ready?"

"Yes," she said, almost defiantly. "I leave her teacup on the table, and put a pinch of tea leaves in the strainer. I leave the kettle on, so all she has to do is pour the water through the tea, and make her toast. That's all she wants to eat till supper."

Rolph fumbled in his pocket, took out a small shiny object, commenced toying with it. The girl had a hard time keeping calm now. The arteries on either side of her throat were commencing to quiver. That was the tip-off, Rolph knew from long experience. Irwin stayed in the background, peering at them with indecent curiosity.

"Where did you get that strainer?" she said flatly.

"This?" Rolph paused. "I picked it up at the five-and-ten on my way over here. Why?"

"Nothing."

"Listen," Rolph said. "This is an important point. Are Ted and your mother friendly?"

"Mister, believe me, they are friendly. Honest. He brings her flowers, and everything. They've always liked each other a lot."

She was on the level right now, at least.

"O. K., miss, O. K. . . . He never held it against her that—well—that she stood in the way of you two getting married?"

She glanced malevolently at Irwin. "Who told you that? It's a damned lie."

"Your mother like Ted? Like the idea of you and him going together?"

She nodded, miserably unable to speak.

"It's a rotten life, ain't it, sister?" Rolph let his voice drop sympathetically, but she was suspicious. "You know—I'm curious about Ted . . ."

"Ted wouldn't have done—" She choked back the words.

Rolph watched her. "Wouldn't have done what, miss?"

She stared down at the little copper tea strainer which he tapped idly against his knuckles. "Ma's dead, isn't she? You're not very subtle breaking the news. . . ."

He twirled the bit of twisted wire. "You think your mother was killed, is that it?"

"No," she said. "No."

"Maybe," he said softly, "your mother was worried about you and Ted not being able to get married. . . . Would your mother have been likely to figure that way?"

She hadn't heard him. Her eyes were closed. "Ma suffered all the time. Night and day. . . ." The words were stressed horribly, like a drum beating. "She's been so depressed. The strainer would have been logical—"

The twirling came to a stop. "Who said anything about a tea strainer?" he said sharply.

He stood over her and said quietly: "You believe your mother committed suicide by putting poison in the tea leaves that you left in the strainer this morning? You believe she didn't want to be a burden any more?"

"Yes," the girl whispered. "That's what must have happened. . . ."

Through the skylight a blade of sunlight came, shooting iridescent prisms up into Rolph's tired eyes. He reached down and touched Jeanie's shoulder. "You'll have to come to headquarters, miss."

"I didn't kill my mother!" she cried. "I didn't!"

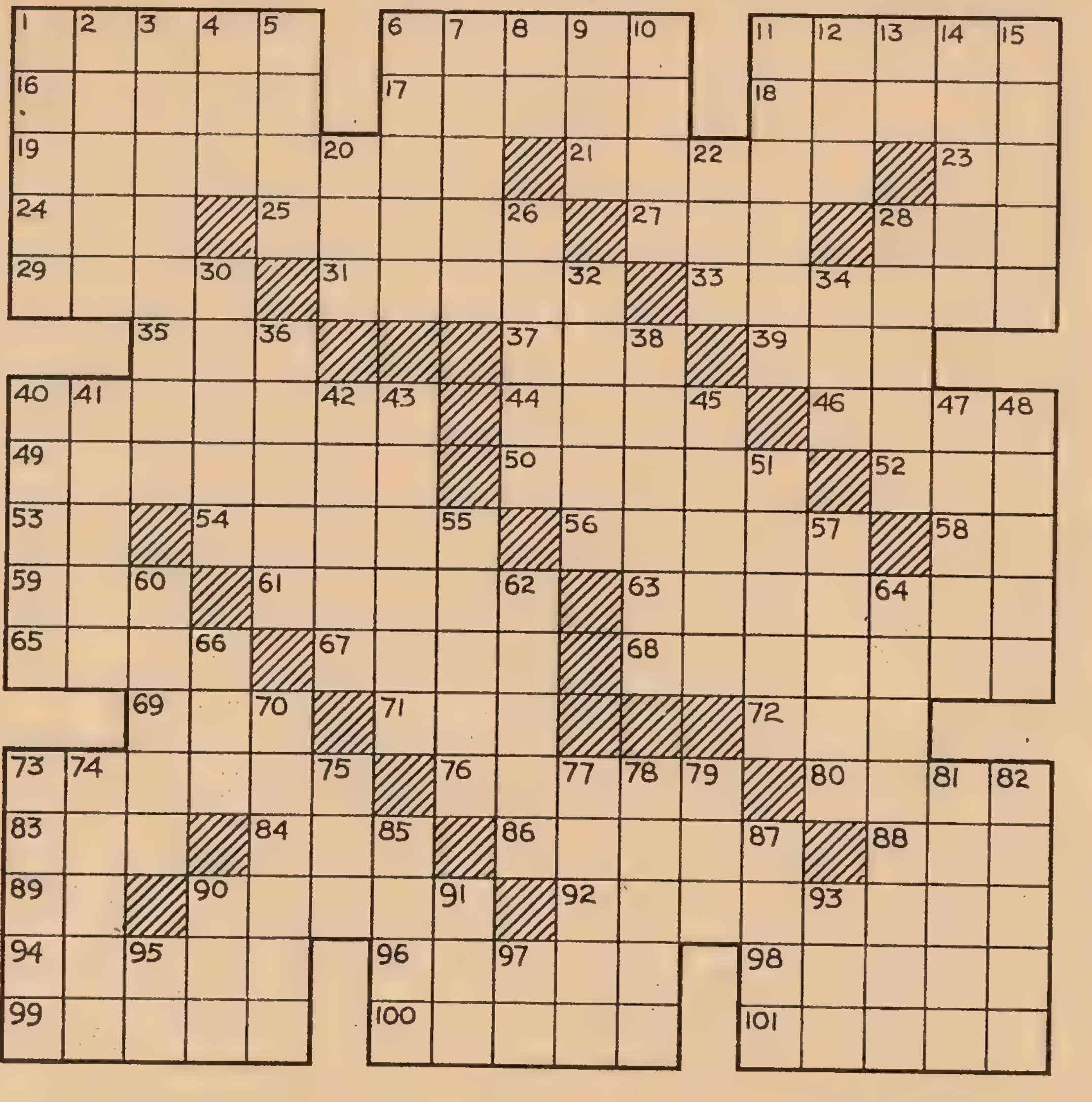
"No," he agreed slowly, "I know you didn't. Your mother isn't dead, miss. . . . She had a caller drop in for tea this noon. She never drunk that first cupful at all."

Now some shadow darker than terror was drawn over her face like a caul, and Rolph knew that it would be of small matter to her what the law chose to do.

"I'm arresting you," he said, "for the poisoning of Ted Wark."

THE END

CROSSWORDS

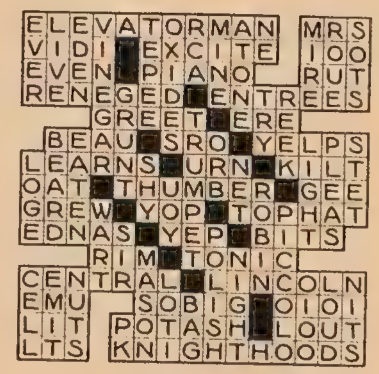


HORIZONTAL

1 A written instrument
6 Retard
11 A kind of bird
16 To lessen
17 Elliptical
18 Of tonality
19 Healing
21 Penetrate
23 Note of the scale
24 Man's name
25 Perfume
27 Comprehend
28 Permit
29 Shout
31 City in Germany
33 Entice
35 Conducted
37 Drowse
39 Iniquity
40 Recluse
44 River in Germany
46 Overspreading mass
49 A king of Israel
50 Man's name
52 A deer
53 Greek letter
54 A kind of drink
56 Perspiration
58 An element: symbol
59 A worm
61 Mother of Isaac
63 Diminished
65 Vend
67 A bristle
68 Obliterators
69 Succor
71 Tennis term
72 Japanese coin
73 Sweethearts
76 A pause (Bib.)
80 Ornamental knob
83 Anger
84 Over
86 Small valleys
88 Compass point
89 Parent
90 To be in store for
92 Of the brain
94 Roman highways
96 Device for transmitting force
98 Faithful
99 Taut
100 Smallest
101 Veins of ore

VERTICAL

1 Peruvian tree
2 Treat injuriously
3 Running side by side
4 Greek letter
5 Steeps
6 A kind of bird (pl.)
7 Smooths
8 Note of the scale
9 Consumed
10 Japanese coin (pl.)
11 Makes obdurate
12 And not
13 Into
14 Father
15 Select class
20 To frost
22 A beverage
26 Import
28 Of the moon
30 A fruit
32 Knots
34 Margin
36 A coin (pl.)
38 Of sober mien
40 Vassals
41 Awake from sleep
42 Loose garment (pl.)
43 Habituates
45 More discourteous
47 Defeated contestant
48 Shows the way
51 Sweet beverage (pl.)
55 Gluts
57 Artifices
60 Serf
62 Detested
64 Concentrated
66 Falsehood
70 Doze
73 To define
74 Declaim
75 Billow
77 Threads
78 Watchful
79 Pronoun
81 Custom
82 Marks for omission
85 A very small brook
87 Deal in
90 Measure of area (pl.)
91 Small mound
93 Combining form: life
95 Printer's measure
97 A state (abbr.)



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ELEVATORMAN MRS
VIDI■EXCITE IOO
EVEN■PIANO  RUT
RENEGED■ENTREES
   GREET■ERE
 BEAU■SRO■YELPS
LEARNS■URN■KILT
OAT■THUMBER■GEE
GREW■YOP■TOPHAT
EDNAS■YEP■BITS
   RIM■TONIC
CENTRAL■LINCOLN
EMU  SOBIG■OIOI
LIT POTASH■LOUT
LTS KNIGHTHOODS
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Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

MASTER MIND

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STAR
4 FOR

STAR Blades 4 FOR 10¢

FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

CALL ME JIM

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Chewing gum, green ink, and the F. D. R. campaign . . . A new, revealing chapter in the crowded career of James A. Farley

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

As governor, Al Smith made Jim Farley port warden of New York. The job was a sinecure; when Jim frankly told him so, Al abolished it. That was all right with Jim, who went on selling gypsum and, in 1920, married his blue-eyed Bessie Finnegan. In 1922 he " haunted " Al into trying for the governorship again, worked day and night to assure his nomination, and then himself ran for the State Assembly. Because he represented a dry district, his support of the Governor as a wet limited his legislative career to one term; but in 1924 he won friends in every state in the Union by his genial labors in behalf of Al and wetness in the deadlocked Democratic National Convention.

Whether or not Governor Al appreciated all this, he proceeded to " sentence " Jim to unpaid service on New York State's so-called Boxing Commission. Whether or not that was all right with Jim at the time, he was soon turning it to political account. He lined up the Negro vote by befriending Harry Wills; the German, Italian, Jewish, and Irish votes by doing likewise for Schmeling, Carnera, Baer, and Jim Braddock. He handed out " Annie Oakleys " for fights until promoter Tex Rickard gasped for mercy.

" Good Neighbor Frank " Roosevelt, becoming governor, made Jim chairman of the State Democratic Committee. After Governor Roosevelt's re-election, Jim set out on a little trip to Seattle. There was to be an Elks' convention there—and heaven knew James Aloysius was an Elk!

PART THREE—" A NAME WITH MAGIC IN IT "

O'Driscoll drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake
From the tall and tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

Thus wrote the poet Yeats—and thus he might have written of O'Driscoll's racial descendant, Big Jim Farley of Haverstraw, as he went charging westward from the Great Lakes to Puget Sound, rousing with a song the lame duck and the Elk.

Wherever he went, the traditional B. P. O. E. greeting, " Hello, Bill," became " Hello, Jim."

The shoulders of his fellow Elks became springboards from which James A. " There's-hardly-an-ounce-of-fat-on-me " Farley sprang lightly from bough to bough, making prophetic noises that sounded to the ears of the Democratic hungry like the shaking of the plums.

" My line seemed to go over pretty well," said Jim, " if I do say it myself. People seemed to believe every word I said and that it was on the level."

Jim's " line " was a good one and a subtle one. He didn't rush up to the prospective delegate to the Chicago convention and say, " Look here, Johnny, I want you to vote for a friend of mine."

No; he just attended the luncheons and dinners that were given for him—he had been Sincerely-Jimming all these communities for weeks before his arrival—and munched appreciatively the Lake Superior whitefish at Duluth, the Iowa potatoes at Des Moines, the Columbia River salmon at Portland, Oregon, and asked about the boy at State College and Aunt Phyllis on the farm.

Then, if some crude person insisted on talking politics —which sometimes would happen!—Jim opined that New York State had three fine men who would make good Presidents: Owen Young, Al Smith, and Franklin Roosevelt.

Young, as Jim well knew, was tinged with Wall Street; Smith, with defeat. So, when the conversation narrowed down to the man who was apparently Jim's third choice, the perspiring Elk would wipe his great pink dome—it was the sweltering summer of 1931—and allow that perhaps there *was* " magic in the name of Roosevelt."

Result: A very hot Irishman arrived back at Grand Central Station plumb out of gum but with six hundred Roosevelt delegates practically in the bag.

Every night on that trip, no matter how late the party had been, Jim wrote down the name and nickname of each man he had met, any peculiarity about his appearance or manner that he had noticed, his state of single or married bliss, and, if possible, the number and sex of his offspring. These, with home addresses gleaned from the local telephone book, he would dictate early next morning—in whatever town he might then happen to be—to an admiring but bewildered hotel stenographer.

Back in New York, he is said to have mailed to these addresses between six and seven thousand letters the first week, each calling his new acquaintance by his familiar name, each mentioning some special incident which marked their meeting, each emphasizing the " magic in the name of Roosevelt," each signed in green ink, " Sincerely, Jim." Between that time and the various state conventions the following spring he wrote each of these 6,000-odd " Dear Bills " and " Dear Harrys " from six to twelve additional letters, each a carefully worded selling screed for F. D. R.

To accomplish this feat, Jim worked all day and almost all night for seven days and seven nights. Not once did he get to bed before 2.30 or 3 A. M. His capacity for sustained effort is almost unbelievable. His only explanation of it is that the motto of his class at Stony Point High School was " Labor Conquers All."

" I have tried," he says, " to take that motto seriously and to follow it consistently."

The one grave danger to the Roosevelt candidacy was the doubt, in many cases an honest doubt, as to Mr. Roosevelt's health. It is not too much to say that Jim Farley, by his letters, laid the ghost of this doubt.

" In various parts of the country," he would confide to a correspondent in South Bend, " there are cropping up hateful stories in regard to our candidate's physical and mental health, with no more foundation than had the libels of four years ago [against Mr. Smith]. . . . The Governor recently insured his life for $500,000. His lameness, which is steadily getting better, has no more effect on his physical condition than if he had a glass eye or was bald like me. . . . Governor Roosevelt might be handicapped in a foot race, but in no other way need he fear comparison with his adversary."

Thus endlessly, tirelessly, sincerely, Jim.

The Farley correspondence is still fabulous. He gets more mail than any movie star in Hollywood, more than any other person in the world except the President of the United States. He sends out more letters than anybody else, anywhere. All this has long since become not only a burden but an embarrassment to him. For a few days in 1934 it looked as if it might be the Frankenstein's monster that would destroy him.

" Before Chicago "—to use a phrase which he himself is credited with employing—the text of every letter had been his own dictation, the green-ink signature penned by his own hand. After Chicago he had to fall back on form letters and stamped signatures.

Thorough as always, he had a friend of his make a remarkable rubber stamp, which reproduced his "Sincerely, Jim," so faithfully that Bessie Farley herself would not have known that it wasn't genuine. The moment a deserving Democrat was nominated for anything from town dogcatcher up, a flock of letters recommending him for election would go out over Jim's rubber signature to all his first-name friends in the territory affected.

The scheme worked beautifully until Socialist Upton Sinclair turned up as a Democratic candidate for governor of California. Puzzled, Boss Farley thought fast. Then to his mimeographing and rubber-stamping cohorts he said, "Prepare the usual letters and stand by for a Hyde Park announcement."

The announcement was a long time coming. First, Mr. Roosevelt was going to receive Mr. Sinclair, and then he wasn't; then he would, but he wouldn't talk politics; then the administration was going to support Sinclair, then it wasn't; then it didn't know.

Meanwhile, reports from the California front indicated that Upton was slipping anyway, that he probably couldn't be elected whether Hyde Park supported him or not, and that he certainly could do neither good nor harm to the Roosevelt cause. Then it was decided to adopt a hands-off attitude on the California election.

Jim promptly canceled his Golden State "Dear Eds" and "Dear Bobbies." But, through a clerk's carelessness, one of the letters slipped through and fell into the hands of a Sinclair supporter, who gave it to the Los Angeles papers.

"By electing Hon. Upton Sinclair, your popular Democratic candidate for Governor," Jim had blurbed over his green-ink signature, "California will have a combination of leaders in Washington and Sacramento who can cooperate in the best interests of the State and Nation."

At the bottom of the page, also in green ink and in Farley's handwriting, was this chaste postscript: "Washington will be gratified for all your efforts. J. A. F."

Jim blushes easily anyhow; but on this occasion his round face out-reddened itself. It wasn't so much that he had to repudiate the letter, although that wasn't pleasant in the middle of a campaign. The real trouble was that a clerk's carelessness had given his whole letter-writing show away.

"Sincerely, Jim, me eye!" he could hear them shouting in Keokuk and Santa Fe, in Birmingham and Butte.

But back in 1932 Jim's epistles to the Keokukans and others were one hundred per cent home-brewed and one hundred per cent effective.

Of course Jim didn't depend wholly on word of mail. Between the summer of 1931, when he made his first "little trip," and the next summer, when the Roosevelt nomination was duly delivered F. O. B. Chicago, he became such a confirmed Pullmanite that he might claim with some justice to have achieved, singlehanded, the rejuvenation of the American railroad.

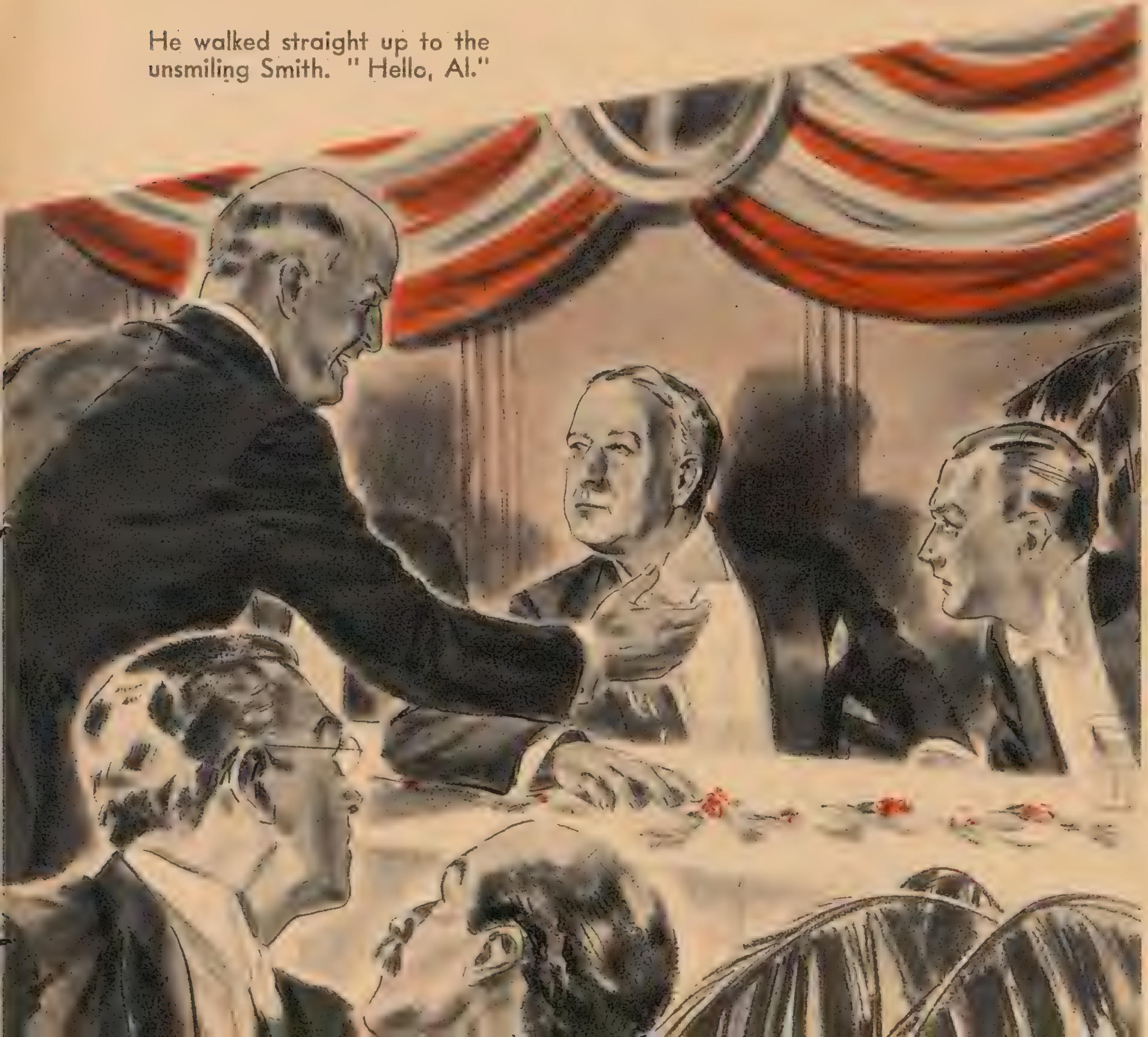
If the answers weren't coming fast enough from a doubtful territory, he would jump a train, spend twenty-four hours gripping hands and whacking backs, and jump another train home to New York. He doesn't like airplanes any better than airplane men were later to like him, so he stuck to wheels. It is estimated that he covered about 30,000 miles that way.

BETWEEN trips and dictations he superintended the sending out of half a million pieces of printed matter and studied nights and Sundays over intricate maps and charts, and it was no uncommon thing for him to have a dozen long-distance calls in at the same time to important Democrats in a dozen different states.

And he loved it.

"It's the Irish in me, I suppose," he once said. "Has it ever struck you that other races are content to have their origin traced back to a monkey in a tree, but the Irish proudly insist on tracing their ancestry to a monarch on a throne? Other peoples will admit they are descended from a cave man, but you have yet to find an Irishman who denied he was descended from a king. That is why the Irish are political, and that is why they are politicians in every land."

He walked straight up to the unsmiling Smith. "Hello, Al."



Jim thinks it is a good thing for mankind to look up. "Why have the Irish been so devoted to their country?" he asks; and with that true piety which is as much a part of him as his handshake or his smile he gives the answer: "Because they are more devoted to God."

Perhaps it *was* the Irish in him, and perhaps it was just the Farley, that made him devote all of his waking hours and most of what should have been his sleeping hours for nearly a year to lining up delegates for Roosevelt. Whichever was the case, he got his reward when those delegates, almost every one of whom he could call by his first name, trouped into Chicago in June of 1932 ready to do or die for Frank and Jim.

In Chicago, Farley was at what many consider his all-time best. "It is a liberal education," reported one observer, "to see Big Jim contact a crowded hotel lobby. One corner of his mouth asks the man on his left about the wife, the kiddies, and dear old Aunt Ann; the other corner asks the man on the right for the low-down on the patronage situation in

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It's jeweled! A final step toward perfection on the famous Ingersoll Watch movement. Heretofore, jeweling had been looked for only in the most expensive watches.

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It's only $3.95! When you pay so little for a watch it's really foolish to accept any but one with the Ingersoll name on the dial. You get the Ingersoll experience of making 150 million watches. You get the Ingersoll guarantee. You get real value.

Ingersoll-Waterbury Company
Waterbury, Conn.

The famous Ingersoll reliability is now available in alarm clocks. Ingersoll Clocks are built with the same precision as Ingersoll Watches. From $1.25.

Oswego; the center tells the boys that Tuffy Griffiths is looking better and may do a comeback; the Farley arms encircle important shoulders and the Farley paws smite influential backs; the Farley teeth flash greetings into the middle distance and the Farley eyebrows wigwag messages into the background."

Although Roosevelt had an overwhelming majority of delegates, there were some anxious moments at Chicago, especially over the two-thirds rule. The "Stop Roosevelt" contingent of Favorite Sons would neither waive the rule nor come into camp and make up the two thirds.

While this fight was going on, Jimmy Walker, who had had a fondness for Big Jim since the Albany days, and had once wished to appoint him Police Commissioner to succeed the elegant Grover Whalen, argued long and strenuously to persuade him that he was committing political suicide. When Farley was too busy to listen to arguing, the Mayor would resort to dumb show. Every time Big Jim looked up, there would be Little Jim slicing his own throat with the forefinger of his right hand.

Big Jim was not under any delusions as to where he stood. He had joined Tammany Hall and was supposed to be under the orders of John Curry, the Tammany leader. For months he had been disregarding those orders by lining up delegates for Roosevelt instead of for Smith. Now he was openly disobeying. Who shall say that it didn't take courage?

"If the fight is lost," he grunted, "I surely will be out on a limb!"

But at no time was there any sign of weakening on his part. He had six hundred delegates or more. With their loyal backing, he was quite prepared to fight it out on the lines he had chosen, if it took all of a Chicago summer. As it turned out, he didn't need to. California suddenly shouted, "Franklin Roosevelt, here we come!"—and the long fight was over.

JIM has always maintained that he had nothing to do with the alleged deal with the Hearst-McAdoo-Garner forces which brought the contest to an end. Informed opinion inclines to agree with him. It is believed that he knew nothing of the arrangement until the late Louis McHenry Howe, the Governor's invaluable secretary, phoned him from his headquarters two floors below that the nomination was "in the bag." Speaking of the entire convention and preconvention campaign, Jim said, "I never made any deals of any kind, because I wasn't authorized to do so."

Few believed the big fellow at the time. But later, when President Roosevelt was able to drive his program through Congress by the simple device of withholding appointments from *everybody*, it became increasingly evident that there had been no Farley promises which Roosevelt was obliged to keep.

Jim is a past master of the art of seeming to promise without actually promising. When he wrote that ill-starred letter to the California politician, the postscript read that Washington would be "gratified for all your efforts." He didn't say "grateful"—not Jim.

Well, as everybody knows, the boys came through—and the successful candidate, long poised for flight, descended on Chicago Airport surrounded by his family. As the plane landed, a big bald perspiring giant shouldered his way through the crowd. Jim had not waited back at the hotel to receive the congratulations of the boys. He had rushed out to the flying field to get the word of praise to which he had been looking forward these many months.

"Jim, old pal," grinned the nominee, as he put his left hand on the Farley shoulder and stuck out his right, "put it there! You did great work!"

SAID with all the heart-warming intonations of the New Deal voice and accompanied by the flashing New Deal smile, this greeting was doubtless more than satisfying to the former town clerk of Stony Point. Glimpsed here in cold type, it hardly does justice to what was probably in Franklin Roosevelt's heart.

The consumption of gum throughout the Chicago battle had been something terrific. A drugstore survey of the great man's habits disclosed that he was Haverstraw's and New York's and temporarily Chicago's heaviest consumer of chicle; that mint was his favorite flavor; that he used a plug of it both as cocktail and liqueur; that when he was happy he chewed happily, and when he was worried he chewed worriedly, but that always he chewed.

The effect of all this on the chewing-gum industry can only be described as electrical. On the strength of the publicity, one leading manufacturer decided to get along with only one "world's largest sign" in Times Square instead of two. Vicariously, Jim sold more chicle in the week following his Chicago victory than he had sold gypsum in all his active selling career. It must have broken his Irish drummer's heart not to get a commission!

No sooner had his predilection become bruited about than a schoolboy in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, wrote to ask what part gum chewing had played in his success. Always the little politician, Jim got out his bottle of green ink and wrote:

> Dear John:
>
> I don't know whether gum played any part in my success, but it was not a retarding factor.

Jim got a big laugh—and how he loves one!—out of John's obviously disingenuous reply:

> Dear Mr. Farley:
>
> My assistant principal said chewing gum was a bad habit and that no gum chewer could succeed. I read your letter in the class, and it got a lot of applause.

Mr. Farley not only continues to chew industriously himself, but at clambakes and conventions he hands out packages of gum as another politician would hand out cigars.

Now that Jim had the national party machinery in his hands—he didn't need to wait for the inevitable announcement that he was to be national chairman—the question was: What was he going to do about it?

The party was hopelessly in hock to the men who had most bitterly opposed the nomination of Roosevelt. John J. Raskob, angel and chairman, had spent his own money freely to keep his machine intact during the off years. Naturally, he had expected that that machine would function in 1932 as it had in 1928 in behalf of his good friend Alfred E. Smith.

Now Raskob was certainly entitled to his money back—$120,000. Then there was a deficit hanging from the 1928 fight, some $300,000, which was being carried as a loan by Smith's trust company. Something would have to be done about that.

Jim hadn't needed to worry about the preconvention expenses. Four rich friends of F. D. R.—Vincent Astor, Jesse Straus, Joe Kennedy, and Colonel House—had attended to that problem; but they couldn't be expected to pay for Raskob's dead horses, or to buy all the new live ones that would be needed. Somebody would have to raise some cash. Jim raised it—$1,700,000 in less than three months, and plenty more as the campaign rolled on. But it was tight squeezing at times. Raskob, like the game little guy that he is, gave Jim his personal check for $25,000; but many of the big-money men who had supported Smith weren't keen to come through. One week, headquarters had to scratch to meet its $5,000-a-week pay roll.

FARLEY'S labors in the financial vineyard were prodigious. When he reached the limit of contributions, he started borrowing. About the only security a political party has to offer when it goes to a banker—unless it has a Raskob to endorse its notes—is hope. Jim Farley sold hope by "contacting." His task was the more difficult because his acquaintance, vast though it was, scarcely impinged on the outskirts of Wall Street. He had to go at the big-money boys "cold." It was a great job. The Roosevelt ship slid safely into the waters of victory through the sluiceways of borrowed money.

Like his predecessor, Jim finished the campaign with a deficit of approximately $400,000. Unlike his predecessor, he did not allow that deficit to remain on the party books. The methods he adopted to rub out the red ink have been described as "ballyhoo in the sidewalk vein, raucous and unashamed." Most effective were the Jackson Day dinners, two thousand of them all over the country, at prices up to fifty dollars a plate. Jim himself made a journey over to Philadelphia to eat a very special dinner of a fruit cocktail, consommé, filet mignon, dessert, and coffee with thirteen hundred other deserving and hopeful Democrats who paid a minimum of $100 apiece for their evening meal. Total receipts: something more than $130,000. After the coffee Jim made a speech.

"It's a great idea," he said.

"It seems incredible," oracled Socialist Norman Thomas in next morning's papers, "that thirteen hundred people would pay $100 for a $2.50 dinner to listen to Jim Farley and watch him eat."

Mr. Farley had only the kindest words for Mr. Thomas: "Anyhow, he didn't say *watch* Jim Farley and *listen* to him eat!"

Jim's major troubles in the 1932 campaign, however, were not financial but personal; and he met them personally. Returning from Chicago to New York, he went straight from his train to Tammany Hall. It was the Fourth of July. The chiefs, sullen from their defeat at the convention, were conducting as best they could their annual Independence Day celebration. Al Smith, a grim figure in defeat, occupied the seat of honor on the platform. Curry, the boss whose authority Farley had flouted, sat beside him. Angry braves filled the Hall. Farley's friends had warned him to stay away. "Jim," they said, "they'll lynch you!"

The show was on when Jim's towering form was seen edging its way through the smoke. There was a moment's silence. Then came the boos, increasing in number and volume as Big Jim climbed the steps to the platform.

When he walked straight up to the unsmiling Smith, the Hall fell silent again. The moment was far more dramatic than anything that had happened in Chicago.

"Hello, Al," said Jim.

The unhappy warrior rose slowly to his feet. Every eye in that assemblage was fixed on his flushed, solemn face. Was the hero of a hundred Tammany battles going to smite his enemy with his fist or slay him with his tongue? But Jim Farley knew the Al Smith of 1932 better even than the East Side boys who had grown up with him. Al smiled for the first time since Chicago.

"Hello, Jim," he said.

The two old friends shook hands. Then Jim turned to the crowd:

"Aren't we all Democrats?"

That's all he said. It was enough. The crowd that had just been booing broke into cheers. The enemy stronghold had surrendered.

The hero of Stony Point had taken New York!

And the upshot was that "the hero of Stony Point" found himself Postmaster General! How did Jim tackle this big job and welcome those who came thronging to congratulate him? How did he manage to get his department at least technically out of the red for the first time in years? Mr. Collins will show you next week.

Another quarrel!
—and it was all
my fault!

MY NERVES had been ragged for days. I felt low, mean, irritable, headachy—all due to constipation. No wonder quarrels were frequent, and John and I were always "on the outs," until—

This new idea
put the joy back
in life!

I decided I'd try the chewing gum laxative my friends said was so wonderfully easy to take and so *different* from most others. How quickly it relieved me from all the unhappy ills of constipation! Now John and I are happy again—and we both say to *you*—try FEEN-A-MINT!

You'll find—NO OTHER TYPE OF LAXATIVE CAN DO EXACTLY WHAT FEEN-A-MINT DOES!

1 **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already overburdened digestion.

2 **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.

3 **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does nothing in the stomach. It passes to the intestine and does its work just where you want it to—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

Everybody—young and old—welcomes FEEN-A-MINT, the tasteless laxative medicine in delicious chewing gum! It's so *easy* to take—so gentle and dependable. No griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. 16 million others use FEEN-A-MINT—why don't you? At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 20, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, New Jersey.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

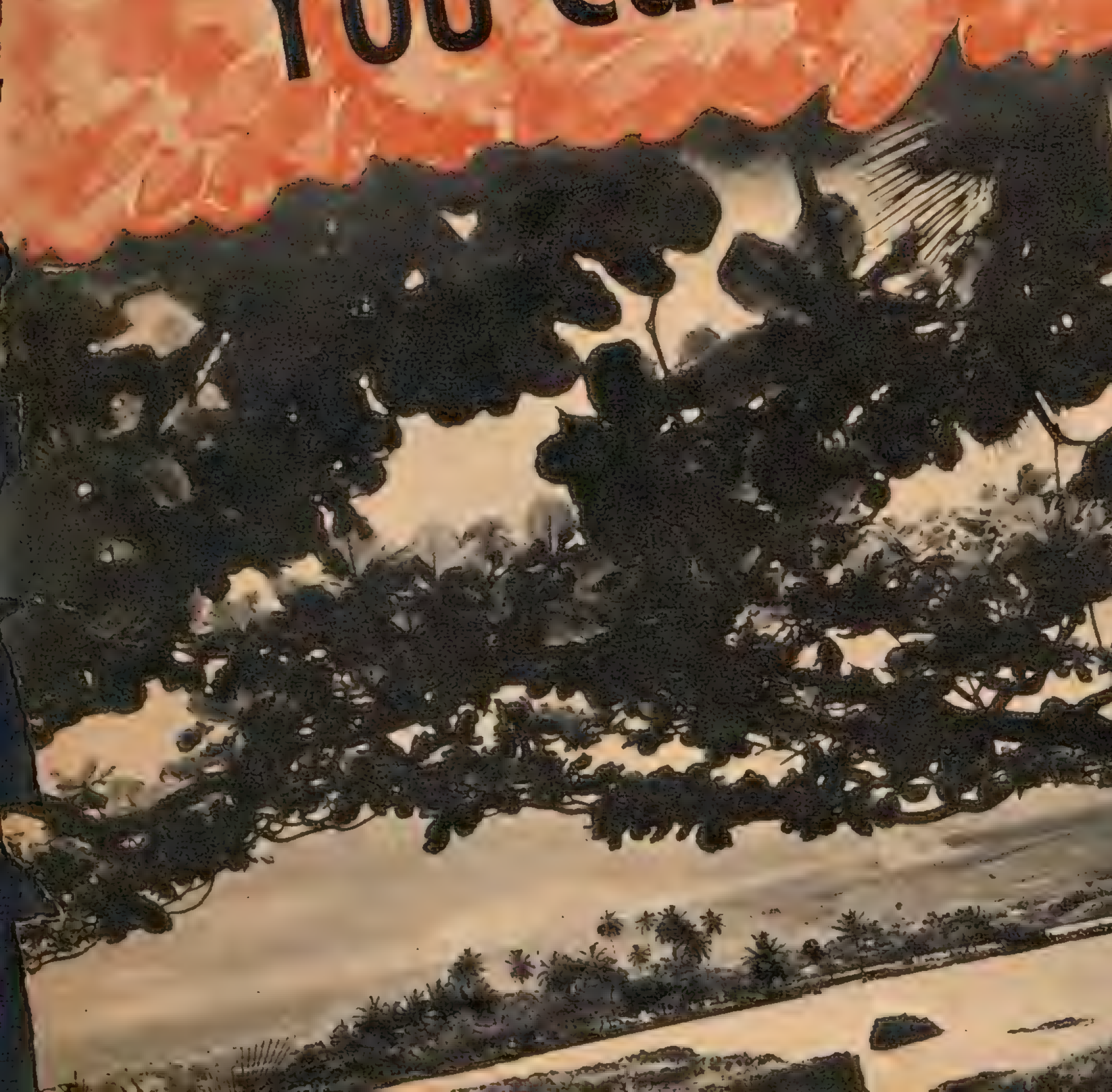
DELICIOUS
Tastes like
your favorite
chewing gum

"They sit down to dance the hula"—or they kneel, as the girl at the left is doing. Famous though the hula is, most tourists are surprised to find these among the time-honored postures for it.

"Hawaii is wearing a big white star"—or hoping to. The young Americans pointing to it (below) represent four racial stocks. Left to right: Anglo-Saxon, Chinese, Portuguese, and Hawaiian.

You Can't Keep Hawaii in a

HAWAIIANS don't come in out of the rain. They don't run away from an erupting volcano; they run *to* it, like Main Street running to a fire. They take off their shoes to kick a football; they sit down to dance the hula. . . . In their Paradox of the Pacific you'll find cowboys (and cows), snowballs (you can ski on Mauna Kea), a beach of fine jet-black sand. But you'll also find good roads and American plumbing, radiotelephones, air liners. . . . For you can't keep Hawaii in a grass skirt. She has taken it off. Wise globe-trotters realize that her calendar reads 1937. Right now she's wearing a star—a big white star—and she wants it to be the forty-ninth one in the flag. Already her government is almost that of a state. Hawaiians don't vote for President. But they didn't vote against him, either. Which is more than Maine and Vermont can say. . . . And yet, though Hawaii *is* 100 per cent American, the name of every beach is still a song,



"The name of every beach is a song." So is that of Hawaii's Crescent City and its bay (left), where you bathe off Coconut Island. Their familiar song-name is Hilo.

Most widely sung of all these beach names is that of Waikiki, shown (at the right) with the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

the sign at every street corner a tongue twister. . . . The only Hawaiian night clubs are those in Los Angeles, Chicago, and New York? That's pineapplesauce! True, the Royal Hawaiian or the Young Roof Garden or wherever you happen to be dancing closes about midnight. But then you adjourn to somebody's home. You take with you a group of music boys, or the hula dancer (her skirt is made of cellophane). Along about three o'clock a neighbor complains to the police. You invite the cop to join the party (he's usually a nice young fellow just out of the University of Hawaii), and that's that. . . . Yes; Honolulu has a very up-and-coming police force. The new traffic division painted the signs on Beretania Street: "Park Perpendicular." . . . Anyway, the Islanders are out of their element in traffic. Their place is in the water. And tourists have started a backs-to-nature movement. "More Hawaiian sunshine and less bathing suit" is Waikiki's current fashion trend.

Grass Skirt

By HAROLD COFFIN

HALEKAUWILA

"The sign at every street corner is a tongue twister." If this one doesn't do it, try "Keeaumoku Street." New England missionaries were the first to put the Hawaiian language into writing.

"They take off their shoes to kick a football"—and the ball is the real McCoy in pigskin (at right). What's more, there are players in their barefoot leagues who punt fifty to sixty yards.

READING TIME • ONE HOUR

BABY BAFFLERS

By H. A. Ripley

Every fact necessary for solution is in the Baffler below. See how long it takes you. Three minutes is excellent; five minutes, good; seven minutes, fair.

"What kind of trip did you have, Jim?" Carter Williams asked his friend as they entered the club.

"Delightful," Dawson answered. "Great country, South America! And I had an interesting experience on my trip down. There is a coastwise line running south from Maranhao, Brazil, to Buenos Aires, stops being made at Ceará, Natal, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires.

"At one of the ports a beautiful señorita and a man who I later learned was her father, boarded the southbound steamer on which I was a passenger. For some mysterious reason, they seemed to note carefully every one who left or boarded the ship.

"At the next stop three people left the boat and five passengers were taken on. At the second stop, the girl's brother and two others boarded the boat and her father debarked. At the following port eight passengers left the ship and none was taken aboard. Then at Montevideo nineteen people left the steamer and it took aboard twenty-nine new passengers. Among those who left at that port was a lame man and the beautiful señorita.

"My insistent inquiries to the captain brought only the information that she was traveling incognita. This further intrigued me, and I vowed on my return to make personal inquiry in the port at which she came aboard."

"But *where* did she come aboard?" asked Jim.

WHAT PORT DO *YOU* SAY?

(The solution is on page 48)

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

Balanced Budget

I been tryin to do this fer quite a spell so if the Govt has any luck pleaze let me know how they done it by return mail.—EZRA DILL.

THE FLOCK OF DUCKS

By F. Gregory Hartswick

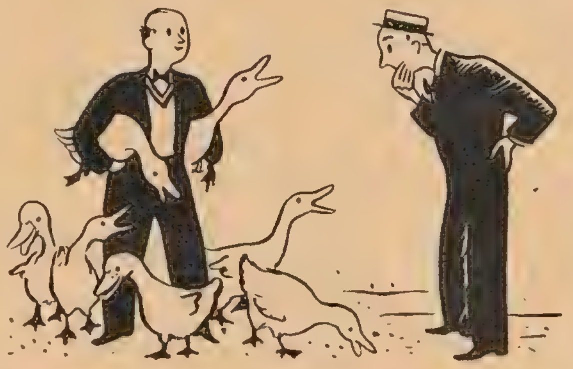
The following little puzzle, if properly attacked, is simple. But here is the problem:

A man took a flock of ducks to market, and when he got back, his wife asked how he had made out. He said:

"Well, first I sold Mr. Smith half of the flock and half a duck; then I sold Mr. Brown a third of what was left and a third of a duck; then I met Mr. Robinson and talked him into taking a fourth of what was left and three fourths of a duck; and on the way home I met old man Jones and sold him a fifth of what was left and gave him a fifth of a duck for good measure. I had nineteen ducks left that I couldn't sell. There they are."

The question is how many ducks did that ingenious man take to market? It may be pointed out that no duck was divided.

(The solution is on page 48)



PUZZLE POEM

By Clare W. Harris

Each of the five missing words below is spelled with the same four letters. Can you supply the four words?

A lady from the - - - - has come
To - - - - herself at my table.
She's fond of - - - - and will - - - - her tongue,
And - - - - whenever she is able.

(The solution is on page 48)

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

By Oliver Swift

★★★★ **THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER** by Stephen Vincent Benet. Farrar & Rinehart.

This little gem, which first appeared in our esteemed contemporary The Saturday Evening Post, is now appropriately issued between the covers of a well made book.

IT HAPPENED IN—

Truth Is Funnier than Fiction

LONDON, ENGLAND—Sixty building workers employed by the Trollope and Colls Company went on strike in protest against an order forbidding them to have their afternoon tea.

WAS JUSTICE DONE?

By Lon Murray

John Wesley Sparling died in 1908. His son Peter died in 1910; Albert, another son, in May, 1911. Scyrel, a third son, passed on in August.

The people of Ubly, Michigan, refused to accept the report of Dr. Robert MacGregor, that Scyrel had died from cancer of the liver. An examination of the boy's organs revealed traces of arsenic. Albert's body was disinterred and a post-mortem conducted. Arsenic again!

Dr. MacGregor was charged with Scyrel's murder. The boy's mother, reported overfriendly with the physician, was held as an accomplice, as was also a Miss Gibbs who had nursed Scyrel during his fatal illness.

Investigation showed the Sparling boys were insured for more than a thousand dollars each. The proceeds had been paid to Mrs. Sparling and she had given part of the money to Dr. MacGregor. The physician lived in a house bought by Mrs. Sparling.

At the trial, in April, 1912, Dr. MacGregor testified the arsenic was due to patent medicines the boys had taken for a disease from which they suffered. The State wove a strong net of circumstantial evidence.

How would *you* have adjudged the three defendants, and what sentence, if any, would you have imposed?

(The actual court verdict is on page 48)

'TISN'T SO

By R. E. Doan

THE BIBLE does not say "money is the root of all evil." I Timothy 6:10 reads: "The love of money is the root of all evil."

Liberty's Football Forecast *for 1937*

Who'll win? Four famous coaches survey the field, pick their favorites, and tell of thrills to come

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

THE EAST

James Crowley
Fordham University

THE effete East is likely to produce the nation's standout team this coming season—the University of Pittsburgh. Jock Sutherland has practically the entire team back again and so many good sophomores that even the varsity holdovers will have to hustle.

Pitt had a great team a year ago. It stumbled over Duquesne in the mud and skidded to a 7-0 defeat, its only setback of the season. Its only other nonwinning performance was against—pardon my blushes—Fordham, the game ending in a scoreless tie for the second successive time.

Only three regular Panthers are lost: La Rue, Daniell, and Glassford. However, Stebbins is likely to make Pitt fans forget all about La Rue. Daniell and Glassford also had sophomore replacements of almost equal ability. Marshall Goldberg will be up in the All-America class this season.

If any combination does threaten the Panthers for Eastern supremacy, I look for it to come from Cornell, Dartmouth, Boston College, Holy Cross, or Fordham.

Cornell was promising last season as a sophomore eleven. It will be better this year. Carl Snavely has the material that Gil Dobie did not have in his last few years at Ithaca.

But Dobie, in his second year at Boston College, is ready to produce another powerhouse. The Eagles were flying high toward the end of the 1936 campaign and they are due to fly even higher.

Holy Cross in 1937 will probably be better than last year, and that means mighty good. It gave Dartmouth its only setback of the season.

The Hanover Indians have been stripped by graduation of practically their entire line and backfield. Yet Earl Blaik believes his eleven will be ten per cent stronger than last year.

As the coach of the Fordham Rams, I probably should say that we have nothing. But at the risk of losing my union card I'm going to venture the guess that the Maroon will be pretty good. We were unbeaten last year except by N. Y. U., 7-6. We lose most of our backfield and three of our linemen, but—

We can fill in the line holes well enough and our new backfield will be infinitely faster than any I have had at Fordham. However, I could use a real good quarterback.

Right behind these five teams and both willing and able to fill in if any one falters are Princeton, Yale, Harvard, N. Y. U., Villanova, Duquesne, and Colgate. Perhaps Manhattan, Georgetown, and Temple belong in here, too.

It looks to me as if Princeton won't be as ferocious as in the past. The material isn't there any more. Both Yale and Harvard, though, are on the rise. As yet I can't figure how far they will go.

New York University should be better than a season ago. Villanova, Duquesne, and Colgate are coming along fast. Manhattan seems about ready to crash the big-time.

In the " doubtful " group are Army, Navy, Penn, Columbia, and Syracuse.

Both Navy and Syracuse have new coaches and there is no telling yet where they are going. At Columbia, Lou Little has a crack first team, two or three substitutes, and that is all. While Little has his varsity on the field he should be able to match any team, but lack of substitutes will make him pay heavily in the long pull.

Penn lost its entire backfield by graduation, and the best part of its line.

In this survey I have just touched the high spots. I may have missed a few who probably will try to make me eat my words within the next few months. If so, I must beg to be pardoned. My digestive system is not what it used to be and eating words is a singularly unappetizing fare.

THE FAR WEST

James Phelan
University of Washington

IN the Far West championship class I place Southern California, California, Stanford, and U. C. L. A. because these teams did not suffer losses by graduation and have a strong string of freshmen replacements.

The teams showing the greatest improvement should be Oregon and Oregon State, while dropping below par we find Washington and Washington State. For the dark horses I would pick St. Mary's and Gonzaga.

Howard Jones, with eighteen promising sophomores, his seniors, and a great freshmen gang, undoubtedly heads the list on the Coast. Ambrose Shindler, a junior quarterback, will be the spark plug, but keep a weather eye out for Bill Sangster, fullback, John Thomassin, guard, Bob Hoffman, halfback, Jim Slatter, end, Alex Atansoff, tackle, and Doyle Nave, halfback, all sophomores.

At the University of California, Coach " Stub " Allison will have Vic Bottari playing the leading role in the backfield; and any team with John Meek at quarterback and Bob Herwig at center will be dangerous. The line will be supported by sophomore ends Bill Biggerstaff and Louie Smith, and two new tackles, Bill McBurnie and Jack Smith.

Tiny Thornhill at Stanford will break away from the Warner system. He starts with Pete Zagar and Jack Clarke, tackle and end, and Paulman, Jim Groves, a 195-pound triple-threater, Chad Reade, Tom Walker, Chet Patton, and Gene Coldiron in the backfield.

U. C. L. A. seems to be having some

line trouble; but, with John Ryland at center, Bill Spaulding has a good focal point to start with. The Uclans have the greatest collection of backs in the league and a threatening passing combination in Kenny Washington and Woodrow Strode.

Prince Callison's University of Oregon team will display a host of new faces in the line-up, despite eighteen available lettermen. Mike Mikulak, the new backfield coach, has a promising crop with Bob Rowe and Frank Emmons, 200-pound fullbacks, Bob Smith, southpaw passer, Jay Graybeal, Steve Anderson, Connie Grabb, Matt Pavalunas, and Bill Rach.

The University of Washington "Huskies" will miss nine regulars. We should have one smoothly operating varsity team, but will be sadly lacking in the reserve strength. Without Jimmy Johnston the punting department would be a minus quantity. Outside of Frank Garretson and Harry Bird, the new line replacements will be conspicuous by their absence. However, a few sophomore backs might break into the line-up, which includes Bill Hill and Don Jones, fullbacks; Lloyd Phelps, Don Thompson, Bill Gleason, halfbacks; and Charles Bechtol, a promising quarterback.

With last year's team intact and the deadly passing of Joe Gray, Oregon State must be considered one of the teams to be watched.

At Washington State—hit hard by graduation—Eddie Bayne and Carl Littlefield will pack the mail for the backs. Coach Hollingbery will have to develop green but promising sophomore material as the season goes along.

Starting his seventeenth year at St. Mary's, Edward "Slip" Madigan can come out with a bang. Lou Ferry, Tony Falkenstein, Lou Rimassa, and Harry Aronson are experienced backs; Denny Keran and Karl Orth a fine pair of tackles; and John Giannoni and Joe Hurley promising ends. All are experienced linemen.

Gonzaga should have the strongest team in history and has a very good chance of going through undefeated.

Santa Clara lost eight regulars, but the new material looks good and Coach Buck Shaw can be depended upon to deliver another top-notch outfit.

University of Montana will present a polished and experienced team with a big line and small backs, with the exception of Milt Popovich and Paul Szakash. Although the seniors are expected to pack the load, five sophomores will be seen in action: Guy Rogers, a passer; Jack Emigh, sensational open-field runner; Bob Thornally, center; and a pair of tackles, Frank Shaeffer and Bob Duncan.

Idaho, Loyola, and the College of the Pacific will all be slightly improved teams but do not have the earmarks of greatness. San Francisco U. has the only team with a new coach, George Malley, and not much can be expected in his first year.

THE SOUTH

Frank Thomas
University of Alabama

If you insist on nominations for an undefeated list in the South, how about L. S. U. and Tennessee? They seem the best bet, but Georgia Tech, Mississippi State, Alabama, and Vanderbilt are others that may crowd into the national picture.

In the Southern Conference, Duke should rule the roost.

In the Southwest Conference Fred Thomsen's Arkansas Razorbacks still have those famed aerialists, Robbins-to-Benton. Besides Robbins they have Sloan, a wizard with a wet ball. I'm also told Thomsen can place two big lines on the field.

Homer Norton's Texas Aggies, although slightly disappointing last year, should be near the top, certainly if that clever Dick Todd is all right after his head injury last season.

Two dark horses are Texas and Rice. Astute Dana X. Bible will build around experienced Rufus Wolfe, perhaps the best back in the state, and a 190-pound, 9.8-second sophomore back, Charles Haas.

Jimmy Kitts at Rice is blessed with most of his 1936 squad, augmented by Lane, a 195-pound sophomore halfback.

S. M. U. and T. C. U., usually strong, do not appear so powerful.

In the Southeastern Conference L. S. U., 1936 champion, was hard hit by graduation. But the Tigers are picked one-two-three again. Nucleus of the line will be Gatto, probably their best tackle last year. The backfield will be centered about Milner, a holdover star. Promising sophs include Kavanaugh, 215-pound end; Bussey and Staples, backs.

Tennessee is pointing for a banner year. Bob Neyland lost the mighty Dickens, but he retains Babe Wood, who as a junior should be a brilliant back. Neyland's Vols will hold its own handsomely, or I miss my guess.

Georgia Tech has a veteran backfield, graced by Sims, Appleby, and Konemann, and has veteran ends. Thus Bill Alexander's dazzling aerials should be more baffling than ever. Alex must reconstruct the middle line.

Ray Morrison is banking on results at Vanderbilt from a notable array of sophomore backs, including one Marshall. His line will be molded around Hinkle, expert center.

Ralph Sasse's systematic methods are getting results at Mississippi State, and the Maroons may bob up with just about their best team.

Auburn, hard hit by graduation, will have another creditable outfit.

Tulane, in its second year under Lowell Dawson, will be tougher if Leonard Sauer, sophomore back, lives up to notices. Georgia was riding high at the 1936 close and should quickly pick up the stride. Kentucky may miss Bert Johnson, but Bob Davis is back, and some say he's Johnson's superior. Ole Miss undoubtedly will be one of the better teams. Both Florida and Sewanee, main nonwinners of 1936, can't help but be stronger.

Alabama was also trampled by the diploma parade. But we had a gratifying spring practice, and if reserves and sophomores do not fall short of our hopes the Crimson Tide will be hard to beat.

I will have one veteran any coach should be proud to own, Joe Kilgrow. He was a gem last year in a dual role of left and right halfback.

In the Southern Conference Duke should lead, with North Carolina again leading the pursuit, assisted by Clemson, hitherto an also-ran.

Wallace Wade lost Ace Parker, but if somebody can supply good punting, the Dukes will manage without Ace. Elmore Hackney can do his other chores nicely, with Tipton and O'Mara as valuable backfield aides. Duke's line was made by the inspired work of Dan Hill, novice center. He's back.

North Carolina's "Tar Heels" will give Duke more of a battle than last year, Wolf having profited by his first year in the league. Clemson's team may be a sensation. Nobody would begrudge likable Jess Neely any newfound success.

None of the other S. C. teams should cut much figure in the championship. Doc Newton takes over at North Carolina State with things unsettled. Pooley Hubert moves in at V. M. I. with excellent outlook, but winners are not made overseason. Gene McEver assumes the reins at Davidson, one of the better teams last year. Frank Murray, ex-Marquette mentor, breaks in at Virginia, which also must come far to attract attention.

Maryland, V. P. I., South Carolina, and Washington and Lee, all old members, apparently will have to be content with victory now and then over each other and lesser powers. The remaining new members, Furman, William and Mary, Wake Forest, Richmond, and The Citadel must bide their time for broader recognition.

Yes, every sign suggests a hard, interesting season in the South, with a bumper crop of strong teams. I honestly believe there'll be more top-flight teams than ever before.

THE MIDWEST

Bernard Bierman
University of Minnesota

IT is next to impossible to rate Middle Western teams in anything but groups. The quality of the new material always is so uncertain that the coaches themselves have no accurate knowledge of their teams' possibilities until they have been tested in the fire of actual competition.

The three major groups in the section are the Western Conference teams, the Big Six teams, and the independent schools such as Notre Dame, Marquette, Michigan State, and Detroit. In our classifications, however, we'll forget that grouping and set teams down according to seeming potentialities.

Out front I see Notre Dame, Nebraska, Indiana, Northwestern, and Purdue, with Notre Dame in a choice position.

It isn't a question of names so much at Notre Dame as it is of numbers. The officials got dizzy last year trying to keep track of the fifty to sixty men Elmer Layden kept running into games. Many of last year's squad, seasoned now by a year of competition, return. Add to these a bumper crop of promising freshmen and you'll get real football.

Always one of the toughest teams in the country is Nebraska. This season, under a new coach, Biff Jones, they can be expected to play up to their usual standard. Johnny Howell is the only returning backfield regular, but an all-veteran line will make things hum. Jones will have Charley Brock at center, Bob Mehring and Lowell English at guards, Fred Shirry and Ted Doyle at tackles, and Elmer Dohrmann and Paul Amen at ends.

Northwestern, of course, took it on the chin plenty through graduation. Lynn Waldorf's material was plenty deep, however, and he has such keymen as Heap, Jefferson, Hinton, Vanzo, his blocking quarterback; and Swisher in the backfield and Kovatch at end to build on.

The Isbells, Cecil and Cody, and junior tackles should make old Purdue a challenge. Cecil Isbell, especially. Noble Kizer undoubtedly will build his attack around this lad.

Indiana, not counting Verne Huffman, a backfield in himself, lost less perhaps than any team in the Western Conference. Bo McMillin has strength in every position, including Sparky Miller at center and Fowler at fullback.

Behind these topnotchers one finds strung out Ohio State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Michigan Aggies, and Detroit.

Ohio State returns to the field with a fair squad capable of handling the colorful ball Francis Schmidt likes.

The sophomores who suffered more from inexperience than lack of ability in the preceding season should be ready to go for Michigan this year. The addition of Hunk Anderson to the coaching staff shouldn't do the Wolverines any harm.

At Wisconsin, Harry Stuhldreher, in his second year as coach, will have his system running along smoothly. His backs and guards will be seasoned.

Michigan State and Detroit, forced to build from the ground up last year, will roll along under the impetus of a year of experience.

We come next to Iowa, Illinois, Marquette, Chicago, and Kansas State.

Iowa, with a new coach, Irl Tubbs, and a rather muddled closing note last season, is an unpredictable factor.

Last year's freshmen probably will have to be Bob Zuppke's main reliance at Illinois, while Chicago isn't exactly in a favorable position to emerge from cellar rating.

Marquette, also with a new coach, and with the Guepe twins and Buzz Buivid, the torrid ball tosser, absent, is another uncertain factor. The Milwaukee Hilltoppers always fight hard, however. Spirit may bring them along.

Kansas State, of course, and other Big Six Conference teams will have to get out telescopes to see Nebraska.

Minnesota, at the top in 1934 and 1935, started to slip in 1936.

In 1936 forty-three men saw football service. Of these, sixteen graduated. The forty-three top men this season might be classified as follows: twenty-five from last year's varsity squad, twelve from the reserves, and only six directly from the freshmen. It will be seen that, in effect, only six freshmen are available to replace the sixteen men lost by graduation, the reserves having been available last year but not good enough. Our success will have to depend on the development of reserves this year.

Our starting line-up will likely be as follows: six regulars, three second-stringers, one fourth-stringer, and one freshman.

We will have weight and speed, but the lack of class and the law of averages will work against us. Another champion seems remote. A snappy team that will be in there fighting seems to be the best we can offer for the Middle West in 1937.

THE END

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Cinderella was a Sissy!

Magic coaches in 1937! — The stirring story of a character-building hobby for boys that has swept the nation

Hard at work on a car model of his own design.

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

DON BURNHAM wasn't at all like Cinderella, except that he and his parents were very poor and it appeared that he was going to have a miserable life. He wanted to go to college, and then get some kind of job where he could invent gadgets or develop them. Everybody told him there were too many inventions already.

This was in 1930, when Don was fifteen. He was going to high school, helping his father at the filling station, making models of boats and airplanes when he could. One day he went from his home town, Lafayette, Indiana, to Indianapolis. There, in a window, he saw the magic coach. It was a model, an exquisite thing. In the store there was a man who told him all about it. It was designed from two coaches used by Napoleon. An automotive firm in Detroit had taken this model as its emblem.

"Build a coach like this," the man said, "and the company will give you five thousand dollars for college tuition. The competition is open to all boys in their teens in the United States and Canada. You've got six months. And if you win, then when you come out of college you'll find a good job waiting for you."

The man showed Don where to sign a blank. "You're in the Guild now," he said. "Good luck!"

Talk about your fairy godmothers! Don began work the next day. (He wasn't building merely a coach model; he was also building character. He didn't think of that. Few boys in the competition did. They were too young and too busy.) In the six months he worked perhaps a thousand hours on his model. He realized that thousands of other boys were working as hard and perhaps as skillfully. But he never let up. Night after night he worked late, then did his school home work and went to bed.

The last day came. The model was almost done. He kept at it until the last possible minute, then got dad to drive him to Indianapolis. The miniature coach worked perfectly. But the paint on the inside of one of the doors was still wet. Don didn't hear anything about the competition for some time. Then all the boys who had competed were invited to a banquet. He had been given his coach back, and was told to bring it with him.

Suddenly his name was called, and the toastmaster was beckoning to him. His coach had won a first prize! He stood staring at a scholarship worth $5,000! Then he was before a mike, saying something on the air!

Cinderella never got such a thrill as that.

Don went to Purdue. When he finished college, there was some $2,500 of the prize money still in the bank. He had lived at home, thus cutting down expenses. He had built a gasoline model airplane that flew; made several trips east and west in an automobile—for which he had invented a few gadgets; and fallen in love with a girl in his class. He married her a few months ago. At twenty-two he has a fine position with a branch of the automotive corporation that sponsored the competition, and he is vice-president of the Guild alumni.

Don joined the Guild in its first year. Since then over 1,400,000 boys have come into it, every one with a story as good as his. There is Harold E. Rasmussen of Regina, Saskatchewan, who had entered an excellent coach model and was going to the banquet when he found he had broken his glasses. Guild officials offered to buy him a new pair. "No," he said; "don't bother. I always grind my own lenses." He won an award in 1933.

So did Maxwell Harding, who built a complete machine shop on his father's farm near Kalamazoo, using parts of old farm equipment and of an old motorcycle, an old automobile, and a discarded radio set.

The whole town of Monessen, Pennsylvania, was interested in Ralph Kyllonen's efforts. Ralph had to help out at home. He had little time to make a model, but he made one. He had previously made three that had failed to win. Everybody was happy when his fourth won him a $5,000 scholarship.

William T. Nolan of Kansas City, Missouri, won a state and regional award last year. He built his coach lying in bed; he was in bed four years as the result of an injury. His family has been on relief for years. His father died a little more than a year ago, and there are four other children. William didn't win a scholarship, but he expects to win one next year. He's pinning his hopes of education, a job, and a competence on that.

The Guild is an educational foundation really, organized by "big business" to encourage boys in study of the crafts, and designed to supplement the work of the schools. The automotive company has already spent $176,000 in scholarships and as much more in cash awards. More than 2,000 secondary schools have approved the Guild's activities. This year it has organized a competition in original motorcar designs. The models may be of any design that suits the maker's fancy, but must be "practical and safe," must be four-door sedans, must meet certain specifications. This promises to be as popular as the coach-model competition, if not more so.

Perhaps your boy will enter the competition in 1938. Have you any idea how you'll feel if he wins? Let Lui F. Hellman of Indianapolis tell you. His boy was a winner and is now in Purdue.

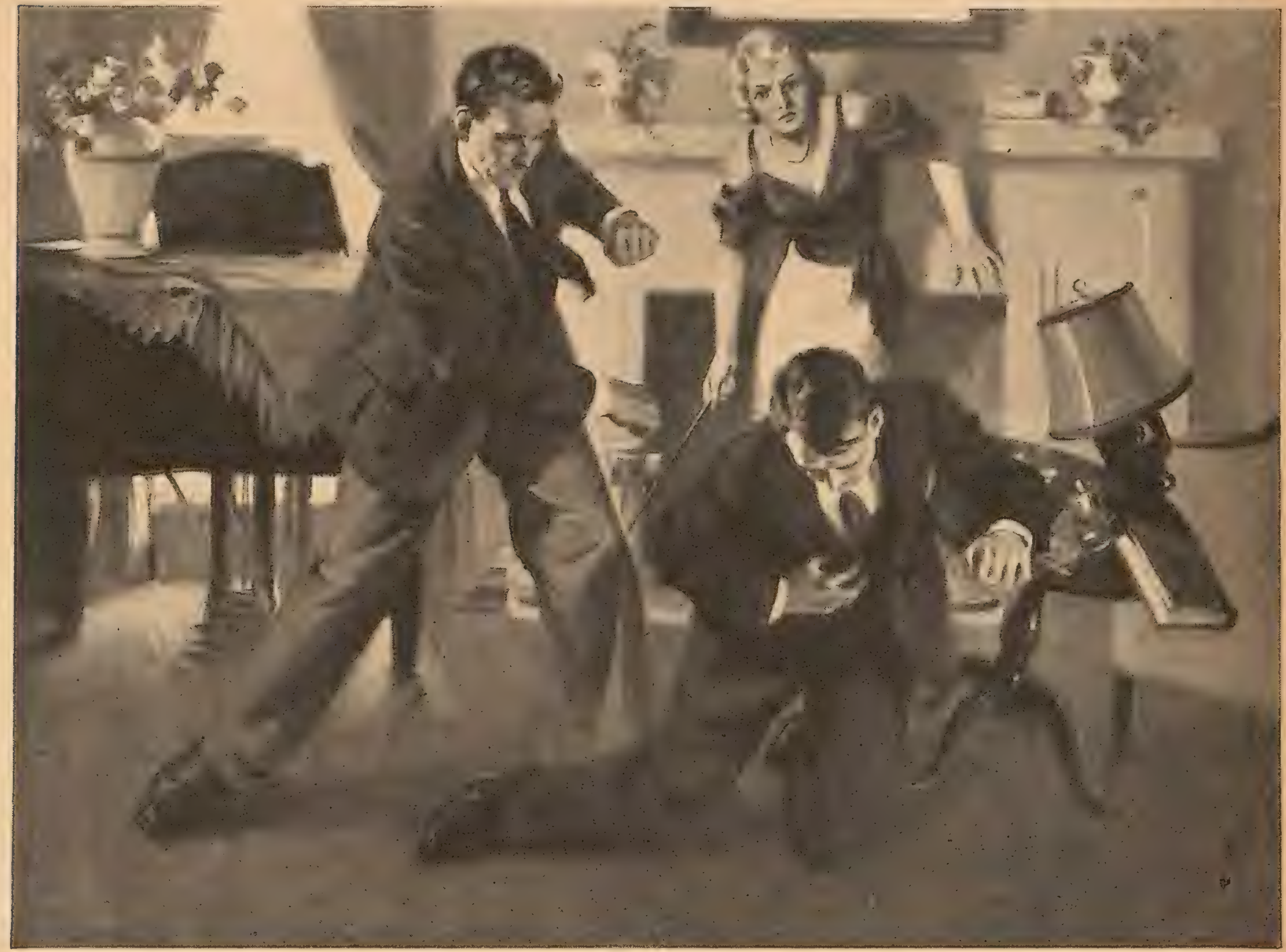
"We sat alone," he writes—"just the Mrs. and I. The announcement came over the radio. We hardly dared breathe. Our boy's name was called. I frankly admit that tears came into our eyes. Our throats were filled. I finally cleared my throat enough to say, 'He won.' The door burst open as neighbors rushed in. The telephone rang incessantly. The word passed quickly along the street: 'Robert won!'"

Cinderella? Cinderella was a sissy!

THE END

BRIGHT DANGER

BY MAX BRAND



Hamilton smashed a fist into the soft of the belly. Barnes sank wavering to one knee.

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE

YOUNG Bob Hamilton, on his uppers in New York, is engaged, virtually off the street, to be John Merriam's bodyguard. Merriam is in hiding in an apartment owned by an antiquarian, Charles Dutton, also known as " Bombi." The second night of his queer job, Hamilton is horrified to see his employer reel into the room with his throat cut. Leaning over an Oriental jewel box, he dies without being able to name his assassin.

Immediately Detective Macklin takes charge of the case, and suspects Bob. Then he is sure that Sassan Vashtu McGuire, a weird assistant of Bombi, is guilty. But the Hindu-Irishman proves to be innocent and reveals that an unknown young woman visited Merriam just before his death. Others examined by Macklin appear free of suspicion: the murdered man's Uncle Henry Pittfield, his engaged cousins, Beatrice Shaw and Tom Pittfield, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, and the learned but elegant Bombi.

Examination of the Oriental jewel box discloses an odd collection—an old kitchen account book, a lump of clay, a feather, a thread, and a thorny twig. Vapid clues.

To complicate matters, Bob Hamilton promptly falls in love with Beatrice Shaw, who assures him she *must* marry her cousin Tom. This confidence follows her purchase of a landscape painting from a sidewalk exhibit, the work of a girl named Cecilly Hampton.

Though Detective Macklin shadows young Hamilton, the antique expert, Bombi, persuades the latter to help him in his private sleuthing. Bombi has a key made from an impression in the lump of clay found in the jewel box, and instructs Bob where to search for possible doors. Doing so, Bob is fired upon by an unknown hand.

Bombi also orders Bob to go to the Green Dragon night club and quiz Grace Barnes, who " knows something." When Bob and she have spent all their money, Grace mysteriously acquires a ragged batch of greenbacks from a dimly seen form in a taxi outside the Green Dragon.

PART FIVE—THE HOUSE OF HIDDEN CLUES

NOW you know where I get it, and what do you think? " Grace Barnes challenged Hamilton. " I telephone, and a taxi comes, and I pick a handful of money out of the thin air, and what do you think? "

" I think it's a lot of champagne," he told her.

Swiftly now the climax nears in a novel of dangerous love and dark adventure

" Suppose your daughter or your wife did a thing like that? "

He watched her and said nothing.

" Ah, but I'll pay for it," she added suddenly. " I'll pay, the way Johnny Merriam paid before me. I'm not a fool. I know that much. . . . And here comes Arcana! "

The waiters had made a silence through the place; the music started with a thin shrill of horns and flutes, and Arcana came gliding. Her yellow-brown skin, golden where the high lights slipped and ran on her body, kept her from seeming naked. She seemed to carry a bit of tropical sunshine with her in which she was at home.

Grace Barnes looked at Hamilton.

" You'd like to have that, wouldn't you? " she asked. " I mean, if you were king of Siam, or something, you'd take that home with you? "

" I suppose so," he said.

" You're thinking that I'm like that, aren't you? " she insisted. " A girl for a night. For a few nights—for a few years. And after that I'll marry some damned rich old fool, and show my sagging old face and my pearls around where people point at me. . . ."

He took her hand again. She tried to twist it away.

" As for Bob Hamilton," she said, " he only wants one woman, really. I don't know why I should be so damned sick of myself all at once. You're nothing to me. It's only the champagne. . . . You wish I'd stop talking."

But her hand no longer tried to escape from him. It lay still, opening a little. Arcana ended her dance. The lights came back and a jazz tune called the dancers to the floor. Hamilton took Grace Barnes into the thick of the dance.

" Tell me the most beautiful thing you can think of," she said. " I don't care if it's a lie."

" I'll tell you what I think," he said slowly. " I think if you had a man and a man had you, there'd be no more damned foolishness at all. I think you'd fight tigers with him, or for him. You'd never back up."

She slipped closer into his arms.

" You've said it and you mean it," she whispered.

And that was when he saw the narrow shoulders and the grim face of Henry Pittfield rising from a table near the dance floor and drawing a cloak around the shoulders of Beatrice Shaw. As he turned in the dance, Beatrice saw him, noted him coldly, detail by detail, and then turned her head without a sign of recognition and gave her arm to Henry Pittfield.

The girl in his arms was saying: " Let's close the show with that. I want to get home. I want to shut my eyes hard and make everything darkness except what you said. . . ."

They reached the table. She dropped some bills on it and they went out into the night. A taxi picked them up and took them off to her address. When they reached the house, they went up the steps very slowly.

" By heaven, you're beautiful," said Hamilton.

She was feeling in the bag for her keys.

" I know," she said. " And isn't it hell? . . . Good-by. You'll ring me up? You'll see me? "

" Of course," Hamilton promised.

She pushed the door open. She had not rung the bell, but waiting immediately inside the door was Richard Barnes, bulking huge in a figured dressing gown, his face white, his jaws gripped so hard that the muscles bulged at the base of them. He looked not at his wife but straight past her, found the face of Hamilton and fixed on it. Then the door swung shut.

. . . . .

The apartment was silent when Hamilton reached it. He took a bath, put on pajamas, and slid into his bed. The night was very warm. He threw off the blanket and turned and lay on his face. He kept seeing the head and shoulders of old Henry Pittfield rise, and then the disdainful face of Beatrice looking through him.

Some large presence moved into the room. A chair groaned beside the bed.

" Lie still," commanded Bombi.

Hamilton relaxed. He said: " She knows something. There's no doubt of that. And she expects to die the way Johnny Merriam died. She said, ' I'll pay, the way Johnny Merriam paid before me.' "

" Was that real talk or just alcohol? " asked Charles Dutton.

" Real talk, with the alcohol flavoring it."

" Was she friendly? "

" Rather. There's one other thing you ought to know. We ran out of money, and she telephoned. A little later she went out on to the street, talked to some one in a taxi, and came back with hundreds or thousands of dollars. I don't know what she's doing. She's a poor damned unhappy girl. If she had a break, Bombi, she could go as straight as a string."

Bombi made a humming sound deep in his throat. " What else happened? " he asked. " What else, outside of Grace Barnes? "

" Nothing."

" She never could have knocked you as flat as this, Bob."

" I saw Beatrice Shaw, if that's what you mean. But she refused to see me. She cut me cold."

THAT'S exciting," said Bombi. " If she thinks as much of you as that. . . . To be crass and gross and rude to that point isn't in Beatrice. Poor Tom Pittfield! There's trouble ahead for him if she's lost her heart as far as that! You'll sleep now. So good night."

The next morning, with Bombi driving the car according to Hamilton's directions, they went out to the little valley where the barn stood.

Bombi took a leaden pellet from his pocket and juggled it in his hand. " It's a twenty-eight-caliber express that fired this," he said.

He got from the pocket of the car a pair of big automatics.

" Are you good with this sort of thing? " asked Bombi.

" Quite," said Hamilton.

" So am I," nodded Bombi. " And if that fellow missed once he may miss again, but one of us will be pretty sure to hit the mark. . . . We'll walk over to the barn and have a look around."

They had their look around, but even the swift questing eyes of Bombi found nothing worthy of remark.

When they came out again in front of the building, he stood for a time bareheaded in the sun.

" I've never been here before," he said. " Why does the place seem familiar? "

He was looking up and down the valley, his head back, his eyes squinting as though he were an artist arranging values in his own mind before putting paint to canvas.

" A beautiful, beautiful pattern of nonsense," he said. " Some house in a sleepy little farming landscape . . . dead John Merriam's key mold, feather, girl's diary, and the rest. . . . Henry Pittfield hating Johnny. . . . Tom Pittfield standing to inherit the millions unrivaled. . . . Grace Barnes, who knows something and believes she may die for it. . . . If the key and the thorn twig and the feather have something to do with this landscape, where does the diary come in? Read something out of it aloud."

He took from his pocket and handed to Hamilton the battered old kitchen account book. Hamilton opened it at random and read: " ' December 21st. . . . One receives according to what one pays. There's no doubt of that. But human expectation is a devilish strange thing. Do I love him? No, not very much. Then why should I yearn after him? He won't be here for Christmas and I should be thankful to have this clear time for painting and thinking . . . and the devil take him. What do I give to him? A very cool and calm companionship. He's a passionate fellow under the surface, and he certainly wants more fire than he finds in me, more warmth, more blood, more giving. I can say, truly, that he gives as much as he gets. And yet, when he goes, this man I don't love, this almost-stranger to me, leaves me with something broken inside my heart. If I'm reincarnated, I'd rather be damned than be a woman again. I know what it is that goes wrong. When he is here, he's in the place of the man. *The* man; mine; my own shield, protector, almost-husband. (That word makes me shudder a little, it's so far from the mark.) And then, when he goes it seems that I'm deserted by some one I love because he's in the *place* that should be held by some one I love. There *is* something divine in us that makes the high demand, and the demand must be answered.' "

"Merriam's woman, hidden away in the country?" murmured Bombi.

"Why should he need a key mold for the door of her house, if that's what you mean?" said Hamilton.

"Exactly," agreed Bombi. "Besides, she speaks of a man passionate *under* the surface, and God knows that Merriam didn't control himself very much. . . . You know, Bob, I think I'd almost recognize that girl if I so much as talked to her. A girl capable of writing and thinking, a bit casual about the moral side but with some of the higher convictions. . . . Ah-ha! Now I know what makes the place familiar. Those hills to the north—I've seen them before!"

He was pointing as he started forward.

"Not from exactly this angle, though. And I think the foreground was different," he continued.

He walked on, still looking constantly to the north but apparently possessed of eyes in his feet which took every step of the broken way with an easy sureness.

Hamilton kept his own outlook among the rocks and the shrubbery as they crossed right over the shallow valley, until they were near to the opposite house on its southern slope.

"Ah, now it's better and clearer," said Bombi. "There it is . . . there's the exact angle, with that second hill sticking an elbow into the ribs of the third in the row. D'you see? . . . If I only could remember where I'd seen it before . . . but the whole foreground seems wrong. Ah, I have it! Cecilly Hampton, what are we learning about you now, my dear innocent?"

"Cecilly Hampton? The painter?" echoed Hamilton.

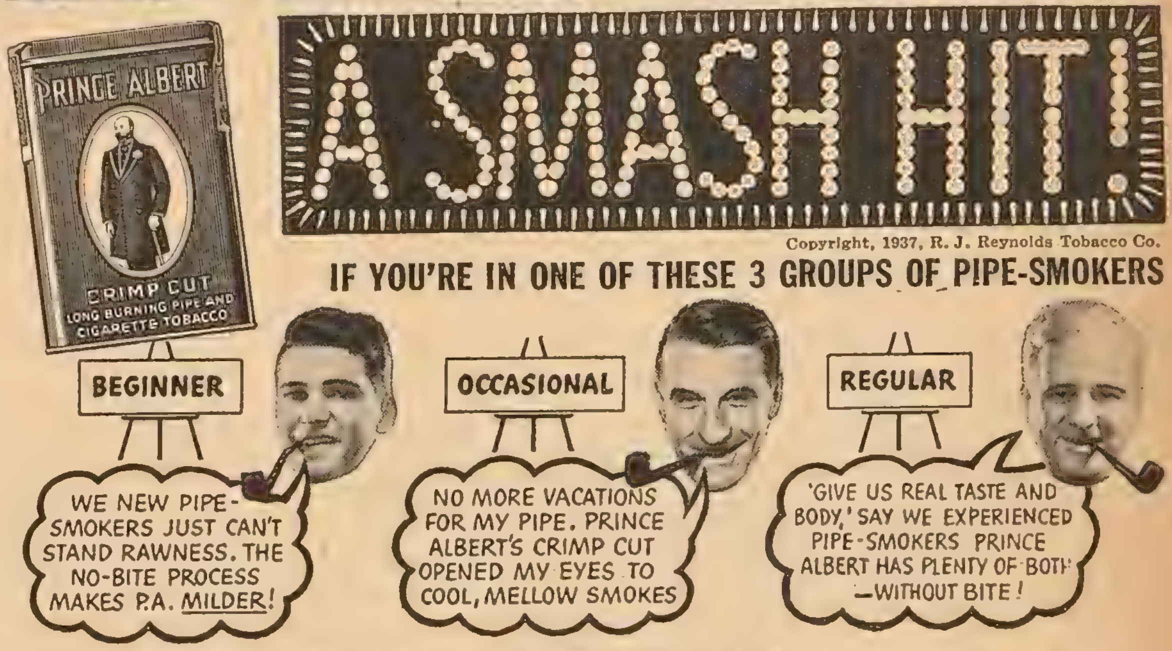
EXACTLY. You remember the picture that poor Pittfield put his foot through when the crowd jostled him? There was the whole center smashed out of it, but I saw the top and the margins remaining. The top showed exactly those hills against the sky. And on the left there were three trees, grouped exactly like those, but with the leaves stripped off them, and a fine sense of the winter cold. . . . Hamilton, try that key on the door of the house behind us!"

Hamilton, alert with excitement, ran to the front of the house and pushed the key into the lock. It turned readily, and the door swung open before him.

. . . . .

The opening of the door was like the opening of a churn full of yellow butter. The whole interior of the house was one flash and sheen of new paint, and the reek of it took the breath. Bombi walked in behind

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
FUNNY HOW WE 'NOSED OUT' THE PROFESSOR AT GLACIER PARK, MONTANA
AT MANY GLACIER HOTEL, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONT.
WELL, I SWAN, CHUBBINS! PROFESSOR RANDALL IS STOPPING HERE. LET'S LOOK HIM UP
PROFESSOR RANDALL IS OUT STUDYING GRINNELL GLACIER. HE'LL BE HARD TO FIND, SIR
WELL, WE'LL TRY, ANYHOW. THANKS
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
PHEW! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP OUR SEARCH, CHUBBINS
DADDY, THAT SMOKE SMELLS GOOD LIKE YOUR PRINCE ALBERT!
THAT WAS A GOOD HUNCH, CHUBBINS—IT'S THE OLD PROFESSOR HIMSELF, SMOKING P.A. AS USUAL
JUMPING JEHOSOPHAT! JUDGE ROBBINS AND CHUBBINS! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM—THE MOON?
TELL US ABOUT GLACIERS, PROFESSOR
W-E-L-L, THE ICE FIELD YOU SEE HIGH UP THIS VALLEY IS A GLACIER REMAINING FROM THE ICE AGE, WHEN AVALANCHES OF FROZEN WATER, ROCK, AND EARTH ALMOST 3000 FEET THICK CARVED THESE U-SHAPED VALLEYS FROM MOUNTAINS AND ROCK
PROFESSOR, I THINK YOU ENJOY GEOLOGY AS MUCH AS YOU DO PRINCE ALBERT
WELL, JUDGE, PRINCE ALBERT GOES ANY PLACE THAT I GO. IT'S GOT THE MELLOWNESS AND GOOD, FULL BODY TO KEEP A MAN CONTENTED NO MATTER WHAT HE'S DOING!


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
A SMASH HIT!
BEGINNER
OCCASIONAL
REGULAR
WE NEW PIPE-SMOKERS JUST CAN'T STAND RAWNESS. THE NO-BITE PROCESS MAKES P.A. MILDER!
NO MORE VACATIONS FOR MY PIPE. PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT OPENED MY EYES TO COOL, MELLOW SMOKES
'GIVE US REAL TASTE AND BODY,' SAY WE EXPERIENCED PIPE-SMOKERS. PRINCE ALBERT HAS PLENTY OF BOTH —WITHOUT BITE!

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THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Hamilton and began to laugh in his boom and roll of a voice.

"Thank God for brains in this stale dull world of ours. Even in a crook. They've cleaned out the house and wiped out every fingermark with paint. They've used a spray. That's good, old fellow, isn't it?"

For the walls were sprayed some six feet from the floor and the stippling of color appeared on the edge of the yellow. In the kitchen, even the wooden deal table and the stove itself had been covered with the same thick coat of yellow.

"Fingerprints won't be found here," chuckled Bombi. "It didn't take long. It didn't cost much. And it hasn't even ruined the shack. Oh, there's a brain in that Cecilly Hampton, if she's the girl who lived here and did this! . . . And if the diary goes with the house key, as that landscape of hers certainly seems to go, then Cecilly Hampton is the one who kept house here. . . . Do you see what it means?"

"While she's in New York painting pictures for Beatrice Shaw," said Hamilton, "how could she be out here waiting for me with an express rifle?"

"Hamilton, do you remember how Pittfield stepped back and put his foot through the picture? *Was* that an accident? Wasn't it done intentionally when he saw that she was showing a scene that might identify the place in which it was painted?"

"It was an accident," said Hamilton. "I saw him stagger and lose balance, and step back blindly. And I saw his face after his foot went through the picture. He's not the man for us. He would have been a fool to risk a mistress here in the country, when his whole life has been ironed out smooth and starched stiff and white to please old Henry Pittfield."

"We want a specimen of Cecilly Hampton's handwriting," said Bombi, "and if that matches the diary script, we're a long step ahead. . . . Where's the nearest town a housewife could shop in?"

"About three miles from here," said Hamilton.

"We'll go there," declared Bombi.

They hurried back down the valley to the car and drove to the village. At the grocery store Bombi stopped and talked with the gray-headed old proprietor.

"Have you had a client for some time," said Bombi, "a very pretty girl, about twenty-six or -seven . . . neatly made; a good clear blue-gray eye; a quiet way of talking and acting—"

"Is she a friend of yours?" asked the groceryman.

"I hope so," said Bombi.

"Then why don't you give me her name?"

"The fact is . . ."

"The fact is that you're tryin' to get something out of me," said the old fellow. "And I don't give things away."

A fat-faced blond young clerk had been standing at gaze behind the counter for some time. Now he said: "Besides, Mrs. Benson ain't been in for a week. . . ."

"Shut your fool face!" shouted the owner.

"Well, pa," said the clerk, "after she came in here so regular for almost ten months . . ."

WHEN they were back in the automobile, Bombi said: "What scared her away? What made her cover up her tracks with yellow paint? . . . We have a good deal to learn, but we can find out through a real-estate dealer about the owners and renters. . . . There's a real-estate sign down the street."

A friendly young man came out to them.

"There's a little four-room house up the road," said Bombi, "where the creek opens into a pool . . ."

"That's the old Miller house," said the real-estate agent. "It's rented, though, just now."

"It's rented now?" said Bombi.

"I rented it myself," said the agent. "A Mrs. Dorothy Benson that paints."

"Is she still living up there?" asked Bombi.

"She's got it for another six months."

"You go up there and look at the inside of the house," said Bombi, and drove on.

"It's Merriam who was there with her—if she's the writer of the diary," said Hamilton. "There was something decent about him. He knew he was dying, and when he went to the jewel cabinet he wanted to tell us to give her help. . . ."

"Grace and Richard Barnes," murmured Bombi, "and Tom Pittfield . . . we won't leave him out for a while . . . and Cecilly Hampton, and even old Henry Pittfield . . . and a thorn twig, and a key mold, and a feather, and a bit of raveled thread from a tweed, and a diary written into a kitchen account book. Does it make sense, Bob?"

And he fell into a brooding silence which endured without a break all the way to New York. They reached the apartment with a steady jangling of the telephone awaiting them.

Bombi was saying presently: "Certainly, Mr. Pittfield. Why not now? Or down in my shop, which is closer to you. I'll be there in ten minutes."

He hung up and said to Hamilton: "Henry Pittfield. He wants to see me about something that embarrasses him. . . . What am I to hear now, Bob?"

"Has that old fish a conscience?" asked Hamilton.

"Certainly not," said Bombi. "He takes his conscience to church with him on Sundays and leaves it with his prayer book in the pew. He gives ten per cent of his profits to charities, and that washes his hands of the whole business. From that point on he's able to put the spurs into other people and leave his own sides unscored. . . . Will you ring Grace Barnes and try to see her?"

"Why?" asked Hamilton.

BECAUSE we have to keep in touch with her, that's all. Why should that make you look sick at heart, Bob? She's the prettiest girl in New York, isn't she?"

"She'll be busy," said Hamilton, taking a breath of relief, and obediently dialed the number.

A moment later the voice of Grace Barnes came over the wire.

"Bobby," she said, "did you lose a lighter or something last night, or are you really inquiring for me?"

"I'm inquiring for you," said Hamilton. "I've been thinking, and thinking is no good, but I thought that seeing would be the thing."

"I've only got ten minutes," she said.

"That's a thousand times better than nothing. I'll come immediately."

"You're a lamb," said the girl, and hung up.

"You're going to her?" nodded Bombi cheerfully. "Come over to the shop afterward. We can talk there as soon as I'm through with Pittfield. . . . Talk Merriam to her. . . . Press her about Merriam, and the information she has may come popping out of the bag before you know it. And watch your step, Bob. The same gun that tried to snag you in the country may be watching you in New York."

……

The Barnes house was an old place with a steep glimmering balustrade rising beside the stairs that led up from the lower hall. There was a second-floor living room in black and pale green that was like modern jazz in a cathedral, and that was where Hamilton found Grace Barnes. She was dressed to stop the eye.

"You *have* come," she said. "And it means that you really like me, or else. . . . What do you think of this outfit?"

"It'll make them look," said Hamilton.

"And you don't approve of that, Bob, do you? . . . I know you prefer a girl who wears forty thousand dollars' worth of sables as inconspicuously as a raincoat; but I can't make myself that way. Will you have a Scotch-and-soda?"

"Have I time?" he asked.

"I've been using my elbows and I've made room for you," she said. "We have a whole half hour."

"You're a darling," said Hamilton, pouring his drink. "Will you have one?"

"No. Not this early."

She drew up a chair close, half facing him.

"I can read minds from this distance," she said. "Be careful what you think."

He looked at her eyes, at her lips, and said nothing.

"H'm-m-m!" she murmured. "He isn't going to talk."

"You've never had yourself to watch," he said. "If you had, you'd understand why talking seems foolish."

"*Haven't* I watched myself, though?" she answered. "With three mirrors to show the back, as well, and try to be beautiful all round! I lift my head like that to give you the throat line; a lift and a slight turn while I pretend to be thinking about what you've just said. And then one knuckle under my chin . . . I have a rather nice chin, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Hamilton.

"What do you think when she tells you what an artificial little fool she is?"

"I don't think," said Hamilton, leaning forward.

"This *is* pretending," said the girl. "You have some one else so clearly in your eyes that I can almost see her face. . . . Nice little aristocratic face. . . . A million dollars' worth of virtue. . . . A reputation that even a tabloid headline couldn't dent. . . . And for a name, how would Beatrice do?"

She waited, adding: "I told you that I could read a mind! But I'll tell you what, Bob: I'll have her out of your mind. By the roots. By the roots! Do you think that I can't? I even know why you've come. You've heard the new report—that Beatrice Shaw and Tom Pittfield are to be married in a week . . ."

He smiled bitterly.

". . . and it hurt so much that you had to do something about it; and you thought it would help to see even that hussy of last night. . . . Stop watching my teeth, Bob."

He dropped his glance.

"No; let me see your eyes. I lose you when I lose your eyes," she said, "and the squint in them, now and then, when you sight a rifle at something you don't like. But you're not squinting now. You're liking me, aren't you?"

"There's no flaw," said Hamilton thoughtfully. "It's marvelous. There's no flaw at all."

YOU almost fool me," said the girl. "It's like walking a tightrope and almost losing my balance." She got up and went quickly across the room and sat on the couch. Hamilton rose in turn.

"No; stay there," said she. "I've got some things to talk to you about, and a little distance will help the brain."

He crossed the room, took a chair, and sat down with his knees touching the couch beside her.

"Don't be ridiculous," said the girl. "Suppose the maid came in now."

"She could give me another drink," said Hamilton.

"I wonder if you're a little bit serious?" she asked. "Anyway, I have some serious news for you. You're leaving New York."

"When?" he asked.

"As fast as God will let you," she told him.

"And why?" he asked.

"Because you like to keep your skin whole."

"Some of your friends want to spoil it?" he asked.

"Friends?" she said. "It's no friend." She shuddered. "God knows it's not a friend," she repeated. "But it's mortal danger, Bob. I was going to get hold of you even if you hadn't telephoned. I tried six times, this morning, earlier. And you weren't there! You're getting out of New York . . . now!"

"Every moment," he said, "I have better reasons for staying on."

"When I'm not a fool I've as clear a head as you'll ever meet in your life. And when I tell you to jump, believe me, it's because I see the guns that are trained on you."

"A man holding the guns?" asked Hamilton. "Or is it a woman that wants to put a knife into me?"

"It might even be a little of both," she answered, "but I'm not able to answer. The important thing is for you to believe me. Will you get out of New York?"

"I'm staying here," he said.

"Listen to me, Bob!" she commanded. "It's something against which you won't have a ghost of a chance. I know about Bombi, too. I know he's a champion at

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Exercise and strengthen the intestinal muscles

This is the story of a young lady who was *determined* to be healthy. Every morning, she did her setting-up exercises. Over the week-end—tennis and swimming. Yet, she still suffered from *constipation.*

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After breakfast and dinner, she takes a teaspoonful of Saráka.* Its principal ingredient is bassorit, sap of an East Indian tree. In Saráka, this comes in tiny granules which are easily swallowed with a glass of water. During the next two hours, these granules undergo an amazing change. Gradually they e-x-p-a-n-d. And turn into soft BULK.

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brainwork. But the pair of you together won't have a chance. So get out! Promise me!"

"I'll stay here," said Hamilton.

"Do you mean that *I* have something to do with your staying?" she asked.

"What do you think?"

"Don't be so damned calm!" said the girl. "Do you realize that I'm talking about murder?"

"I've heard it," he answered.

She sank back on the couch and studied him carefully with a strangely impersonal eye.

"Do you know what I think?" she asked. "I think I'm sold. I think I'm sold. I think . . . I'd sell out to you. . . . But would I dare to do it? I think I would!"

"Do what?" he asked.

"If the pinch comes," she told him with a strange gravity, "I think I'd take the chance and try to tell you before the devil comes whooping to gobble you up. But if I failed, it would mean both of us."

"What the devil are you talking about, my dear?"

"Devil is the word," said the girl. "It makes me sick when I think about it. It makes me . . ."

Her eyes, looking past Hamilton, suddenly were caught and held by something on the other side of the room. They widened gradually. Hamilton, turning his head, saw Richard Barnes walking slowly across the floor, his feet soundless on the thick nap of the rug. He came with his head lowered and his face set.

Hamilton stood up.

The girl cried out suddenly: "Dick, you can't do it! You're too big for him. You can't . . ."

Barnes answered by smashing a long straight right, with the whole heave and lurch of his body behind it, full at the head of Hamilton. A side step saved Hamilton. The lunging shoulder of Barnes struck him and twisted him around. The man had hit as though he wanted to jerk the head of Hamilton off his body. And he turned now, his face savage, to let drive with the left. His whole body was in full tension to swing his weight behind the blow when Hamilton smashed a fist into the belly.

He could remember his first brawl in the Far West, and the flat, punch-softened mug of the man who sat beside him on the floor, afterward, saying: "Remember, where they live is the belly. Sock 'em where they live."

Dick Barnes sank wavering to one knee, and then slumped over on his side, with one arm strained around his tormented body. He was gasping for breath. After that, Hamilton was aware of the girl putting back beside the fireplace a heavy brass poker which she had picked up.

She followed him out into the hall and down the stairs. When he was in the entrance hall beneath, she caught him in her arms and kissed him over and over again.

"God, I loved it!" she whispered. "It was beautiful! . . . The big . . . I loved it as though I'd hit him myself . . . the coward, the dog! . . . Kiss me, Bob . . . love me . . . hold me . . ."

The fury of a husband scorned, the riddle of a girl who would not name her lover, villainy hidden in a country house—they are all closing in on Hamilton, fighting his way through the maze of mysterious death. In next week's chapter Fate begins to show her hand.

SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES ON PAGE 38

BABY BAFFLER ANSWER

You merely count the number of stops the boat made while the lady was a passenger (including Montevideo), plus the stop where she went aboard, then count backward on the boat's itinerary that number of stops to arrive at the port of embarkation. Four stops were made *after* the alluring lady boarded the steamer, including Montevideo, where she left. Count back four ports on the list of calls, plus the one at which she became a passenger, and you arrive at Ceará.

FLOCK OF DUCKS ANSWER

There must have been 101 ducks in that flock. He sold half the flock and half a duck over (50½ plus ½, or 51), leaving 50; then he sold a third of these and a third of a duck (16⅔ plus ⅓, or 17), leaving 33; then he sold a quarter of these and three quarters of a duck (8¼ plus ¾, or 9), leaving 24; then he sold a fifth of these and a fifth of a duck (4⅘ plus ⅕ or 5), which left 19 he could not sell.

PUZZLE POEM SOLUTION

EAST, SEAT, TEAS, SATE, EATS.

WAS JUSTICE DONE?

The verdict: Dr. MacGregor, guilty, life imprisonment. Mrs. Sparling and Nurse Gibbs went free, charges against them nol-prossed.

Governor Ferris investigated Dr. MacGregor's conviction, following appeals. The Governor announced his opinion that the physician was "absolutely innocent." Without further explanation, MacGregor was pardoned, November 27, 1916. He was appointed physician to the state prison and died in 1928.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 21

1—Jesse W. James (1847-82).
2—Seventeen (counting those conflicts which, under modern practice, are not officially called "wars").
3—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.
4—Hardly—for tigers are not known to exist in Africa save in captivity.
5—Saccharin.
6—Stephen Collins Foster (1826-64).
7—The College of New Jersey.
8—In 1901, when the State of New York received $954 in license fees.
9—Neville Chamberlain.
10—Either 1.30 P. M., 5.30 P. M., 9.30 P. M., 1.30 A. M., 5.30 A. M., or 9.30 A. M., depending upon the watch.
11—Greek.
12—Eddie Cantor.
13—No, not any more; in the past, however, some artificial limbs made of steel, etc., were surfaced with layers of cork.
14—Bermuda.
15—James J. Walker, ex-Mayor of New York.
16—Its foreign section, which is about nine square miles; the area of the native section is about two square miles.
17—Isaiah 4:1—"And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel: only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach."
18—At Westminster Abbey.
19—Through his lungs.
20—

The MAESTRO and the MAIDEN

Stokowski and Miss Durbin share screen honors in a picture of rare charm.—Mr. Hemingway tells the Spanish Loyalists' story

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ 100 MEN AND A GIRL

THE PLAYERS: Deanna Durbin, Leopold Stokowski, Adolphe Menjou, Mischa Auer, Eugene Pallette, Alice Brady, Bill Gilbert, Alma Kruger, Andy Clyde. Story by Hans Kraly. Screen play by Mr. Kraly, Bruce Manning, and Charles Kenyon. Directed by Henry Koster. Produced by Universal Pictures. Running time, 83 minutes.*

DEANNA DURBIN, the lovely little girl who scored in Three Smart Girls, is back—in a spontaneous, touching, human little comedy. And you will find Leopold Stokowski, the conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, lending able dramatic and musical assistance in the role—of all things!—of a symphonic conductor.

Little Patsy is the motherless daughter of an out-of-work trombone player. They are just about to be tossed into the street, penniless, when Patsy, who hopes some day to be a great singer, takes things into her own hands. She organizes an orchestra of a hundred shabby penniless musicians. Then she starts out to get a sponsor and to enlist the aid of the great Stokowski.

A slender story, you say? Perish the thought. It is so alive, so vibrant, so direct, that it will get you and hold you. You will love little Miss Durbin as the Joan who leads a hundred hungry musicians to happiness. She has gained in directness and surety, she sings better, she has lost none of her rare adolescent charm, her fresh girlish appeal. Maestro Stokowski, aside from conducting his orchestra in some breathless moments from Wagner, Mozart, and Tchaikowsky, tackles the hardest of all jobs, playing himself. He presents an expert picture of Stokowski, a picture that is at once distinguished and gracious. Too, you will be won by Adolphe Menjou as little Patsy's father and by Mischa Auer as a jobless young piccolo player.

Don't miss 100 Men and a Girl. It is one of those rare little gems that emerge now and then from Hollywood.

VITAL STATISTICS: Doubting Thomases still don't believe Deanna Durbin will be but 15 next Dec. 14. She's a radio discovery. Eddie Cantor put her over after she appeared briefly on a couple of other programs. M-G-M had her signed for six months, kept her inactive, making but one unreleased short with her. Universal grabbed her, debutted her in Three Smart Girls, a huge success. Since then she's jumped from $150 to about $1,500 a week. Real name's Edna Mae Durbin. She was born on a cold day in Winnipeg. She's English descent, is now American. . . . This is Leopold (Stokie) Stokowski's first acting part. He merely directed with those hands in the Big Broadcast. His full name's Leopold Antoni Stanislaw Stokowski, he was born in London, and is an American of Polish descent. His hair's real ash-blond, not dyed. He played the violin at 5, was in an orchestra at 8. Came here at 18. His name's same as his granper's, the one who served in the Polish Legion under Napoleon. The first major orchestral baton he swung was over the Philadelphia symphony lads; his aim in life is to Bring the Greatest Music to the Greatest Number of People. Likes the movies because at present they afford the widest possible scope for an audience. Stokie used 100 unemployed musicians from the L. A. Musicians Union for his film orchestra. Their work is seen but not heard. The actual recording was made by his genuine Philadelphians back East, they not making the long trip to Hollywood. . . . As one of the musicians, Mischa Auer plays the flute. Only tune he can play is the Old Gray Mare, so he rendered that while the others were playing Bach. Auer does play the piano; is usually cast as an accompanist. Does it again in this. . . . Though in the slapstick business for 20 years, this is the first time Andy Clyde has worked at Universal. He's quite a golfer, father, and generous Scotsman. . . . They made over the historic Phantom of the Opera house into a modern concert hall. . . . Menjou uses a screwdriver to direct his orchestra in one scene. Gag came spontaneously on set from a props. . . . Alice Brady doesn't want a double. She wants a triple. Worked in this, Merry Go Round of '38, and another as yet untitled at one and the same time.

★ ★ THE SPANISH EARTH

Produced in Spain by Joris Ivens. Commentary and narration by Ernest Hemingway. Presented by Contemporary Historians, Inc. Running time, 53 minutes.

CREATED as propaganda to serve the cause of the Spanish Loyalists, this was given ringing eulogies by the Manhattan critics. Maybe the commentators were deluded by their fervor for a cause, maybe by the names of its sponsors: Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, Archibald MacLeish.

The critics pronounced the film to be a vivid, breath-taking glimpse of Spain in the throes of revolution. Your Beverly Hills, in all honesty, thinks it at once interesting and dull. When it threads through the peasants' battle to farm in the midst of war, it gets curiously out of balance. When it shows trucks moving to the front laden with soldiers, when it reveals tanks lumbering into action, it is just the usual behind-the-lines stuff. But when it pictures the terror, the hopelessness, the stoic calmness in the faces of a populace hunted with shrapnel, bullets, and aerial bombs, it is poignant and arresting.

The Dutch director, Joris Ivens, crawled into the very trenches to obtain his shots. He deserves praise for his courage and his expert directing, but The Spanish Earth is too heavily colored with propaganda, too bitterly conceived, to be classified as real art.

Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski in 100 Men and a Girl.

VITAL STATISTICS: On July 17, 1937, the Spanish war was one year old. Over 500,000 have been killed, over a million wounded. Europe has almost been dragged into the war officially; unofficially it has been in it up to its neck, despite a nonintervention pact that has been a farce. The war has been largely a war to release the Spanish peasant and worker from the Spanish aristocracy, from absentee landlords, from the tyranny of the army. Alfonso XIII was deposed in 1931 after a bloodless revolution, Spain got its first elected government—of moderate bourgeois liberals. These were swept out of office when Spanish women got the vote in 1933 and helped put in the Tories, who promptly wiped out all reforms. Out of office, the liberals went left, set up a reign of terror, and after two years got back in office by legal election. The Tories promptly started a gunman reign of political terror, were put down by retaliating assassination. About 500 were killed; mobs burned churches. The government failed to punish leftist assassins, and in 1936 the Tories, fired by Fascist support and gnashing rage, burst into open revolt. The Rebels have thus far been most successful, gaining all the north coast but failing to crack Madrid. The government forces, at first amateurish, have become skilled and as able as they are courageous. . . . Last year liberals Hemingway, Archibald MacLeish, and John Dos Passos pooled together their all plus subscriptions, formed Contemporary Historians, Inc., hired Director Joris Ivens to go to Spain and make a documentary picture favorable to the Loyalist cause. Most American liberals are pro-Loyalist. Ivens took his cameraman John Ferno to Spain, was later joined by Ernest Hemingway, visited several fronts. None of the action scenes are posed. Ivens took his hand camera up into the trenches at times to insure getting shots. Nobody paid least bit of attention to him snapping pictures. This, incidentally, is most photographed of all wars, but Spaniards are not camera-conscious. . . . Ivens and party were bombed, had shells explode near them, were in danger of being hit at times, but came out unscathed.

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* Recommended for children.

★ ½ THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

THE PLAYERS: Joe Penner, Gene Raymond, Parkyakarkus, Harriet Hilliard, Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, Billy Gilbert, Ann Miller, Richard Lane, Franklin Pangborn, Margaret Dumont, Ann Shoemaker, Jane Rhodes, George Irving, Winifred Harris, Charles Judels. Story by Joseph Santley. Screen play by Bert Kalmar, Harry Ruby, and Viola Brothers Shore. Directed by William A. Seiter. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 77 minutes.*

THE Cinderella yarn gets rough handling in this farce with music. Here you have a "big names" cast, musical interludes that are mildly tuneful, a production upon which nothing has been stinted. But the final result doesn't ring the gong.

Boy meets Girl on a train en route to Santa Barbara. She catches her slipper between two railway coaches. He helps her. Boy is rich, Girl is hoping to get a job singing with an orchestra. She leaves train, he tries to find her. That's the story, such as it is.

The Girl is Harriet Hilliard, who has charm, appeal, and a nice voice. The Boy is Gene Raymond, who seems to your Beverly Hills to be trying too hard. Then there is radio's Joe Penner as a dense lad of wealth, and radio's Parkyakarkus. Victor Moore, as the Boy's bodyguard, and Helen Broderick, as the Girl's manager, are a trifle better, a shade more amusing.

VITAL STATISTICS: To liven up the party, studio knocked together a simple little $40,000 Suthn Cal hotel set, complete with tropical plants, fountains, rare birds, and other hotel lobby loungers; chucked in three $2,000 chandeliers and six $600 crystal wall brackets from Czechoslovakia; a dazzling chorus of unspoiled beauties @ $50 a week; all the comedy talent it could find around @ about $10,000 a week; a lot of newdug tunes; got its best ex-agent to produce; but neglected to dazzle up one thing—the plot, slightly shopworn and old. Hollywood, however, insists the public wants to be told the old, old story. . . . I'm told Ann Miller has the longest and loveliest legs in the dancing business and they were discovered doing amazing things on a San Francisco niterie dancefloor by funnyman Benny Rubin who promptly phoned RKO studio headman Briskin and had them signed up. The rest of Miss Miller is personable, ambition-ridden, of Houston, unmarried and gay. . . . Billy Gilbert was born in a dressing room of the Hopkins Opera House in Louisville, Kentucky. He's kicked around on stage, in stock, circus, and medicine tent, weighs a mere 240, is maestro of the sneeze-laugh, a form of humor. . . . Harriet Hilliard wears an evening gown of 35 lbs., 819,000 bugle beads and 21,000 rhinestones. Is mother of a dandy boy by husband Ozzie Nelson, once her orchestra boss. . . . Victor Throttlebottom Moore is papering walls of his new early Colonial rumpus room at his Bevhillery with 1,000 pictures from his various shows. . . . Helen Broderick used to hate Hollywood by hearsay. Now she's very Chamber of Commercial. Says Hollywood affords her the best living she's ever earned. . . . Joe Penner has sold magazines, violins, and photographs, has worked in a Detroit auto factory, has been choir singer, handy man with a circus, knockabout comic on the burlesque wheel biggest influence on his life. He learned comedy among the strip-teases. . . . No peep of discontent issues from the new married *ménage des Raymonds.* Mons. Raymond and Monsess Jeanette MacDonald Raymond awaken with the sun, warble through their off days like songbirds, work hard on workdays, plan a much childrened happy, content, and well annuited future.

★ ½ THAT CERTAIN WOMAN

THE PLAYERS: Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, Ian Hunter, Anita Louise, Donald Crisp, Hugh O'Connell, Katherine Alexander, Mary Phillips, Minor Watson, Ben Welden, Sidney Toler, Charles Trowbridge, Norman Willis, Dwane Day, Tim Henning, Herbert Rawlinson. Story by Edmund Goulding. Direction by Edmund Goulding. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 94 minutes.

OUR condolences to the interesting, highly promising Bette Davis. She is having bad luck with her films since she returned contrite to the Warners' studio after her rebellion. This completely false and theatric effort will not help her.

It tells, in flashback, the story behind a mysterious woman on the terrace at Monte Carlo. The camera moves past her marriage to a gangster who is killed, to her romance and marriage with a weakling playboy who doesn't appreciate her, to her motherhood after the weak lad is dragged away by an irate family.

Miss Davis can't make the gangster's widow who finds love for a moment real or believable. Henry Fonda, too, is lost in the role of the boy who marries and walks out. There is just one moment in the film that strikes reality—and that is provided by Anita Louise, who plays an understanding sympathetic cripple in a few brief scenes.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ho-hum! Gangsters may be forbidden the use of the screen by the Hays office and may be last year's news, but the Warners consider their memory sacred and continue to find deathless glamour in their exploits. . . . Small, retiring, able actress Bette Davis is really Ruth Elizabeth Davis. She's 29, of Lowell, Mass., and the movies didn't alter her name. Changed it herself at high school. . . . Anita Louise is her real name, she's New York born, has French, German, English blood, Alsace-Lorraine parents. Has always wanted to act, write music, really plays the harp beautifully, can dance and piano. . . . Cape Towney Ian Hunter would as soon cook as act, thinks he'd make a living as a chef should the stage desert him. . . . Henry (Hank) Fonda did a flier in stock this summer, appearing at the Westchester Playhouse. Of Grand Island, Nebraska, heart of the cornbelt, Fonda's not fonda farm life, has yet to sample any—but is screen's most convincing hick. . . . Dwane Day is 4, a newie, was cast to play Davis-Fonda tot because he's said to have Bette's mouth and chin, Fonda's nose. . . .

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous.

★★★½—Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy.

★★★—Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady.

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* Recommended for children.

☆ Two-Minute Story ☆

NO TIME FOR JUSTICE

ANY honest tobacco-chewing Texan will look you squarely in the eyes and swear that every word of this story is true. Texans don't lie when talking of incidents that happened in their home state.

Riley Jones was a horse thief and cow rustler. Not just an ordinary thief, however. Every one knew that he was as crooked as the proverbial snake, but he had not been caught with the goods.

However, every man has his day of reckoning. Riley Jones was caught over in his neighbor's meadow branding calves. He insisted that he was merely a newcomer on the scene and that the real rustler had departed around the corner on his timely arrival. The cow pokes who had captured Riley doubted his testimonial, sad to say. They seemed to think that the squirming Riley would lie to them for some reason.

So Riley Jones was carried to town for the purpose of being tried by jury. This was the first time any one had been made to stand trial in that neck of the woods. Perhaps you realize that the jury was also the original, or first.

Poor terrified Riley! He had to sit with his hands tied and listen to all the bad things said about him. The jury was finally sent to deliberate over his innocence or guilt. It was away three hours without a sign of reaching a decision. One of the spectators finally howled:

"Hasn't the jury reached a decision yet?"

"Not yet," replied the jury.

"Well, hurry," said the spectator. "We just hanged Riley and we need that tool shed to put the body in!"

—JADA DAVIS.

WHY THESE MURDERS WERE NEVER SOLVED

No. 2-The Elwell Mystery

BY NEW YORK'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY WILLIAM C. DODGE

A hundred women, motives galore—Was this a perfect crime? . . . New light on a famous, baffling tragedy

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A FEW decades ago our school children had to read, in McGuffey's New Sixth Eclectic Reader, a speech made by Daniel Webster during the trial of a murderer. They read it, generally, with a great deal of interest and a well founded faith in the truth of its doctrine that "murder will out."

Today, alas! neither children nor adults could read that speech without evincing some degree of skepticism. There have been too many men and women who have "got away with murder," too many unsolved murder mysteries.

We have far better methods of crime detection today than we had in Daniel Webster's time. We have more police; they are better trained, more efficient, much more scientific. We can find a murderer through marks on a gun, through a piece of string, a hair, the print of a finger, or the analysis of blood.

Yet every now and then the police and the public prosecutor are baffled by some crime. New York City is not unique in this respect. There is probably not one county in the United States without its skeleton in the closet, its unexplained murder.

In New York's famous Elwell case it was a multiplicity of clues and the determination of the public to shield a suspected murderer that effectually prevented a solution.

Edward Swann was the District Attorney of New York County when Elwell was murdered. He and the police made a diligent and exhaustive investigation. That they failed to convict any one of the crime was no fault of theirs.

Joseph B. Elwell was an expert on bridge whist. He taught the game. He wrote books about it. He won huge sums of money playing it. He gambled in cotton futures as well as with cards; for some of his bridge pupils paid him in part with tips on the market.

At the time of his death, in June, 1920, he was about forty-five years old. He lived alone in a three-story house at 244 West Seventieth Street, and owned cottages at Palm Beach, Saratoga Springs, and Long Beach, Long Island. He was part owner of a racing stable. He owned a stud farm in Covington, Kentucky, and perhaps a score of thoroughbreds.

His wife left him in 1916, taking their son Richard with her. He sent her $200 a month and paid all the boy's expenses. He himself lived the life of a bachelor. There were three servants in the home, William Barnes, the valet and secretary, Edward Rhodes, the chauffeur, and Mrs. Marie Larsen, the housekeeper. None of them "slept in." They were in attendance only during the hours set by Elwell. He had many women visitors. They called on him at all hours of the day and night. Most of them would have resented the presence of servants, no matter how discreet.

Elwell protected these women with secrecy; but his death would have exposed each one of them to notoriety had it not been for the delicacy and chivalry of the police. There were over a hundred photographs of women in Elwell's home. There was a catalogue of beauties in his private files, listing names, initials, pet names, and characteristics of more than fifty. There was a record of monies given some of them, and a sheaf of checks they had endorsed and cashed. There were many letters from women, some of them intimate.

Not one of these names was revealed by the police or the District Attorney—although the identities of some of the women did become public.

Elwell was found dying in the living room of his home on the morning of June 11, 1920. He had been shot between the eyes. He was sitting upright in a chair. He was dressed in his pajamas. The jacket was open, disclosing his hairy chest. His feet were bare. He had come downstairs without his false teeth or his toupee.

A letter lay open on his lap. On the floor lay the rest of the early-morning mail, letters the bullet had prevented his reading. It was a .45-caliber steel-jacketed bullet. It had gone through his head and ricocheted from the wall to the top of a small table at the right of the chair. The empty shell, found on the floor near his feet, showed that an army automatic had been used.

The gun had been held three to four feet from Elwell's head; powder

Joseph B. Elwell

marks on his face showed for that. The bullet had been fired at an upward angle, for it had emerged from the back of the head approximately an inch higher than the wound in the forehead.

On the evening of June 10—say about twelve hours before the shot was fired—Elwell and a woman friend went to a dinner party in a big New York hotel. In the dining room, as they entered with others of their party, they came upon a couple they had reason to know very well—a former football player and a young woman singer. Everybody nodded, and then everybody laughed to cover embarrassment, for the ex-football star had been that day divorced from the woman Elwell was escorting.

After dinner Elwell and his friends gathered about a table on a theater roof to enjoy a midnight show. A few tables away they again saw the football hero and the young singer. Again everybody laughed. The divorced husband and the divorced wife smiled at each other with apparent good will—and that seemed to anger Elwell.

When his party left the roof and called a taxi, Elwell refused to get into the cab with them. " There isn't room enough," he said. " But don't mind me. There are plenty of other cabs."

PARENTS WERE EQUALLY GUILTY

By ANTHONY ABBOT
Crime Commentator for Liberty

Judge Malcolm Hatfield tells about an unusual case recently referred to the juvenile court in which an adolescent girl displayed a pronounced hostility toward the church, school, and public officials. A careful investigation by an officer of the court revealed that the girl's parents had on numerous occasions ridiculed the appearance of certain teachers, ministers, and police officers in her presence. Consequently her respect for these institutions and law and order was greatly undermined, for she felt that religion was a racket and the average public official a grafting politician.

The wise parent upholds the church or school teacher in all she says, even though she has made a somewhat hasty decision. It is far more satisfactory to approach a teacher privately and frankly discuss a grievance than abuse her in the child's presence. Once a youngster learns that the home, school, and church stand united, she will think twice before she breaks the rules.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Tune in at home or on your car radio.

He went home by taxi, stopping on the way to buy a paper. He arrived there at about half past two in the morning, and evidently went to bed, throwing the covers off because the night was warm. He had placed his toupee, his false teeth, and his jewelry on the dresser, and draped his trousers over the back of a chair. There was $400 in bills in a pocket of the trousers.

Sometime after he got home the divorcee with whom he had quarreled phoned, telling him he shouldn't be jealous of her ex-husband, trying to assure him it was merely coincidence that they had met twice that evening.

About 4.30 o'clock in the morning Elwell called a Long Island number. It did not answer. About six o'clock he called another Long Island number.

It was a little after seven o'clock when the mailman stopped at the Elwell house. He opened the outer doors of the front entrance, put the mail on the tiled floor, and rang the buzzer twice.

An hour later Mrs. Larsen came. She picked up a bottle of milk that had been delivered at 6.15 o'clock and let herself in with her key. She walked down the hall, and idly looked through the first door on her right into the living room. She saw Elwell there, bleeding, gasping for breath. She ran out to call for help, found a traffic policeman and brought him back. He tried to call headquarters from the Elwell phone, but it was out of order. Elwell was taken to a hospital, where he died at eleven o'clock.

Where Elwell was shot. The bullet nicked the wall.

District Attorney Swann and Captain Arthur Carey, later a deputy inspector in charge of the Homicide Bureau, discovered that the slayer must have entered and left through the front door. The two other doors were locked from the inside. All the windows were locked, except Elwell's bedroom window on the third floor. Nobody could have entered the house through that one.

Elwell had recently had the lock on the front door changed, and had had at least two keys made for the new lock. He had one. Mrs. Larsen had another.

There were no fingerprints. There had been no attempt at robbery or burglary. The telephone may or may not have been tampered with. It was out of order when the cop on the beat tried to use it. Mrs. Larsen said it had been out of order several days. Yet a woman had called up during the night, and Elwell had twice asked the operator to call a number.

He might, the investigators believed, have left the front door ajar when he had come home, or he might have come downstairs to open it for some one. It did not seem probable he would have come down without his teeth and his toupee, with his pajamas coat unbuttoned, and in his bare feet, to admit a woman. He must have known, some investigators felt, that his early-morning caller was a man; and he must have known the man well and have been expecting him.

It was most improbable, they thought, that a man of Elwell's character would sit down thus unpresentable and read his mail in the presence of a woman. Their inference was that the murderer was a man of long acquaintance, a man Elwell didn't respect overmuch and of whom he felt no fear.

As to the possible motive, the investigators found many—jealousy, revenge on the part of some husband or sweetheart or father or brother, the " squaring " of a gambling debt, the desperation of a would-be blackmailer who had failed, or wrath in the mind of some one Elwell had worsted in a business deal.

There were as many clues as any murder case has ever developed. There were scores of suspects, hundreds of men and women to be questioned.

All those who might have profited by Elwell's death had unimpeachable alibis. Among the women questioned was one the newspapers called a " mud-gutter blonde." Another was a Russian countess who blamed Elwell because she had been interned during the war. A third was a sixteen-year-old Kentucky girl who had written him, begging him to " do the right thing." All the women mentioned in his files were interrogated, every woman who had given him her photograph was questioned, every woman who had gone to him for a bridge lesson was asked by the police where she had been between 7.10 and 8.10 o'clock on the morning of June 11.

The divorcee who had quarreled with Elwell on the theater roof proved she had spent the night with friends. Her divorced husband and the singer had been breakfasting in his apartment at the time Elwell was shot.

Recently I had occasion to look through the files of the Elwell case, the piles and piles of documents that have accumulated in the office of the District Attorney. Some were the stenographic records of statements made by suspects, some were the reports of police detectives and other investigators, some were " tips," some were rumors that had been investigated. There were thousands of pages of testimony.

The most significant—and the least publicized—angle of the entire investigation was, to my mind, that involving a man I shall call Mr. One. There is not, and there never was, any concrete evidence against this man. He was a business partner of Elwell in the buying and training of race horses. Elwell put up the money. Mr. One did the work. He became dissatisfied with this arrangement and had insisted on a dissolution of the partnership. However, he and Elwell were ostensibly still friends.

Mr. One was fond of a married woman, the wife of his friend Mr. Two. On the night of June 3, 1920, he went with Mr. and Mrs. Two to an inn for dinner. Half an hour after midnight the three returned to the Two residence, Mr. Two driving the car. Mr. One and Mrs. Two got out and went into the Two apartment together. Mr. Two drove on, met a man friend, and took him to a party where they met some women.

Mr. Two came home about 2.15 in the morning. He found Mr. One in pajamas, talking to some one on the phone. Mrs. Two came out of the bedroom in her negligee, and scolded her husband for being out so late. Mr. One remained in the house all night, sleeping on the sofa. All three had breakfast together.

Sometime after breakfast Mr. One drove Mr. Two out to the race track at Belmont Park, Long Island, leaving Mrs. Two at home. After the races, Mr. One met Elwell, and asked him to take Mr. Two " off his hands."

" Sure," Elwell said. " Why not? I'll take him into New York for you."

" Thanks," said Mr. One, and drove away, waving his hand to them.

ELWELL and Mr. Two, riding in Elwell's yellow Mercer, were passing a golf course near Flushing when they came near to disaster.

" Look out on your side," Elwell said, slowing down, " and see if I have a flat shoe. She doesn't feel right."

Mr. Two leaned out to look at the front and rear tires on the right side. " O. K. here," he said.

At that moment the left front wheel came off. The car left the road. Elwell and Mr. Two were only slightly hurt. Had the car been traveling fast, Mr. One's business partner and Mrs. Two's husband might have been seriously injured or killed.

No investigation was ever made. At the time Elwell had no suspicion that any one had plotted to kill him. It may be, indeed, that there was no plot. It may have been entirely accidental that the wheel came off.

The thing took on significance only after Elwell's murder, and then the wheel had been fixed. Any marks that might have indicated a deliberate attempt to wreck the car had been obliterated by the repairman.

Apparently there was no suspicion in the mind of Mr. Two either, for he and Mr. One continued on good terms. He knew, of course, of his friend's relations with Mrs. Two, but he doesn't seem to have been disturbed.

The three had breakfast again, amicably, on June 8, and later Mr. One drove Mr. and Mrs. Two to the Belmont track, and drove them home after the races.

On June 9 Mr. One again took his friend and his friend's wife to Bel-

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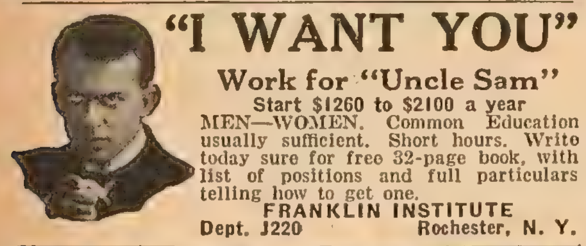
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mont Park. When he left them that night he arranged to take them out again on the morning of June 11.

But Mr. One changed his plans, apparently overnight.

On the morning of the 11th Mrs. Two went out to the track by train. She went alone. Mr. One met her at the Long Island station, lunched with her, and then escorted her to the track. There they met Mr. Two.

" They told me Elwell was dead," Mr. Two stated to the District Attorney. " That was the first I heard of it."

" Where was Mr. One on June 10? " he was asked. " Did you see him that day? "

" No," he said; " I didn't."

Mrs. Larsen was asked what she knew of Mr. One.

She knew a good deal about him. He had access to the Elwell house, she said under oath. A key was sometimes left for him under the vestibule mat.

Mr. One, the police reasoned, could have let himself in with that key, could have called Elwell to come down. Elwell would have come. He wouldn't have bothered to dress himself. He might have been reading the letter aloud to Mr. One when he was shot. The letter was from a trainer in the Kentucky stables. It would have interested Mr. One to some extent.

But why should Mr. One shoot Elwell? They might have quarreled over their partnership, but that hardly suggested murder.

Mr. One was questioned at length:

" Where were you on the night of June 10? "

" In my home in Cedarhurst, Long Island."

" What is your telephone number? "

Mr. One gave the number. It was one that Elwell had called during the night—the one that " didn't answer."

" Did your phone ring during the night? "

" If it did, I didn't hear it."

MR. ONE was a star suspect, but it was impossible to prove that he had not been at home during the night of June 10 and the morning of June 11, or that he had been in the Elwell home at any time during the morning of June 11. It was impossible to impute to him a motive strong enough for murder.

Police and District Attorney did their best but got nowhere. On the morning of July 14, 1920, some indication of why they had failed so completely came to Judge Swann. A newspaper editor wrote him:

> I understand that people at Cedarhurst, Long Island, well informed and responsible, are in the habit of saying, " We know pretty well who killed Elwell, but we have no sympathy for Elwell and are not anxious to have the murderer punished."

Mr. Swann might have " made out a case " against Mr. One, a weak, circumstantial-evidence case that wouldn't have stood up before a reasonably good defense attorney. But then, he could have " made out a case " against several other persons. And he could have proved stronger motives for murder on their part.

He could have tried any one of half a dozen persons. But he wasn't convinced in his own mind that any one of them was guilty. And unless a conscientious prosecutor is convinced, beyond a reasonable doubt, that a certain suspect or group of suspects is guilty, he will not seek an indictment.

The evidence beyond a reasonable doubt must point definitely to the guilty—and must as definitely point away from the innocent.

THUS we have three reasons why the murder of Joseph B. Elwell was never solved, why it may never be solved.

First, the confusing mass of clues and motives and personalities that entered into it, facts that conflicted and sometimes canceled one another, facts that—curiously—smeared everybody involved with scandal and suspicion of murder and exonerated nobody.

Second, the apathy of the public in general, and the refusal of citizens to co-operate with the authorities—the attitude that " Elwell had it coming to him." Had some of those citizens confided in the police, they might have dissipated some of the mystery, might have furnished clues that would have landed the slayer in the electric chair.

And third, the endeavor of the District Attorney and the police not to place in jeopardy any person who might be innocent, even though there was some reason to suspect his guilt. A prosecutor must be sure he's right before he prosecutes, and he must have adequate evidence.

I do not believe the murder of Elwell was deliberately planned. If it had been, there would have been some definite clue to the guilty person.

Webster was partly right. The planned murder will out.

No man can plot and carry out a murder without betraying himself in some way, just as no man can build a skyscraper or a barn or a chicken coop without disclosing something of his identity in the planning and in the construction of the building.

I believe Elwell was killed " on the spur of the moment."

" Plain dumb luck " often covers the tracks of men who kill thus, without premeditation and in the heat of uncontrollable passion. Frequently such a man leaves no clues. He hasn't time to. He kills and runs. Sometimes it is impossible to link him with a motive for his crime.

In a case like that, murder may never out.

THE END

Why another real-life murder mystery has never been solved will be explained by District Attorney Dodge in an early issue.

"I cannot tell a lie," says Pete Smith ~ "but maybe YOU can!"

BECAUSE
YOU CAN WIN

HOLLYWOOD FAME AND $1,000 IN CASH PRIZES IN

LIBERTY'S PETE SMITH—M-G-M WHOPPERS CONTEST

DON'T let delay rob you of this chance to win Hollywood recognition and cash money by telling your "tallest" story! Such an opportunity to cash in on your imagination may never come your way again. Make the most of it now. Liberty has obtained the co-operation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to film your flight of exaggeration into a Pete Smith Short if it is among the prize winners. In addition, even if you miss the awards, your modern myth may be found available for picture use and bought, as provided in the rules. So act now. Get that Munchausen yarn of yours onto paper today, keeping in mind its availability for filming and avoiding noted personalities and libelous material. Read the rules carefully and be sure to comply with each of them. Note the closing date and be sure to fill out and attach the official entry blank before you mail your entry.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	**$250**
SECOND PRIZE	**150**
THREE PRIZES, Each $100	**300**
SIX PRIZES, Each $50	**300**

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

This Entry Blank must accompany each entry submitted in Liberty's Pete Smith—M-G-M Whoppers Contest.

The undersigned by signing below hereby states:

1. That he has read the rules of this contest and agrees to be bound thereby.
2. That he grants the full use of the material and the use of his name to Liberty and Metro.
3. That the material submitted herewith is wholly original with the undersigned; that it is not libelous; and its full use, as herein granted, will not violate any rights of others.

NAME____________________________

STREET__________________________

CITY_____________________________

THE RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation, their affiliated corporations, or members of the families of the employees of said corporations.

2. Write in pen and ink or typewrite on one side of paper only. Write name and full address in the upper right corner of your first sheet.

3. Whoppers must not be less than 100 nor more than 300 words in length. Each entry must be accompanied by an official entry blank properly filled out.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, exaggeration, improbability, and merriment, and must be entirely the creation of the entrant.

5. For the best entry rated on the above basis Liberty and Metro will pay a first cash prize of $250. For the next best entry $150 will be paid, etc., as in the accompanying prize schedule. In the event of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. The judges will be PETE SMITH, FULTON OURSLER, editor of Liberty Magazine, and FRED QUIMBY, of METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER CORPORATION, and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final.

7. All prize-winning entries become the property of Liberty and Metro for publication and exploitation at any time, and none will be returned. Liberty and Metro may use the names of any of the contest winners for such purposes.

8. Metro shall have the right to change, adapt, add to or take from the submitted entries as it sees fit in the event it desires to use same for motion-picture purposes.

9. Metro shall have the right to use the prize-winning Whoppers in the production of one or more motion pictures, and shall have the right to use any of the other Whopper entries submitted in the production of one or more motion pictures; and Metro agrees to pay fifty ($50) dollars to each entrant not among the eleven (11) contest winners whose entries are so chosen for motion-picture purposes. The name of any of the contest winners and the name of any entrant whose material is actually used in a motion picture may be used by Metro in such motion picture and in the publicity and exploitation thereof.

10. Send all entries by first-class mail addressed to Whoppers Contest, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

11. This contest closes on October 9, 1937. Entries received later will not be considered.

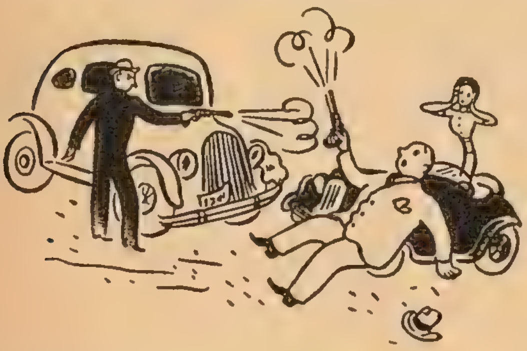
12. Winners will be announced in the December 18, 1937, issue of Liberty Magazine.

Vox Pop

A PLAN TO END ALL PLANS

TOPEKA, KAN.—Here is a simple but effective plan whereby we can wipe out the national debt, stop relief, taxes, crime, war, and gossip:

1. Do away with all penitentiaries and jails. Put all of the prisoners on boats, tow them out beyond the twelve-mile zone, and let the air forces of the army and navy practice dropping bombs on them.
2. Treat every one arrested from then on, regardless of nature of crime, the same, until crime is wiped out.
3. Sterilize every man, woman, and child, thereby putting birth control on its highest level.
4. Go back to the unwritten law and let all motorists carry six-shooters. In the event of a bent fender let them give each other the works.



5. Charge ten dollars a gallon for gasoline, thereby bankrupting all oil companies and automotive manufacturers.
6. Destroy all radios and shoot all the manufacturers, announcers, and artists, thereby wiping out all static.
7. Give all farmers $10,000 a month to raise no food. Destroy all crops, kill all livestock, and pollute all streams and wells.

And now, dear Vox Pop, in the course of a few months, when the population has dwindled down to just you and me, we can meet some place, settle our differences, and thereby give the country back to the wild animals.—*R. H. K.*

MAYBE IT'S A LEFT-HANDED COW

ESTHERVILLE, IA.—Regarding Cow Goes to College (August 21 Vox Pop), you don't milk a cow on that side; if you do, you get kicked plumb outa the pasture. Or did your artist do that just to get us Midwesterners riled up?—*J. H. Orvis.*

AN AIRPORT FOR EVERY VILLAGE

BYESVILLE, OHIO — A deterrent to wide use of the automobile twenty-five years ago was bad roads.

A hindrance to wider use of the flivver plane today is the scarcity of airports.

Knowledge of a safe place to land, probably within gliding distance, eliminates fear.

Barring war or other calamity, almost every village in America will sport a landing field twenty-five years hence.

To make people air-conscious the ports should precede the planes.

One wonders why manufacturers do not agitate this thought.—*Howard B. Potts.*

THEY CUT DOWN THE OLD OAK TREE

VISALIA, CALIF.—I imagine that Mr. Irwin J. Kostin has not been in Visalia for several months, as Lone Oak Park, depicted as the world's smallest park in his feature Strange Sights I Have Seen (August 14 Liberty), has been removed. The tree and its " island " was removed by order of the city council because it was considered a serious traffic hazard. —*H. E. R.*

TUCSON, ARIZ.—In reference to Irwin Kostin's Strange Sights, he asks if the like exists elsewhere as the stream running through a dining room in Brookdale, California.

Yes, there is. Down in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, in the beautiful little valley city of Neosho, is the Big Spring Inn. The Big Spring comes out of the mountain and flows through the inn. It also is the home of gorgeous rainbow trout, a specialty at the inn.

Drop in sometime—you'll be surprised. —*John Gregory.*

NATURE'S OWN LAW

GRAND COULEE, WASH.—Bernarr Macfadden's opinion on the economic question, in his August 14 editorial, Fools Rush In Where Angels Fear to Tread, seems to be nature's own law: for each individual to work out to his own ideal and ability.

Our economic condition is wholly controlled by production and consumption. There cannot be any fixed machinery to harmonize it with consumption. Our country became great and prosperous because we had a free hand to work out individual ideas to our liking. If that incentive is denied us, we shall become like the Chinese who were robbed through rotten politicians till they decided not to earn more than they needed to live.

We have the best government in the world. If we could clean it of rotten politics and keep politics out of our business the machinery would be running freely in no time.—*M. P. Zindorf.*

NORFOLK, VA.—To say that " economic law is as rigidly fixed, as firmly maintained as the movement of the sun, moon, and stars," is gross overstatement.

Economic law, unlike natural law governing the movement of the heavenly bodies, is man-made, and being man-made, it would seem clear that man can do much to ameliorate the evils which flow from the unrestrained application of the law.

To say that economic law is immutable is to admit that mankind cannot enforce corrective regulations designed to counteract the evils arising from its own conduct.—*Albert S. Holtz.*

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, FLORENCE

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Florence R. Myers (July 24 Vox Pop) wished to know what is the mathematical chance of the four players in a pinochle game each getting three of a suit.

I find that there is one chance in 3,848,615.—*C. W. R.*

CURBING CRIME

MIAMI, FLA.—Judge George E. Q. Johnson's article on Boys for Sale in August 7 Liberty was splendid, and it is hoped that many cities will take his advice and start clubs for boys.

But he makes a great mistake, as do all the newspapers and magazines, in mentioning in detail certain crimes that are committed. All psychologists know that the law of suggestion is very effective, especially among weaker minds, and there is no doubt that the recent crime horrors are greatly increased by the lurid details which appear in newspapers and magazines.

I am for the freedom of the press, with one exception—the government should certainly place a ban on such items (in detail) if this crime wave is to be curbed.—*C. H. Williams.*

THE LAST ROUND-UP

SILVER CITY, N. M.—Like one of your readers, I have neglected a lot of work on account of Alias Emerald Annie. Martie R. Ball (August 21 Vox Pop) burned the beans and angered her husband. I probably lost some cattle by rustlers while the story ran in Liberty.

If you can persuade Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot to write another story equal to Alias Emerald Annie, I shall hire another cowpuncher to look after my cattle; and if Mrs. Ball burns her beans again I shall send her some *real* New Mexico frijoles (beans).

Yours for another story portraying some one who has " been around, see? " —*Huling Means, H-Y Ranch.*

WE DID—FEBRUARY 29, 1936

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Recently I heard a most interesting talk by our federal judge on the Constitution of the United States. This judge recommended our reading the Constitution. He said, " If Liberty was publishing this document, it would have at the beginning, ' Reading time, thirty minutes.' "

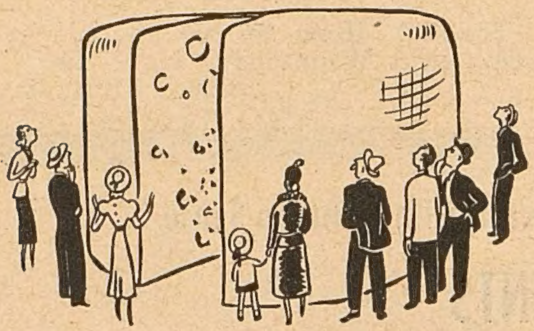
This gave me a hunch. We are all talking Constitution—none of us know what it is. If you wanted to read it you would not know where to find it. Why doesn't Liberty make a scoop and publish it?—*Harry L. Heinzman.*

BECAUSE HE WROTE THEM, OF COURSE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Just why do you put the name of Achmed Abdullah at the end of your Two-Minute Stories? —*Enquiring Reader.*

NO BEER AND PRETZELS ?

ALBANY, N. Y.—Yes, I am very much surprised that Liberty would consider a mere 2,500-pound cheese (August 14, page 20) as worthy of a picture.



A big cheese weighing *six tons*—12,000 pounds—was on display at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, this year.

Passing mention should be made that this exposition displayed a twelve-ton cheese a few years ago. But then, Mr. Irwin J. Kostin, the wandering photographer, may never have seen the strange sights at the New York State Fair.—*Foster Potter.*

FORGET HOLLYWOOD ?

NEW MARKET, VA.—Edward Doherty's series, Why Jean Harlow Died, was so much like all the articles from Hollywood. Now, Mr. Editor, in all fairness to a civilized reading public, don't you think the reading, enlightened, educated, thinking people have enough of Hollywood?

We have them in the movies every day and night. We are forced to read about them in the newspapers — especially when their faces are on the front pages regarding another divorce or some other scandal. We see them decorating the magazine covers. Must Liberty readers be fed with this stuff also?

In the name of wholesome rea[illegible] subscribers, I protest against [illegible] abominable, odious trash—fit only for morons.—*Roy D. Coulter.*

YOU PAYS YOUR NICKEL AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE

MEDIA, PA.—I've been a little worried about Liberty lately, a little apathetic about its contents—its obviously padded pages, its preoccupation with sensationalism.

Now I feel mellowed enough to take it all back after reading A Purely Platonic Honeymoon in your August 21 issue.

Whosoever Nancy Kelsey may be, she can write a story, and that is what some of us want to find in a magazine when we buy one.—*H. D. Chase.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—Why does Liberty have so many serial stories? Why not more short stories?

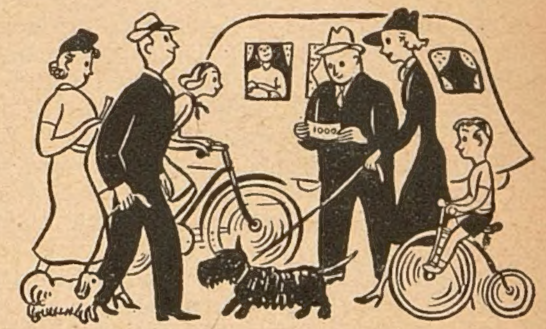
Honestly, Liberty is getting so " continued in our next " that it's not even worth the five cents.—*Beverly Hillas.*

RATTLESNAKES DO CLIMB TREES

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Some time back some one made the statement in Vox Pop that John James Audubon, artist and naturalist, was all wrong when he drew a picture of a rattlesnake up in a tree, because rattlesnakes never climb trees.

An apology was due Mr. Audubon. While hiking across Big Smoky Mountains several years back, in company with James S. Hall, on hearing a noise we halted, and discovered a diamond-back rattlesnake about eight or nine feet from the ground on the first limb [illegible]all oak tree. Mr. Hall shot the [illegible]esnake's head off—and it had seven rattles and a button.

This proves that rattlesnakes occasionally do climb trees and that Mr. Audubon was correct.—*C. L. Gibson, R. K. Gibson Company, Merchandise Brokers.*



ONLY FORTY-NINE YEARS TO WAIT

DURHAM, N. C.—After a careful and exhaustive computation of facts and figures concerning radio and magazine contests, I find that by the year 1986 every man, woman, and child in America shall be the possessor of a new crisp thousand-dollar bill, a bicycle, an automobile house trailer, or a pedigreed dog.—*H. Duard Hays.*

SEEKING LIBERTY ABROAD

HAYES, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND—I have just discovered why Liberty is so hard to get in England. At least two English magazines have been recently running stories which appeared in Liberty a couple of years ago, and I have just finished reading in my morning papers an article which appeared in Liberty a few weeks since.

Oh, well, as long as I can get my Liberty for fourpence I might as well forget the English papers.—*G. Enderslay.*

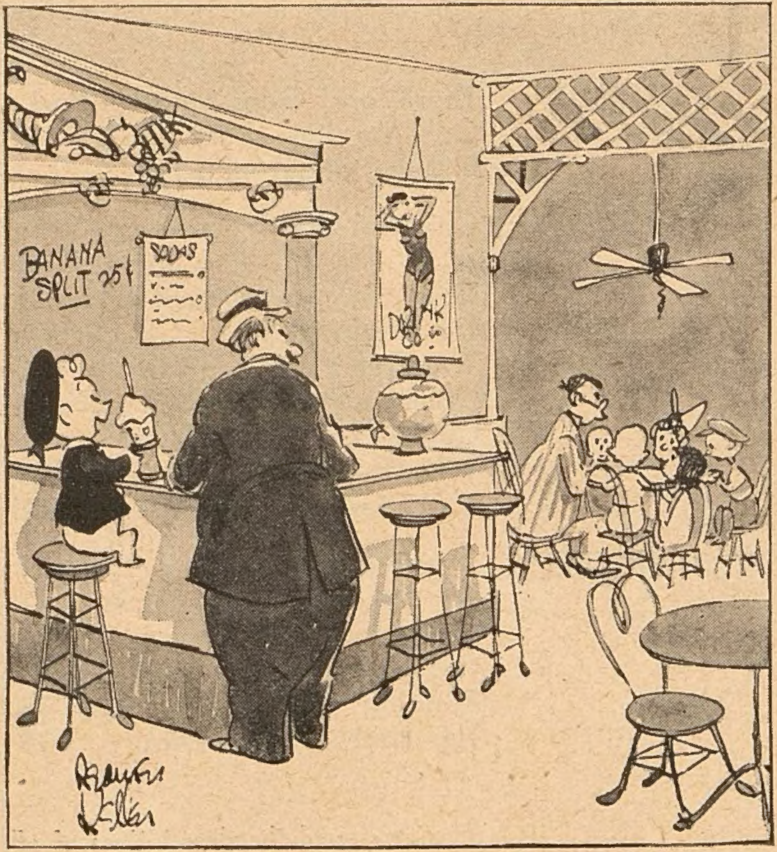
WHEN BABE WAS WITH THE RED SOX

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.—In C. T. Donnelly's Baseball Brainstorms (August 21 Liberty) he claimed that Babe Ruth pitched a full inning, and after an argument with the umpire was relieved by Ernie Shore. The game stated went thusly:

Morgan, the first Washington batter, received a base on balls. A discussion arose over the fourth ball, and Umpire Owens removed the Babe from the game. Shore came into the game, retired the next twenty-six men, and received credit for a perfect game.—*The Slugger.*

BUFFALO, N. Y.—In relating the Ruth case when the Babe was with the Red Sox, C. T. Donnelly says it happened " just a few years ago." It actually happened on June 23, 1917. And I am not so sure that he punched the ump's nose, either.—*Raymond J. Kumpf.*

"HARDTACK"



"You're gettin' off easy, pop—look what Mr. Walsh has to cough up."

She Saw the Face of the Killer

HER BOY FRIEND WAS A POLICEMAN. She was a checkroom girl in a restaurant. They were going to be married and have a little cottage; they had wonderful plans for their little lives. Then it happened. The hold-up! The murder! And the policeman ordered by his superiors to force his future wife to tell what she knew. Yes, that *is* a dramatic situation; but it is more than that.

It is founded on fact and intimate firsthand knowledge of police ways of thought and behavior and the brutality of the underworld—founded on reality, as are all the stories of Liberty's new writing discovery, Scott Littleton. Here is an author-detective whose stories are ripped from his own daily life. Littleton's daily work is that of a police officer; he is an investigator connected with the office of the District Attorney in Pasadena, California. He has worked on some of the famous cases in Hollywood and other districts of Los Angeles.

Liberty prints his newest story not only because of its powerful interest as a yarn but also because it speaks with the precise voice of authority against the powers of darkness that we call the underworld. What happened to the girl in this story is enough to make any American pause and ask himself: "What can I do as a patriotic American to help change these conditions?" This episode under our modern reign of terror gives fresh point and meaning to Liberty's new award for valor in citizenship.

Don't miss Love Story, by Scott Littleton, in Liberty next Wednesday.

☆

SPENCER TRACY'S STORY is also one you will not want to miss. Here is one of Hollywood's finest actors; in fact, Frederick Lewis in this article nominates him for the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award for 1937. Whether this fighting Irishman gets the golden trophy or no, he has won a victory much greater than an ornament for his mantelpiece. Spencer Tracy has conquered himself, and, as Solomon said: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." The story of this Hollywood comeback is an inspiration to every human being who has known temptation. No franker or finer story has ever been written about Hollywood, where so many go down under and never come back.

☆

STUMBLE-BACKS AND GUEST GIRLS will also be in Liberty next week. What is a stumble-back? Well, a stumble-back is what Frank Scully says too many football players become as a result of head injuries received on the oval. Mr. Scully has written an astonishing if not shocking attack on football as a college sport. There will be indignant denials of his charges, unquestionably. Liberty prints the article because it believes the charges should be aired. Right or wrong, Mr. Scully makes his accusations vigorously and in a spirit of helpfulness. There is a growing feeling of this kind, and for the good of the game itself the question should be brought out into the open and answered once and for all. As usual, Liberty will print both sides of the question.

☆

AND WHAT IS A GUEST GIRL? Here is the youngest profession in the world, open to wholesome young ladies who sell their services to distracted hostesses in need of an extra girl. It is not easy to be a guest girl. The requirements do not stop with good looks, personality, and a wardrobe. Geraldine York gives all the specifications in her article next week.

☆

IT IS AN EXCITING issue, this Liberty you will read next Wednesday. There will be more of the thrilling serial by Samuel Hopkins Adams, The World Goes Smash, and more about Jim Farley, by Frederick Collins. Walter Karig has an outstanding article on aviation called Look Out Below! that will surprise a lot of aviation enthusiasts. Walter Brooks will be back with another of his hilarious stories, called Father's No Fool, cheek by jowl with Rosamond Du Jardin's interesting tale, Rooms for Tourists.

☆

TRACKING NEW YORK'S CRIME BARONS, which Liberty published as a tribute to Thomas Dewey's antiracketeering crusade, is to be made into a picture for Columbia. Eddie Robinson has been engaged. We do not know whether he will play Dewey or Luciano, but we hope he is lucky either way.

☆

Thanks! Hope to see you all here again next Wednesday. Until then!

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—A Magazine for Liberals with Common Sense

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

Unearned Wealth—Luxury—Leads to Destruction Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Home Wrecker.........................Sylvia Thompson 8
The Tenderfoot Who Wasn't..............Edmund Ware 18
The Copper Tea Strainer—Liberty's Short Short John Q. Copeland 30

SERIALS

The World Goes Smash—Part III....Samuel Hopkins Adams 24
Call Me Jim—Part III...............Frederick L. Collins 32
Bright Danger—Part V.........................Max Brand 43

ARTICLES

China at the Crossroads—What's to Come? Mayling Soong Chiang (Madame Chiang Kai-shek) 6
Does the Government Cheat the Citizen?............... 14
The Private Life of Charlie McCarthy.......Frederick Lewis 16
You Can't Keep Hawaii in a Grass Skirt.....Harold Coffin 36
Liberty's Football Forecast for 1937....Four Famous Coaches 39
Cinderella Was a Sissy!.................Edward Doherty 42
Why These Murders Were Never Solved: No. 2—The Elwell Mystery....New York's District Attorney William C. Dodge 51

FEATURES

Twenty Questions 21
To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 23
Crossword Puzzle..........31
Reading Time • One Hour 38
The Book of the Week.....38
The Maestro and the Maiden—Movies—by Beverly Hills.49
Two-Minute Story by Jada Davis 50
Liberty's Pete Smith—M-G-M Whoppers Contest......55
Vox Pop..................56

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

For Men and Women Who Want MORE MONEY!

Making Amateur Photography Pay
HOW AND WHERE TO SELL YOUR PICTURES
ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURES THAT EDITORS PREFER
Introduction by WILLARD D. MORGAN Contributions Editor LIFE MAGAZINE
BY A. J. EZICKSON
A Small Business of Your Own
WITHOUT CAPITAL INVESTMENT
1000 SPARE TIME MONEY MAKING IDEAS
BY WILLIAM ALLAN
MAKING ART PAY
CHARLES HOPE PROVOST

MAKING AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY PAY—By A. J. Ezickson of New York Times-Wide World Photos. Introduction by Willard D. Morgan, Contributions Editor, Life.

Tells how to make your camera pay with advice contributed by editors of Life, and other nationally known pictorial publications—what sort of pictures to take—how to take them for best effect—where to sell them (including over three hundred names and addresses of publications and other organizations who purchase photographs). Also tells how to caption and mail pictures to editors of newspapers, magazines, syndicates, etc. Twenty illustrations showing types of pictures most in demand. Your present collection may contain saleable prints. A fine practical book for anyone owning a camera who wants to make it pay. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

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For the advanced art student, recent graduate or any artist who has not yet arrived, a practical guide book replete with trade secrets, market tips, and short cuts to aid in turning their artistic ability into cash. A special section is devoted to aiding beginners in developing talent and a market for their output. Written by a man with forty years of successful experience creating and selling art work of all kinds including advertisements, magazine covers, cartoons, mail order pieces, oil paintings, etc., this outstanding book can be of great value to you. Order today. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

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This helpful book contains 1000 tried and proven ways for the individual having little or no capital to build a modest dependable business. It is intended primarily for the thousands of men and women who do not want to trust their economic security to the whims of an employer—also for the woman who wants to add to the family income, for the middle-aged man or woman dependent upon others, the recent college graduate and the student wondering how to earn tuition, it will prove a sound and dependable guide. The 1000 plans set forth are not creations of the imagination but true reports of the various ways in which thousands of persons right now are earning money by their own initiative. Substantially bound—send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

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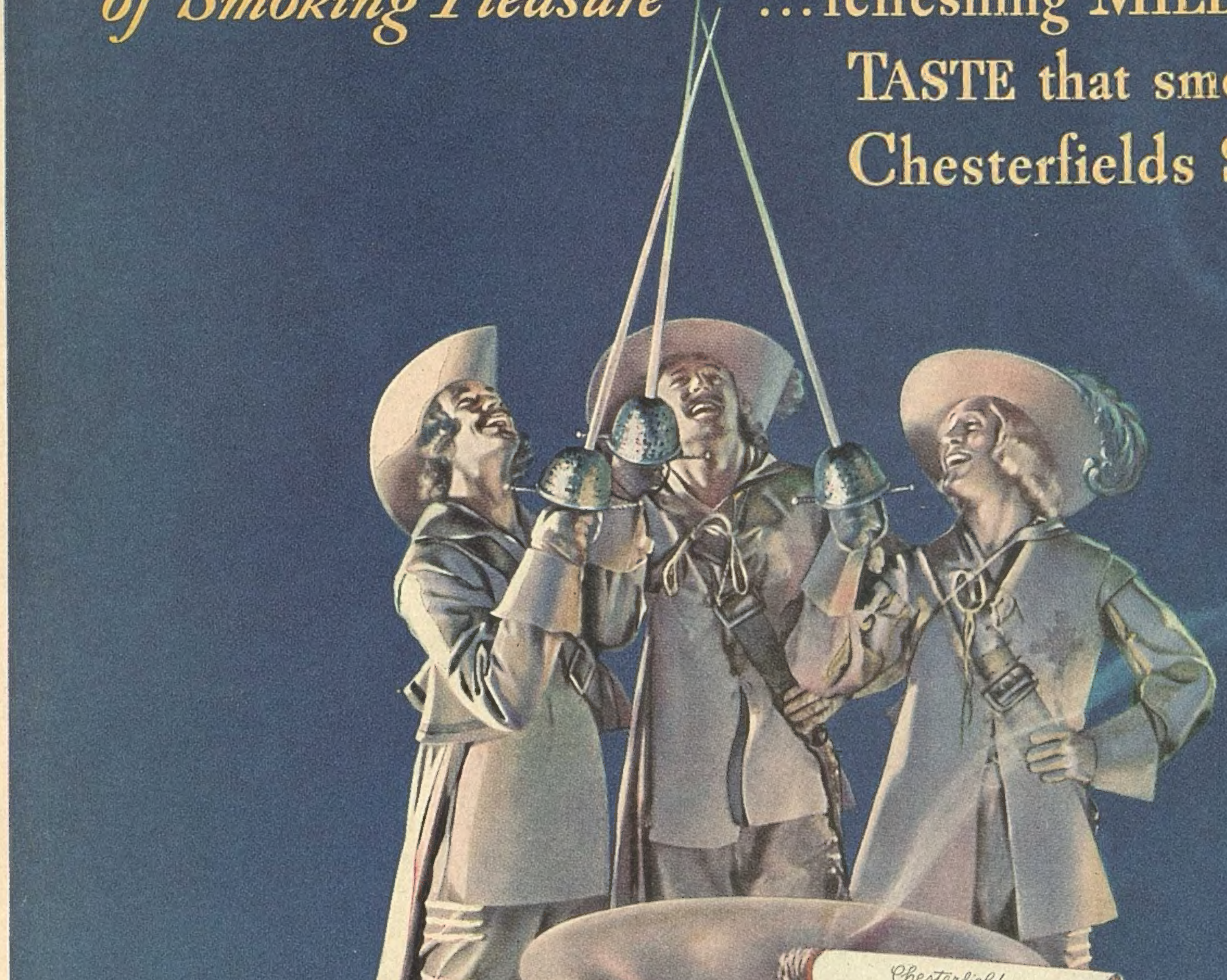
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